A

COLLECTION

OF MUCH-ESTEEMED

DRAMATIC PIECES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND *COVENT GARDEN.*

CONTAINING

The HEIRESS,
RICHARD COEUR DE LION,
FALSE APPEARANCES,
The LITTLE HUNCHBACK,
The TEMPEST,
ISLAND of ST. MARGUERITE,
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
KING HENRY V.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
JUST IN TIME, and
The FUGITIVE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM
11
57
OCT.

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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

A

TRAGEDY,

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY THE

HON. JOHN ST. JOHN.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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TO THE

Honourable Mrs. BOUVERIE.

MADAM,

ALLOW me ſo far to treſpaſs on that friendſhip, which has long been the honour and happineſs of my life, as to entreat your permiſſion to inſcribe to you this Tragedy. Your compliance with this requeſt will be the more gratefully felt by me, from my knowledge of your diſinclination to attract the public attention towards thoſe many eminent qualities which you poſſeſs, and from a proper ſenſe of the inſignificance of my teſtimony to thoſe merits which are known and acknowledged by the unanimous ſuffrage of the moſt brilliant ſociety, and of the firſt characters in this country.

Madam, as your acceptance of this dedication may, in ſome degree, imply your approbation of the performance, I cannot truſt my pretenſions to your favourable opinion ſolely to motives of friendſhip, however diſtinguiſhed you are for that amiable quality; I have too high a reſpect for your taſte and judgement, not to aſſert my *claim* and *title* to your indulgence on this occaſion, which, in great meaſure, owes its origin to yourſelf; as I ſhould neither have undertaken this attempt without your encouragement, or have offered it to the Theatre, where it has been honoured with ſo great an attendance, without your advice, in conjunction with that of many partial and indulgent friends.

MADAM,

I have the honour to be,
With the higheſt eſteem,
And moſt ſincere regard,
Your very obedient friend,
And moſt humble ſervant,

Curzon Street,
April 30, 1789.

JOHN ST. JOHN.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM FAWKENER, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. WROUGHTON.

OF modern Tragic Bards how few are found
Who dare to truſt themſelves on open ground!
In Fiction's fortreſſes they love to lie,
To coin their flimſy tales, and vainly try
To move your paſſions by an idle ſhew
Of fancied ſorrows and ideal woe:
To Greece, *to* France, *to* Italy *they roam,*
To lead you as they pleaſe, when far from home.
Our AUTHOR *moves not from his native land;*
Here in this LITTLE ISLE *he takes his ſtand;*
Convinc'd of tragic, as of comic ſtore,
No other nation ever yielded more;
And FRIEND *to* FREEDOM, *he diſdains the rules*
And narrow precepts of the foreign ſchools.
No labour'd ſtratagem theſe ſcenes preſent;
No ſudden change, or unprepar'd event;
With chaſter art he writes not to the eyes,
Nor wou'd he ſtoop to win you by ſurpriſe;
Yet hopes, with names familiar to your ears,
To raiſe your horror, or draw down your tears.
'Tis true, ELIZABETH's *victorious hand*
From Spaniſh tyrants ſav'd the threatn'd land;
Wiſe were her counſellors, her warriors brave,
But ſhe was WOMAN *ſtill, and Paſſion's ſlave.*
Fam'd as ſhe was for policy and arms,
She vainly claim'd pre-eminence of charms;
See her with jealouſy now frantic grown,
Dread MARY's ſmiles *far more than* PHILIP's frown:
Is there amongſt you, who, with ſtedfaſt eye,
Can MARY's *ſufferings view, nor heave one ſigh?*

From

From kinder ſkies, and from luxurious courts,
From tilts and tournaments, and feaſts and ſports,
She came to govern (oh, too hard a part!)
A barbarous nation, and a tender heart;
And fell a victim in that ſullen age,
To factious fury, and fanatic rage.
Oh! had ſhe liv'd in more enlightened times,
When graces were not ſins, nor talents crimes,
Admiring nations had confeſs'd her worth,
And SCOTLAND *ſhone the* ATHENS *of the* NORTH.
Too long hath virtue bluſh'd at MARY'S *name,*
And juſtice ſlumbered o'er her injur'd fame:
Truth to the heart at length ſhall force its way,
And reaſon juſtify the paſſions' ſway.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of Norfolk, ... Mr. KEMBLE.
Sir William Cecil, ... Mr. AICKIN,
Lord Herries, ... Mr. BARRYMORE.
Daviſon, ... Mr. PACKER.
Earl of Shrewſbury, ... Mr. BENSON.
Earl of Huntingdon, ... Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Sir Amias Paulet, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Beton, ... Mr. WILLIAMES.
Nawe, ... Mr. ALFRED.
Lieutenant of the Tower,... Mr. LYONS.
Sheriff, ... Mr. CHAPLIN,

WOMEN.

Queen Mary, ... Mrs. SIDDONS.
Queen Elizabeth, ... Mrs. WARD.
Lady Douglas, ... Mrs. FARMER.
Lady Scrope, ... Miſs TIDSWELL.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Gateway of* Bolton *Caſtle.*

Enter Beton, *who perceives Lord* Herries *arriving.*

Beton.

SURE 'tis Lord Herries! Oh, my noble friend,
How have we daily pray'd for your return;
Your royal miſtreſs, from yon turrets height,
By hourly watch, hath ſtrain'd her beauteous eyes,
Till guſhing tears o'erwhelm'd her ſight—But ſay,
What tidings bring you from the Engliſh Court?

L. Herries. Beton! if faith and zeal in a good cauſe
Cou'd have ſecur'd ſucceſs, it had been thine;
Your claim of ſimple audience for a Queen
Was founded on a royal pledge. The ring
Which grac'd your embaſſy, was ſent with vows
To Mary from Elizabeth, that ſhe wou'd aid
Her royal ſiſter's cauſe—But, oh, good Beton!
It needs not our experience to foreſee
The gulph 'twixt vows and their accompliſhment.

Beton. But the reſult?

L. Herries. Evaſions and chicane;
Baſe terms propos'd; then treacherous advice
That Mary ſhou'd in policy ſubmit
To this ſtrange trial; Heav'n forbid! until
She's heard in perſon.

Beton. Still deny her preſence?
Still urge theſe poor pretences! Grant our Queen
Were liable to imputations—Grant
Whate'er hate envy liſt—'twill but enforce
Her claim to face th' accuſer.
L. Herries. I ſhall entreat
Permiſſion to revoke this raſh appeal.
Beton. Wou'd it were done! Our country is debas'd,
While our anointed Queen ſubmits her cauſe
To foreign juriſdiction, and betrays
At once her own and Scotland's dignity.
L. Herries. Thus ſhall I urge; you know her ſpirit well;
Touch but that ſtring, 'twill vibrate o'er her frame;
She has a ſoul that wakes at honour's voice,
Alive, with eager trembling at the ſound,
She flies to its embrace; let ſhame approach;
Straight ſhe recoils, and ſhrinks within herſelf;
No plant ſo ſenſitive, no ſhade ſo fleet.
May Heav'n ſtill guard her!—Which way is the Queen?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Hall in* Bolton *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Scrope, *meeting Lady* Douglas.

L. Scr. How fares my royal gueſt this morn, ſweet maid?
You meet me on my accuſtom'd daily courſe
To attend your Queen, and wait her high commands.
L. Doug. My gentle Lady Scrope, you are too kind;
Such courteous words but ill beſuit the ſtate
Of my poor fallen miſtreſs—Rather ſay,
Is ſhe ſecure? Who guards the caſtle gates?
Is ev'ry arrow-ſlit and loop-hole watch'd?
L. Scr. Tax me not, Douglas, with ſeverity.
L. Doug. 'Tis but your duty, which you exerciſe
With tender feeling, and more true reſpect,
Than thoſe at firſt deputed to receive her
With all the forms and pomp of royal ſtate.
For, oh, what aggravating mockery!
Bows, ſmiles, and court-like phraſes never ſooth
The pangs of Princes in impriſonment.
But your high mind would ſcorn to pay baſe court
By acts of rigour on the wretched.

L. Scr.

L. Scr. Yes!
I know too well the dues of ſovereignty:
While ſhe is with me, under the Lord Scrope's roof,
His wife, and Norfolk's ſiſter, ne'er ſhall hear
A Queen's complaints with cold indifference.
L. Doug, Oh, nobly ſpoken! worthy your great birth!
Oh! how your ſentiments and voice recall
Your brother's image! would he now were here
For my poor miſtreſs' ſake—But ſee ſhe comes.

Enter Mary.

L. Scr. May health and comfort to your Majeſty
Return with this propitious morn!
Mary. Alas!
My noble hoſteſs, your civility
Touches a grateful mind more pointedly,
Is more affecting, melts my ſpirits more,
Than a leſs kind reception cou'd have done.
You owe not me this viſit; for I came
In ſtrict obedience to your Queen's high will,
Under a promiſe from her royal ſelf
That ſhe wou'd meet me ere I ſhould arrive;
But in her place, behold! ſhe ſends her guards
To do me honour—Oh, my faithful maid!
You've ſeen me travel with a prouder ſuit;
When all the gallant youth of France preſs'd on,
Led forward by the Princes of Lorrain,
Striving who foremoſt ſhou'd eſcort their Queen
From Paris to the ſea—The gorgeous train
Sweeping along the plains of Picardy,
Like ſome bright comet in its pathleſs courſe,
Illumin'd all the country as it paſs'd:
But what avail theſe thoughts? for other ſcenes
I muſt behold—Yet, truly, this fair ſeat
Might well befit a royal reſidence,
And ſuits my fancy—but that I perceive
Some features in it which awake my mind
To ſtrange miſgivings. Wherefore, Lady Scrope,
Do centinels ſurround the battlements?
L. Scr. Madam, be not alarm'd; and reſt aſſur'd
All comforts, honours, free acceſs of friends,
And every privilege that can aſſuage

Misfortune, ſhall be found within theſe walls.
Seek then no reſcue, nor attempt a flight.

Mary. Flight! ſaid you, Lady Scope? I muſt not fly?
Then there's no farther doubt—Ah, 'tis too plain!
I'm in confinement here! a priſoner!
Oh, horrid word!—Oh, monſtrous perfidy!
Oh, perjur'd, falſe Elizabeth! Is this
The faith of England? theſe the plighted vows
Of Queen to Queen? the bond of ſiſterhood?
And ſacred rights of hoſpitality?
If juſtice has not fled the earth and ſkies,
Requite it Heav'n! Oh, my kind keeper! now
No more my hoſteſs; you are merciful;
Your kind indulgence mitigates my lot;
Softens, and blunts the ſharp edge of that hour,
The painful but ſhort hour that goes between
Th' impriſonment of Princes, and their end;
You did aſſure me I ſhould ſee my friends;
Your brother Norfolk is my deareſt friend;
Shall I?———————

Enter Herries.

L. Scr. ———Here's one to put me to the proof—
Heav'n knows the iſſue; we'll retire and pray
For peace and concord, amity and love.
[*Exeunt Lady* S. *and Lady* D.

Mary. Herries! my friend! companion of my flight!
Beſt counſellor who bade me ſhun this land,
What anſwer have you brought from this proud Queen?

L. Herries. This is the purport: England's Queen declares,
That as a friend, and not a judge, ſhe hears
This cauſe—Your reſtoration to achieve,
If you renounce all title to her Crown,
During her life, and iſſue—Give up France;
Ally yourſelf with her; renounce the Maſs.

Mary. Heav'ns, what a height of inſolence is this!
I ſee her aim; and now, no more, than this—
Will ſhe in perſon hear her ſiſter Queen?

L. Herries. She ſtill declines to ſee you, till you're clear'd
Of this foul charge; which ſhe herſelf abets,
Baſely ſuborning forgeries; mean time,

Full

Full of profeſſions of ſincereſt love,
She waits impatient to embrace with joy
Her vindicated ſiſter—But till then,
Moſt ſanctimoniouſly abhors the ſight
Of one, whoſe honour ſhe herſelf betrays
By her falſe calumnies.

Mary. Perfidious wretch!

L. Herries. Know you that Murray, your baſe brother, dwells
At England's Court, conſulted, cloſeted:
While you, a Queen, her equal in all points,
Are in a vile durance—

Mary. Grant me patience, Heaven!

L. Herries. Were he your equal, why this preference
To him who ſhou'd plead guilty, not accuſe?

Mary. 'Tis all mere mockery and artifice
To cheat the world, and gain its confidence
By ſemblance of fair juſtice.

L. Herries. Rather ſay
Plain, undiſguis'd injuſtice: might I ſpeak,
Your Majeſty ſhou'd arrogate your right,
As a ſupreme and independent Queen.

Mary. And yet, my truſty guide! can I recede;
Decline the inquiry; ſcorn the public voice;
Leave the licentious world to its own thoughts,
And my fair fame a prey to wild conjecture?

L. Herries. The world's more juſt than to expect a Queen
To plead to vaſſals in a foreign land;
Hold up her hand, and bend her knee to thoſe
Whoſe proudeſt head, at ſight of her approach,
Shou'd proſtrate fall, and humbly kiſs the duſt.

Mary. And yet what other clearance can I have?
Shall I ſit down under this heavy load?
Shall conſcious innocence reject the means
Of wiping off this ſtain? No; I'll reſign
All, but the firſt of titles, a fair name.

L. Herries. 'Tis not yourſelf, but Scotland you betray;
Rights of a ſovereign realm, tranſmitted thro'
A hundred Kings; rights to which yourſelf were born,
And which you've ſworn to uphold.

Mary. Truth will prevail;
Herries, you may return to England's Queen;

Tell her, I here recall my late appeal,
As all beneath my name and dignity.
Tell her, I came invited to this land
By her fair words, and ſought a refuge here;
That refuge is a priſon—then repeat
My wiſh in perſon to ſubmit my cauſe;
(Wherein I ſhew her honour and reſpect
Exceeding all example) If, at laſt,
This woman, ſo forgetful of herſelf,
Deaf to the claims of blood and royalty,
Againſt a ſiſter ſhall make faſt the door,
Admitting her accuſer: let her know,
The Queen of Scotland claims her liberty;
Demands her birthright; nor will e'er reſign
That freedom Heav'n and nature gave to all.
If this juſt ſuit's denied, defy her then;
Challenge her worſt; dare her to keep me here;
Bid her unhinge, and ſet at naught the laws
Of nature and of nations; let her pride
Exult in barbarous diſregard of right,
And emulate th' unlettered Turk and Moor,
Till in one common cauſe, and with one voice,
All Chriſtendom ſhall riſe to reſcue me. [*Exit* Herries.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Pardon this bold intruſion of your ſlave,
Whoſe ſteps are guided by reſiſtleſs charms,
And every ſentiment that pureſt love
Breathes in the hearts of her true votaries.

Mary. Are you then come, brave, generous man? My joy,
Norfolk, at ſight of thee, diſpels my fears:
Yet were it known you ſought my preſence here—

Nor. Is it then treaſon to approach theſe walls?
Muſt I preſume your guilt, who, thro' this veil,
See your bright innocence?

Mary. Heav'n knows 'tis ſuch;
But circumvented thus by perjuries,
By bold bad men, what can a woman hope,
A helpleſs, unbefriended exile?

Nor. Oh!
Canſt thou pronounce thoſe words and look on me?

Mary.

Mary. No! thou didſt guard me from the impending wrath
Of Murray, that inhuman enemy.
Oh, thou haſt laviſhed unrequited aid
Moſt angel like—Now firſt I feel my loſs:
The fall of power ne'er wounds the breaſt ſo deep,
As when, from hearts that ſwell with gratitude,
It ſevers all the means of recompence.

Nor. What do I hear? No means of recompence?
Why what reward can Heav'n? a beauteous Queen,
The paragon and envy of her ſex,
The wonder and delight of all mankind;
Sent from the ſkies to dazzle all below
With rays too bright for mortal ſight to bear.

Mary. Terms ſuch as theſe apply not to a wretch,
A poor, unfortunate, degraded wretch,
Doom'd to captivity.

Nor. Captivity!
It cannot, muſt not, ſhall not be; ſuch acts
Are not within the reach of envy's graſp.
Cold-blooded tyrants may conceive ſuch thoughts;
But, truſt me, mankind is not yet ſo loſt
To honour, decency, and gen'rous love;
The manners of the age, the face of things,
Wou'd not endure to ſee the pride of the age,
And all the living beauty of the world,
Led like a ſacrifice to night and hell,
And buried quick—nay, in the bloom of youth;
And ſuch a bloom as blaſts the bluſhing roſe
Of England's maids ſo fam'd—a form that mars
All other claim to grace or dignity.

Mary. You mock me, ſure!—Alas! what wou'd theſe flights?

Nor. Yourſelf, and this fair hand; here on this earth
I aſk, in one raſh pray'r, all Heav'n can grant.
[*Kneeling.*

Mary. Let not deſpair or confidence take place;
Where fickle fortune reigns———

Nor. Oh, joyful words!
I am not to deſpair; hence, hence I date
All joys of life, and flatt'ring hopes to come;

And

And dedicate all honour, ſervice, love,
Henceforth, unto the miſtreſs of my ſoul.
Mary. Another miſtreſs claims thy ſervices,
A proud, inquiſitive, revengefnl Queen;
One full of envy; doom'd thro' life to feed
On gall and ſpleen; nor taſte love's generous draught;
Watchful ſhe is, and jealous in the extreme:
Beware how ſhe's inform'd!
Nor. Why ſhou'd we fear?
Her miniſters approve; proud Leiceſter's ſelf,
Her favourite, will procure her full conſent.
Mary. Great minds are unſuſpicious to their ruin;
Truſt not to Leiceſter's words—Nor dream that ſhe
Will looſe theſe chains, and faſten hymen's bands,
For one ſhe hates, fears, views with envious eyes.
Will ſhe, ſo wiſe, join me to all your power?
It cannot be; prepare then for the worſt;
And, if we fail, and I remain a ſlave,
Perhaps in faſter chains, they ſhall but add
Freſh rivets to our love—This token keep!
[*Delivering a token.*
If cloſer walls await me, this may ſerve
To inſtruct ſome faithful ſervant of your name,
And of my wiſh for your acceſs—Adieu!
Nor. Farewell! thou pattern of all excellence!
[*Exit* Norfolk.
Mary. Now, Heav'ns! as you regard our mortal cares,
If innocence claims mercy in your ſight,
Expand your guardian wings, and cover me
From this black ſtorm! avert the dire approach
Of this too-ſubtil ſerpent's crooked pace,
That glides to my deſtruction! How have I
Deſerv'd her venom? Is it that I am young?
Born to one Crown, and married to another?
Or that, in me, ſhe ſees with jaundic'd eyes
Her lineal ſucceſſor? Aye! there's the crime
Meanneſs cannot forgive—Poor narrow ſoul!
That wanting courage to ſubmit to fate,
Seeks, like her father, to perpetuate
A mortal throne, and reign when ſhe's no more:
There's no diſtemper ſo incurable
As thirſt of power—Here then for life I'm fix'd

Unleſs

Unleſs I work my way thro' walls of ſtone;
Alas! theſe hands are weak—But I'll find ſome
Shall tear up by the roots theſe thick-ribb'd towers;
I'll from my dungeon ſcream, till to my cries
All Europe echoes—Norfolk! thou ſhalt rouſe
That inſuppreſſive ſpirit of this iſle,
Which hates injuſtice, ſuccours innocence,
Appals the tyrant, and protects th' oppreſs'd.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Whitehall.*

Elizabeth *ſeated on her Throne, attended by her Court and Guards.*

Enter Cecil.

Elizabeth.

CECIL, your haſte tells me you bring advice
Of the reſult of this day's conference
On Mary's cauſe.—
Cecil. My liege, the conference
By Norfolk, your own delegate, this hour
Is ſuddenly diſſolv'd. The partial Duke,
When Herries claim'd an audience for his Queen,
Diſmiſs'd the Court, and juſtified the claim.
Eliz. Mary will never be in want of friends
While Norfolk lives.——
Cecil. And how long that may be,
I know not; but can never wiſh long life
To England's foes.——
Eliz. Of Norfolk ſay you that?
Cecil. Not as a charge direct, of any crime
Within the graſp of law: but when a Duke,

So

So highly honour'd by his Queen, ſhall plot
In ſtate affairs——
Eliz. What mean theſe hints? Explain.
[*Deſcending from her Throne.*
Cecil. The Duke arrives from Bolton, the Lord Scrope's.
Eliz. Indeed! I own the viſit was ill tim'd.
Cecil. Or flow'd it purely from fraternal love?
Eliz. Why, Cecil, you delight in dark ſurmiſe!
Norfolk's an open undeſigning man;
His friendſhips and diſlikes are all avow'd.
Cecil. Soft clay takes deep impreſſion—Flexible
To any ſhape, is moulded eaſily;
And facil, honeſt minds, when caught by love,
Exchange their native qualities for thoſe
Which ſuit their new deſigns.
Eliz. Speak you of love?
Cecil. Aye, mutual, in all its forms declar'd;
Cloſe correſpondence.
Eliz. Oh, accurſed news!
Oh, all-ſeducing harlot!—Wanton wretch!
Can none eſcape the faſcinating looks
Of this attracting baſiliſk? muſt ſhe———
Cecil! this inſtant iſſue my commands
For cloſer cuſtody; ſeek Shrewſbury;
Tell him to take her from the Lady Scrope,
Her Norfolk's ſiſter, and from Bolton, ſtraight
Proceed to Tutbury's ſtrong fortreſs; there
Let her be guarded ſafe—begone—no ſtop—
Cecil, be ſure you do not trifle here.
I would not have your wary character
Blemiſh'd, by joining in the babbling cry
Of every politic officious knave,
Seeking reward for premature reports:
What proof have you of this?
Cecil. Ere long complete;
Till then, my faithful word; but let not haſte
Mar the diſcovery—Plots there are beſides
Of blacker die, not flowing from the Duke,
But from the reſtleſs ſpirit of the church,
Whoſe midnight conclave brooding in the dark,
Deviſes ſtratagems and maſſacres
For thoſe who break her fetters.

Eliz.

Eliz. Now diſpatch,
Uſe all your zeal—forget not Shrewſbury. [*Exit.* Cecil.
[*Sola.*] The events begin to multiply, which tend
All to my point—This cloſe impriſonment
Will now be ſanctified in people's eyes.
I'll ſpread the fame of this conſpiracy;
But for the Duke's intrigue there needs no haſte;
As yet, 'tis in the bud, and may lie hid
Till farther light ſhall ripen and expand
Its native colours.—Here he comes at length.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. I fear I'm come full late, tho' not the laſt
In love and duty to my gracious Queen.
Eliz. My Lord, we know your fame for loyalty;
For honour, juſtice, generoſity;
We think ourſelves have not been wanting yet
In owning and rewarding your deſerts;
Nor can we doubt your faith and gratitude.
Nor. Forbid it Heaven, that there ſhould be juſt cauſe!
Eliz. Norfolk, you are our firſt commiſſioner.—
Nor. As ſuch, I truſt I've not diſgrac'd my charge,
Or England's juſtice.
Eliz. You are not accus'd;
Think not we wiſh for blind ſubſerviency
In th' exerciſe of ſuch a truſt; but ſay
Frankly, what colour wears this wondrous cauſe?
Nor. On Mary's ſide fair as her beauteous front.—
Eliz. How! to my face? *(Aſide.)*
My Lord, you never ſpeak
But from the heart; ſuch frankneſs pleaſes me,
And much becomes your family and name;
Which, in good truth, I wiſh were well ſecur'd
In the right line; your noble wife, my Lord,
Hath lately left us to lament her loſs;
You ſhou'd repair it: who wou'd not be proud
To boaſt of Norfolk's heart? Why not aſpire
To aſk a royal hand?—The Queen of Scots
Is not, I gueſs, diſpleaſing in your ſight.
Nor. Aſpire to gain the Queen of Scots? ſhall I,
So highly countenanced by your good grace,
Court one in bondage, fallen, and accus'd;

Eliz.

Eliz. Is, then, a diadem ſo ſmall a prize?
Nor. Pardon me, Madam, if I have no wiſh
To wed a priſoner.—Gods, when I reflect
On all the comforts I enjoy at home,
How can I wiſh to ſeek a land of ſtrife;
And purchaſe, at the price of wealth and eaſe,
A barren ſceptre and a fruitleſs crown?
Eliz. Then England boaſts a peer who ſcorns the match?
Nor. Such are the gifts of bounteous Providence,
Such my condition in my native land,
That when ſurrounded by the numerous throng
Of my retainers, at my plenteous board,
Or in the crouded field at country ſports,
I, your liege ſubject, ſometimes rate myſelf
As high as many princes.

Enter Daviſon.

Dav. Madam, I come
From the Earl of Leiceſter, who, by illneſs ſeiz'd,
Deſpairs of life, yet frequently repeats
Your royal name, and ſeems as if he wiſh'd
T' impart ſome weighty matter.
Eliz. Say I'll come. *Exit* Dav.
[*Aſide.*] So Leiceſter has ſome ſecret to divulge
Upon his death bed, tho' I truſt to Heav'n
He doth not yet upon his death bed lie!—
[*Addreſſed to* Norfolk.] And on what pillow Norfolk lays his head,
Let him beware!— [*Exit* Eliz.
Nor. (*Solus.*) What may this caution mean?
Beware what pillow! Ha! why more is meant:
I mark'd her cold, dry looks, her pregnant ſneers;
All is not well—ſurely ſhe has not heard—
She has, and I'm undone—all confidence,
All faith is rotten—Leiceſter is my friend;
But who knows what in ſickneſs he'll confeſs?
Somehow I am betray'd. 'Tis Cecil ſure;
The prying, penetrating Cecil, aye!
He at a glance views all this buſy world,
And reads our very hearts. I'll to him ſtraight
[*Exit* Norfolk.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter* Cecil, *meeting Lord* Herries *in haſte.*

Cecil. Whither ſo faſt, my Lord?
Herries. No matter, Sir,
If far from regions whence all faith is flown,
All reverence to royal rights—
Cecil. How's this?
Herries. England's no more a civiliſed eſtate;
The ſavage Afric tyrant may expoſe
His ſubject's liberty to public ſale,
Seize, bind, and ſell the human race like beaſts,
Mow down their heads like thiſtles in the path;
He is untutor'd; yet not more than you,
Barbarian, reckleſs of all faith and law.
Cecil. What breach of law? what wrongful judgement's this?
Herries. None: for you cannot, dare not, judge our Queen.
Why is ſhe then detain'd? Curſe on this land,
'And all its ſavage race, your curſed ſhores,
'Plac'd like a trap to intercept the courſe
'And paſſage of the ſea, had well nigh caught
'My miſtreſs on her way.' Henceforth what ſail
Will not, thro' rocks and ſands, avoid your coaſt?
Soon as the mariner ſhall from afar
Deſcry your hated cliffs, tho' ſpent with toil,
Conſum'd with ſickneſs, and diſtreſs'd for food,
He'ill turn his leaky veſſel, and eſcape
The ſeat of treacherous Circe's cruel reign.
Yet, ere I go, mark this, the hour's at hand
When foreign vengeance ſhall diſmay your iſle,
Scare all its coaſts, and make its center ſhake
At ſight of ſuch a buoyant armament,
As never preſs'd the boſom of the main.
Beware! [*Exit* Herries.
Cecil. Aye; and in ſpite of thee, proud Scot!
Let Scotland, France, and Spain blow up the ſtorm,

I'll

I'll weather it, if no ſiniſter wind,
No inland guſt, o'erſet me ſuddenly:
Mary's ſecure; and Norfolk's ſhallow brains
Are wrapt in dreams of vanity and love;
His plots I find have yet no farther ſcope. [*Exit* Cecil.

SCENE III. Elizabeth *entering her Chamber with the* Lieutenant *of the* Tower.

Eliz. Lieutenant, now you've had your orders, haſte!
Lieut. The Duke is ſtill below—I'll guard him well.
[*Exit* Lieut.
Eliz. *(Sola.)* So! this deſign is riper than I thought:
Leiceſter informs me that the contract's ſign'd.
The tower is now the fitteſt reſidence
For this intriguing Lord, who thinks to mix
The ſtateſman's and the lover's part unſeen.

Enter Cecil, *throwing himſelf at* Elizabeth's *Feet.*

Cecil. Moſt gracious Queen! thus at your royal feet
I crave a boon. E'en as I enter'd now,
The Duke was ſeiz'd; oh, yet ſuſpend your wrath!
Eliz. Can Cecil plead for Norfolk? Riſe! and ſay
What means this double aſpect? this quick change?
This aguiſh heat and cold? Your ſteady mind,
Which us'd to point the ſafeſt road, now veers,
Turns, like the ſhifting vane, at every blaſt.
Cecil. When have theſe eyes e'er view'd your enemies
But with an even, ſtedfaſt look of hate?
Eliz. Why, Cecil! are not all the Catholics
United in this cauſe? th' ambaſſadors
Of France and Spain haunt me from morn to night
With their petitions for this captive Queen.
Cecil. Yet Norfolk's neither Catholic nor foe:
Vouchſafe to hear him!——
Eliz. Since you are ſo prompt
In his defence;—who waits? [*Enter Attendant.*]
Call in the Duke. *(Exit Attendant.*
Cecil. Had he deſigns againſt your government
I ne'er had ſued for him; but he, poor dupe!

Intent

Intent on his vain-glorious enterpriſe,
Aim'd at no farther harm; and to be plain,
He is ſo popular, that 'tis not ſafe
To keep his perſon long in cuſtody—
But here he comes.——

Enter Norfolk, *throwing himſelf at* Elizabeth's *Feet.*

Nor. My miſtreſs! Oh, my Queen!
Here let me, proſtrate on this ground, aſſert
My faith and loyalty!
Eliz. You may ariſe;
'Tis done already: honeſt Cecil prov'd
Your plots were not deſign'd againſt ourſelves.
Nor. Tho' juſtice is of right, yet he who feels
Not thankful for't, betrays a narrow mind,
Forgets the general pravity of man,
Nor prizes virtues for their rarity.
Eliz. Norfolk, attend! this caution now remains;
What falls from high ſhould deep impreſſion make;
Beware how you take part in Mary's cauſe!
Remember this forgiveneſs, and engage,
That henceforth you'll give over theſe attempts.
Nor. This act of juſtice claims my ſolemn vow.
Eliz. Cecil, attend us. [*Exit* Eliz
Cecil. Norfolk, this eſcape
Should ſerve to warn you from this idle chace;
Now ſeek ſome other fair—take her to wife;
Fly not at game ſo high; the faulcon's ſafe
Who for the leſſer quarry ſcuds the plain,
But if he's ſtruck, tow'ring to chaſe the hern,
He falls to riſe no more—— [*Exit* Cecil.
Nor. (Solus.) So! this wiſe man
Thus condeſcends to waſte his thoughts on me!
Advice is eaſier given than purſued.
It is no trifling taſk to quit at once
All that makes life engaging, all I love!
What have I promis'd? Heavens, I dread to think!
Yet it muſt be! for when did Norfolk e'er
Infringe his word? Nay, to his Queen, his kind
Indulgent miſtreſs—What, for mercy ſue,
And break the fair conditions of the grant?
The very thought's a crime—Nature may change;

All creatures may their elements forſake;
The univerſe diſſolve and burſt its bonds;
Time may engender contrarieties,
And bring forth miracles—but none like this,
That I ſhould break my word—I'll to my love,
Lament our fate, and take my laſt farewell.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Tutbury Caſtle.*

Enter the Earl of Shrewſbury *and* Beton.

Beton.

I AM charg'd with royal thanks to Shrewſbury
For his humanity and gentleneſs.

Shrewſ. Alas, good Beton! 'tis a grievous taſk
Thus to confine a Queen.—Humanity,
Where 'tis ſo due, claims leſs acknowledgement.
I am enjoin'd to keep her cloſe, becauſe
The neighbourhood abounds with Catholics.
I was in ſearch of Bagot, the High Sheriff,
With orders on that point.

Beton. I learn from him
That the Earl of Huntingdon will ſoon arrive;
I fear his ſurly, proud, imperious mind
Will bring no comfort to my miſtreſs here.

Shrewſ. You know he claims ſucceſſion to the Crown
Before the Queen of Scots; this ſtrange conceit
May ſwell his native pride and violence
With envious malice—but I'll temper it
By all the indulgences and gentle means
Our rigid orders ſuffer—Now farewell.

SCENE II. *Tutbury Caſtle*, Mary's *Chamber*—Mary *and Lady* Douglas *diſcovered.*

Mary. No, not another tear! our fate's decreed:
Our lot is caſt; here in this ſad abode,
E'en here we may enjoy a dread repoſe—
Better by far than the tumultuous throbs
Of my poor aching heart, while yet it dreamt
Of liberty, and viſionary crowns,
Whene'er I ſlumber'd, mock'd my troubled ſight.
Here then, at laſt, in theſe dark, ſilent dens,
We ſhall be proof againſt anxiety,
And feverous expectation's agonies.

L. Doug. My royal miſtreſs, ſtill there is hope, though this
May ſeem the manſion of deſpair; ſo cold,
So comfortleſs, and fit for ſcenes of woe;
Such deep, low, winding vaults; ſuch towers aloft
Impending o'er their baſe, like broken cliffs
Whoſe ſhapeleſs weather-beaten ſummits hang
In rude excreſcence, threat'ning inſtant fall:
Perhaps, in each of them ſome wretch pent up,
Lives here, ſuſpended between heaven and earth.

Mary. I like theſe diſmal cells; this awful gloom's
Congenial to my ſoul—each yawning cave
Looks like the entrance to the ſhades of death,
And promiſes oblivion of this world.
Rude as this caſtle is, here held his ſtate
Old John of Gaunt; hither flock'd all the pride
Of chivalry; around the liſts ſat all
The beauties of the Court; each Knight in arms,
Intent to catch a glance from ſome bright eye,
Exulting in her champion's victory:
Our eyes are now to other uſes doom'd;
To read and weep by turns—Alas! my dear,
Your pretty eyes are far too young and bright
To waſte their luſtre on theſe ſights of woe.

L. Doug. Loſe not a thought on me! while I behold
My royal miſtreſs' face, my heart's at reſt:
Not all the gaieties and bravery

Which

Which once you ſay theſe walls were witneſs to,
Have charms for me; 'tis all I aſk, to ſit
Long, wintry, ſleepleſs nights, and cheer a while
The heavy hours that hang around your head.

Mary. Heavens! how have I deſerv'd ſuch kindneſs? No!
This muſt not be; you muſt depart, my girl;
Fly quickly, ſhun this ſeat of wretchedneſs;
For elſe, who knows but you may be involv'd
In that ſad fate which hourly threatens me?
Oh! 'tis a ſorry ſight to ſee thee ſit
At meals with me, who never can enſure
One morſel at our ſcanty board, from fear
Of deadly poiſon; fly, ere 'tis too late;
The prelude of impriſonment is ſhort;
Soon, very ſoon, we muſt expect to hear
Th' aſſaſſin's wary ſtep, fix'd on his point,
Yet trembling ſtill with horror and remorſe,
And faultering in the deed——Ah! who comes here?

Enter Shrewſbury.

Shrewſ. Madam! it grieves me that my preſence here
Shou'd give you ſuch alarm; I hoped, that if
In any point I varied from my truſt,
'Twas not in cruelty.

Mary. Oh, no, my Lord!
Far otherwiſe; 'twas ſomewhat elſe, indeed;
Perhaps an idle fear; at leaſt while you
Continue in your charge.

Shrewſ. If I remain——

Mary. Why there's no doubt, I hope?—

Shrewſ. None: but report
Now adds the name of Huntingdon.

Mary. Alas!
Why is that monſter ſent? Are there no racks
Or torturing engines made to plague mankind?
No! I defy all art to find a tool
So fit for her ingenious cruelty;
The ſharpeſt inſtruments which tyrants uſe
Can ne'er impart ſuch pain as the blunt edge
Of that unpoliſh'd fool's impertinence.

Shrewſ. I ſhall not fail to enforce all due reſpect.

Mary.

Mary. 'Tis vain to preach civility to brutes.
Theſe tidings quite oppreſs my ſinking ſoul.
Now I've no comfort left; my Douglas! now
You and I ſhall no longer ſit all day,
Conſoling one another's miſeries,
Telling old ſtories to beguile the time,
Of things that paſs'd when I was queen, and you
The brighteſt jewel in my Court.
L. Doug. Indeed
We have a kind of melancholy joy
Indulging in our grief.
Shrewſ. For that, alas!
I bring freſh food———
Mary. How ſo?
Shrewſ. This hour I learn
A ſtrange account of ſome conſpiracy
Detected at Whitehall; wherein your name
Was join'd with Norfolk's, who, with other Lords,
Stands now committed to the Tower.
Mary. Ha me!
Merciful Heavn! What ſay'ſt thou, Shrewſbury?
Is Norfolk in the Tower on my account?
Recal thoſe words! Oh, they ſhot thro' my brain
Like light'ning! Say you do not believe them, man!
Speak, prythee, Oh, you heſitate! I'm loſt!
He's gone! I ſee the cruel lioneſs
Has ſeiz'd the noble hart; he bleeds beneath
Her horrid fangs. [*Leaning on Lady* Douglas.
L. Doug. Alas! her memory fails;
Excuſe this tranſient weakneſs, Sir, in one
So cruelly oppreſs'd, and made the ſport
Of croſs and wayward fortune.
Shrewſ. Why this haſte?

Enter Nawe *haſtily.*

Nawe. This moment brings a meſſenger, who tells
That Norfolk, Pembroke, Lumley, Arundel,
Each to his ſeveral dungeon was confined
For Norfolk's treaſon; that, on farther proof,
The Duke was clear'd; who now, reſtored to grace,
Lives in full ſplendour, fame, and liberty.

Shrewſ. Look to the Queen! She faints.

[*Here* Mary, *having changed from horror to joy, faints, and falls into Lady* Douglas's *arms.*

L. Doug. Help! help!

Shrewſ. Who waits?

Enter Mary's *Attendants.*

Convey her ſoftly: Thus, alas! ſhe's dead.

[*They carry her to a Couch.*

L. Doug. My miſtreſs! Oh my miſtreſs! Oh my Queen!
She breathes! ſhe breathes! yet there is life, oh, Heav'n's!

Shrewſ. Patience a while!

L. Doug. Be ſilent all, I pray!
Her troubled ſpirit muſt not be diſturb'd;
Theſe ſhocks have ſtop'd the current of her blood;
And nature ſeeks a momentary pauſe:
Exceſſive joy ſucceeding grief ſo quick,
Now o'erwhelms her mind; but balmy ſleep,
With tears that make the drowning tide to ebb,
Will eaſe the load that weighs upon her heart.

Shrewſ. Give her repoſe a while, and watch her well.

[*Exeunt, leaving* Mary *aſleep, ſurrounded by Lady* Douglas *and her Maids.*

SCENE III. *Before Tutbury Caſtle.*

Enter Beton *and* Nawe.

Nawe. I truſt the Queen will ſoon regain her ſtrength.

Beton. No doubt if this were all; but ſtill I fear
Farther viciſſitudes—The crazy times
Are big with ſtrange events; each teeming hour
Is fruitful of new miſchief—Who goes there?

Enter Norfolk *in diſguiſe.*

Nor. One born to freedom, and not bound to tell
Whether he comes or goes———

Nawe. What wou'd you here?

Beton. Let's take him to the Governor———

Nor.

Nor. Villains,
Stand off———
Beton. No villains ſerve the Queen of Scots;
Learn that, baſe ruffian——
[*They draw their Swords and ſeize* Norfolk.
Nor. Hold, are you the Queen's?
Serve you Queen Mary? then a word with you:
Know you this ſignet?
Nawe. Ha! the token ſure!
Beton. The very token! 'tis the Duke!
Nor. My friends!
Beton. No more; this is a dangerous place; retire
Below the drawbridge, to that ſally-port,
Half choak'd with ruins; there wait patiently,
Till we can execute the Queen's commands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Mary *diſcovered on her Couch, ſurrounded by Lady* Douglas *and her Maids.*

Mary. Am I awake? Methinks the clouds diſperſe;
A wat'ry gleam of light breaks thro' the miſt;
" The tepid ſunbeams play, and 'gin to ſhed
" Their all-enlight'ning vivifying rays,"
To cheer the world, and diſſipate its gloom;
All nature ſeems reſtored.—" My gentle maids,
" Have you been with me whilſt I ſlept? No doubt;
" For I have dreamt I was in Heav'n; and you
" Were ſurely the fair angels that I ſaw
" Surrounding me in bliſs"—Douglas, I think
The laſt word that I heard was liberty:
Norfolk is ſet at liberty?
L. Doug. No doubt;
That was the purport of our joyful news.
Mary. Then I'm alive again, my hopes and all;
Once more I'll dream of comfort, and indulge
Each fond deluſion;—I ſhall ſee my love;
He'll ſoon be here; Norfolk won't tarry long.

Shrewſbury *and* Huntingdon *entering.*

Shrewſ. Gently, my Lord, perhaps the Queen's at reſt.

Hun. We muſt uſe all diſpatch.
Shrewſ. A while! my Lord!——
Madam! the Earl of Huntingdon, who is joined
In truſt with me———
[*Preſenting Lord* Huntingdon *to the* Queen.
Mary. [*Aſide.*] Alas! are theſe my dreams
Of joy and comfort?—My Lords, I ſtill rely
On your humanity and gentleneſs.
Hun. Our firſt inſtruction is to hold her ſafe.
[*Turning to* Shrewſbury.
Shrewſ. Aye, but in that beware how we tranſgreſs
The bounds of mercy; mercy is the due
Of all who breathe on England's ſoil: it grows
From the ſame root, and is entwined around
The ſceptre of our Queen; we are to her
Subjects and ſervants.
Mary. I am neither, Lords!
I am, like her, a Queen, nor will conſent
To take as mercy, what I claim as right,
Juſtice and liberty.
Hun. This is no time
For ſuch high ſtrains; learn your condition here.
Mary. Is this a language ſuited to your birth?
Hun. High birth is ne'er diſgrac'd by truth, I hope;
And for my tongue, 'twere better fail in that,
Than uſe my hands to perpetrate ſuch deeds
As Queens have ſometimes done.
Shrewſ. Oh! ſhame; ſuch words,
If they were true——
Hun. Talk not of words! I come
To execute my orders—Firſt, 'tis ſaid,
This caſtle, till of late, was us'd to hold
The county priſoners.
L. Doug. How! wou'd you place a Queen—
A lady form'd in nature's faireſt mould,
Reared like the tendereſt plant, ſhaped by each grace,
Each exquiſite laſt touch of poliſh'd art,
Among a tribe of felons.
Shrewſ. What! immur'd
With all the refuſe of the human race,
The outcaſts of the earth?
Hun. My Lord! I know

My

My duty; ſure you have forgot the charge.
Who are all theſe that make the priſon ſhew
More like a royal court?

Pointing at Mary's *Attendants.*

Mary. Mean, abject ſlave!

Hun. I here diſmiſs one half of this ſame train:
Begone! [*To the Attendants.*

Mary. No, ſtop! inhuman wretch, forbear!
On me direct your vengeance—let not theſe
Poor helpleſs maids be driven from their home,
Tho' 'tis a poor diſconſolate abode:
For ſtill they wait with pleaſure on their Queen,
Proud to participate in all her woes:
But theſe are ſentiments thou can'ſt not feel.
Go, aſk your miſtreſs, whether ſuch a train
Is all too proud to attend upon the Crowns
Of France and Scotland? aſk what retinue
I ſhou'd have deem'd becoming her eſtate
With me, at Paris, or at Holyrood?

Hun. Thoſe days are paſt—without more idle words,
There's one condition, and but one, by which
You may be nobly entertain'd, and have
All freedom and reſpect—Give up your Crown;
Confirm Earl Murray Regent; and reſide
In England with your Son———

Mary. No more! perform
The part that ſuits thee, jailor! — Thou lackſt wit
To tempt me to reſign my native Crown;
To ſacrifice at once myſelf, and ſon!
And, make the world believe I own her charge.
No! I prefer her dungeons—Death itſelf.

Hun. Then be it ſo! Attendants, follow me;
Leave her to ruminate in ſolitude.

[*Exeunt* Shrewſbury *and* Huntingdon, *with the Attendants following reluctantly.*

Mary. (Sola.) Give up my Crown; my ſon; ſupport my foe,
My mortal, baſe, unnatural enemy.
'Tis a plain challenge to a Queen—Reſign
All ſenſe of honour, claims of birth, all thoughts
Of eminence in early youth imbib'd,
And grown habitual, to thoſe whom chance

' Has in deriſion deck'd with mortal crowns;
' Or elſe prepare, and ſummon fortitude
' To brave the threats of power, the taunts, the ſcorn,
' The worſt indignities that envy breeds;
' That bittereſt produce of the meaneſt plant
' That grows in mortal breaſts — Perhaps ſtill more;'
Perhaps her iron hand may rend theſe limbs;
This cruel wretch, this Huntingdon, is ſent
To view my torments with unalter'd eyes;
To ſit, preſide, direct the torturer's knife,
Glutting his greedy ſoul with ſcenes of blood,
While dying ſhrieks are muſic to his ears.
' 'Tis hard for female ſpirits to bear up,
' And ſtand the fiery trial—Ah! who's that?'
Spare me!

Enter Norfolk *in diſguiſe.*

Nor. Oh, fear me not, my life! 'tis I;
'Tis Norfolk at your feet.
Mary. Oh, Heavens! once more
Save my poor intellects! Oh, Norfolk, oh!
My guardian angel! How ſhall I relate
All that befel me ſince? Yet rather ſay,
How have you 'ſcap'd the jaws of that fell tygreſs?
How got you hither?
Nor. By the gift you gave;
Your token known, they ſtraight conducted me,
By ſecret ways, thro' theſe old walls, and thus
Theſe eyes at once are dazzled with a ſight
Dangerous to look on——
Mary. Danger is no more
When my brave Norfolk's come; we'll talk of love,
Of future bliſs, and paint gay ſcenes of joy,
Counting our happy days before their time.
Nor. Alas! that's all, I fear, we e'er can hope.
Mary. Let not your noble ſpirit, Norfolk, fail!
Nor. Spirit will fail when reaſon cannot hope.
Mary. Norfolk cannot deſpond in Mary's cauſe.
Nor. Oh, think no more of ſuch a worthleſs wretch;
A baſe, mean villain, traitor to my Queen.
Mary. Is love for me ſuch treaſon in her ſight?
Nor. My treaſon is not 'gainſt my lawful Queen,

But

But againſt her, to whom I'm bound by ties
Dearer than dull cold duty———
Mary. ————Mean you me?
Doubtleſs you made confeſſion of your love;
Was that a treaſon againſt me? 'twas great,
Worthy yourſelf; magnanimous to ſcorn
Her utmoſt rage, and brave her dire revenge.
Nor. (Aſide.) How ſhall I wound her gen'rous, noble heart?
'Her, whoſe pure mind, whoſe unſuſpicious thoughts
'Dreſs up my ſins in virtuous robes; thereby
'But making them more hideous in my ſight;
'And me more hateful to myſelf.'—O fool!
That cou'd be brought to purchaſe this vile life,
By quitting all that's dear to me on earth!
Mary. What do I hear? oh! ſay not ſo, my love;
You are not capable of ſuch a thought.
Nor. Alas! I've pledg'd my word; I've ſworn to it.
Mary. Extorted vows are void, mere idle breath.
Nor. Mine have not been ſo hitherto—an oath,
A ſacred oath——
Mary. ————Had I no oath from you?
Nor. (Aſide.) Ah! there's the dreadful maze, the double road,
Where each path leads to ruin and diſgrace.
Mary. O Norfolk, do not leave me! do not forſake
Your poor, forlorn, and faithful priſoner;
Already loſt to all the world but thee;
My only comfort, refuge under Heav'n.
Oh! 'twould belie the tenor of your life:
What wou'd I not for thee? Let all the Kings,
The rival Princes that have woo'd in vain,
Here in my priſon recommence their ſuit,
Wou'd I not ſpurn them all for thee? Yet fly,
I'm loſt;—but you are born to better fates.
Nor. (Aſide.) Be firm, my ſoul! O torture!
Mary. ————Cruel man!
To caſt me off becauſe I'm here confin'd;
What ſent me hither but my love for thee?
When laſt I ſaw you, then you were a man,
Replete with courage, gentleneſs, and love.
What have I done to change your nature thus?

If I'm in fault, ſtrike at this wretched heart;
Let it not break! Or leave me to my fate,
To chains and dungeons, inſults and hard words;
Let ſavage Huntingdon diſmiſs my train——
Nor. The horror of my crimes comes thick upon me.
Cou'd I then leave thee thus, a prey to grief?
The ſport of ruffian tongues? Why did not Heav'n
Blaſt with its lightning, and benumb theſe limbs,
So ſlow in ſtriving to break ope the gates
Of this accurſed cell? Oh, foul diſgrace!
Where ſhall I 'ſcape the pointing hand of ſhame?
Here let me ſue for pardon—All I aſk,
Is to devote my life to reſcue thee;
To ſtem the torrent, and oppoſe the flood,
Defy the deluge of o'erwhelming fate,
And ſnatch thee from the waves of miſery.
Mary. Are you then ſtill my Norfolk? do I dream?
Nor. No, while there's life in this poor frame, and while ——
Mary. Enough, my Norfolk! I am the debtor now:
Your noble reſolution doth reſtore
The genial current of my frozen blood;
The blood of many hundred Kings doth riſe
To chace deſpondency, and ſwell my ſoul
With thoughts of nobler deeds, and times to come.
Mary ſhall once more triumph in her turn.
Nor. Then farewel, beautiful and injur'd ſaint!
Good angels hover round this dark abode,
And guard you till the cries of honour's voice
Shake theſe old battlements, and rend this roof;
Burſt wide theſe bars, and once more charm the world
With radiant light of matchleſs beauty's beams!
Adieu, my love!
Mary. ——Remember me—Farewel!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Whitehall.*

Enter Elizabeth *and* Cecil.

Elizabeth.

CECIL! what more?—the Duke, you ſay, is ſecur'd.
Cecil. Aye, beyond 'ſcape, my liege!—He's on his way;
Perhaps has reach'd the Tower.
Eliz. ————Sir, he may thank
Your interceſſion for that liberty
Which prov'd his bane.
Cecil. Reproaches from my Queen,
So juſt, fall like the chaſtiſement of Heav'n
On thoſe it favours.
Eliz. Heav'n favours none
But thoſe who ſee their errors, and repent.
Cecil. If I repent me not the part I took,
May I be ſharer in his puniſhment.
Eliz. We know your faith; 'twas error, we're convinc'd;
Let aſſiduity atone for it;
Probe this infernal plot.
Cecil. 'Tis done! Behold
This train of correſpondence, 'twixt the Duke,
The Pope, the Queen of Scots.
Eliz. The treaſon is clear:
Cecil, my foes are numerous and ſtrong.
Cecil. Were they in number as the ſummer leaves,
Their autumn doth approach; they ſoon ſhall fall,
Blaſted, and driven by the wind.
Eliz. This day
One falls at leaſt; this faithleſs Lord no more
Shall dupe me with his promiſes; let him
Await his doom—' yet ſtay! his birth and name—
' *Cecil.* Are but freſh motives for example ſake.
' *Eliz.* Then be it ſo.

'*Cecil.* And her Ambaſſador,
'Who wou'd have forc'd the Tower, and ſeiz'd your-
ſelf?
'*Eliz.* That muſt be nicely weighed; for ſovereignty,
'Aye, but the ſhadow of it, claims regard:
'Tis not for us to extinguiſh haſtily
'That emanation from the royal light;
'Altho' the ſource from whence it ſprings may ſeem
'Somewhat obſcur'd and clouded.
'*Cecil.* But if threats
'Produce confeſſion, we may learn to guard
''Gainſt farther harm.'
Eliz. Proceed. [*Exit* Cecil.
He needs no ſpur;
Nay, he anticipates my inmoſt thoughts.
Th' ambitious Duke's diſpos'd of; ſuch half-pac'd,
Soft, ſcrupulous fools, make poor conſpirators.
Mary yet lives; but for the Ambaſſadors,
I ſhou'd have ſent her croſs the Tweed ere now,
To Murray's care: I wou'd it had been done,
When firſt ſhe threw herſelf into my hands;
It ſeem'd a conſummation of ſucceſs,
A period to my cares: but now this prize,
This precious prize, ſo unexpectedly
Entangled in my toils, proves a fierce ſnake
Which I can neither ſafely hold nor looſe;
While yet I have her in my graſp, ſhe ſlips,
Twining her folds around my limbs—Alas!
I live in fear of my own priſoner,
And tremble on my throne. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Daviſon *to* Cecil.

Dav. The fatal order's ſent; e'en now the Duke
Prepares for death.
Cecil. O Daviſon! theſe times
Demand diſpatch; patience muſt have its bounds,
Or change its nature, and degenerate
To dangerous weakneſs.

Dav.

Dav. Yet the piteous fall
Of this beloved, generous Duke, will rend
The hearts of all his countrymen: the ſtreets
Are throng'd with weeping multitudes; and groans
Betray more deep-felt ſorrow than the tongue
Dares, in theſe days, to utter.
Cecil. Such eſteem,
And general ſympathy, denotes his ſway
And empire o'er the affections of the land;
And ſhou'd have ſerved to other ends than ſtrife,
For the romantic honour and renown
Of liberating helpleſs captive Queens. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Tower.*

Norfolk *and the* Lieutenant *diſcovered.*

Nor. No, good Lieutenant; I am at a point,
The very point and ſummit of my path,
Up life's ſteep rough aſcent; and now muſt leap
The dreadful precipice.
Lieu. Yet ſtill, my Lord,
There's room for mercy; and, if fame ſpeaks true,
Good cauſe for it. Tis ſaid your Grace did ſave
Her Majeſty's own perſon from aſſault.
Nor. As I'm a Chriſtian man, and doom'd to die,
Tis true, and never have I aught devis'd
Againſt her ſacred ſelf: but 'tis in vain
To ſue for mercy; nor is it my wiſh
To aſk that mercy which I've once abus'd.
Cou'd I but, during this ſad interval,
Cou'd I but ſend one——

Enter a Servant, delivering a Paper to the Lieutenant.

Ha! what's that I ſee?
Lieu. (Reading.) Alas!——
Nor. Enough!—I read it in your looks:
My hour is come——
Lieu. My Lord, the guards attend.

Enter Sheriff *and Guards.*

Nor. I am content, thank heav'n, to meet my fate;

Not from indifference to life, or claim
To innocence; far otherwiſe in both:
But knowing mercy's infinite extent,
I caſt the world behind me—One farewell!
And then——

Sheriff. My Lord, in truth, we may not wait.

Nor. I go—and, good Lieutenant, tell the Queen
That he who lately ſtood in higheſt rank,
(Now ſunk below the meaneſt citizen)
Tho' he's pronounc'd a traitor by his Peers,
Whom yet he blames not, ſtill appeals to heav'n
In his laſt moments, that there lives not one
More true to his religion, country, Queen,
Than dying Thomas Howard—Then implore
Her kind compaſſion to my orphan babes.
Say that my dying words were, "Peace be with her!"
And as I am the firſt to fall by the axe,
So may I be the laſt, in her bleſt reign!
May ſhe do juſtice, and protect th' oppreſs'd!
So may her fame reach all poſterity!
And by her hand, do thou, O gracious heav'n,
Build up the walls of England!

Sheriff. Alas, my Lord!
Delay is at our peril; we beſeech——

Nor. A little moment!—I had ſomething yet——
But let it paſs! here! here! it reſts; while yet
Life's current flows, while yet my nerves perform
Their functions—Mary! I muſt think on thee!
Bleſs thee with my laſt breath: may heav'n afford
That ſuccour which this mortal arm in vain
Attempted! mayſt thou never feel ſuch pangs
As he who dies for thee! and now, e'en now,
Flies with impatience from this hell to ſeek
A refuge in the cold embrace of death.—
Lead on!—O Mary! Mary! Mary! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Whitehall.*

Enter Elizabeth *and* Cecil.

Eliz. Cecil! our laſt commands have been perform'd?

Cecil. Madam, they have.——

Eliz.

Eliz. And how behav'd the Duke?
Cecil. With manly, decent conſtancy; and ſeem'd
Moſt penitent in that he broke his word;
But ſtill diſclaiming fully all deſigns
Againſt your crown and perſon; at the laſt,
His parting ſoul ſeem'd bent on his own fate
Leſs than on Mary's——
Eliz. (Aſide.) How! how's this! intent
On her at laſt? muſt her attractions reach
E'en to the very brink of death? alas!
That each progreſſive circumſtance of woe,
Tends but to prove the power of her charms.
'*Cecil.* Her miniſter, the Biſhop, hath confeſs'd
' His ſhare of guilt, and open'd all the plot
' 'Twixt him and Alva—Philip and the Pope.
'*Eliz.* Then bid him inſtantly depart my realm;
' If he beholds to-morrow's ſetting ſun
' On Engliſh ground, his privilege is gone,
' He dies a traitor's death—and from his Queen,
' No more ambaſſadors I'll entertain;
' Or riſk my life to grace my priſoner.
'*Cecil.* The French King's miniſter, of late, is grown
' Importunate for freſh indulgences;
' That ſhe may be allowed to take the air,
' With fit attire and decent retinue:
' All this is aſk'd of grace; not as a part
' Of Anjou's marriage treaty.
'*Eliz.* If that ſerve
' T' amuſe and hood-wink France, ſhe'll think no more
' On Mary.'—Daviſon! what brings thee thus?

Enter Daviſon.

Dav. Diſpatches from your Miniſter in France.
Eliz. Of weighty matter?
Dav. Heavier far, and worſe
Than mortal ears can bear; heav'n guard us all
From ſuch diſaſters as no tongue can tell!
A viſitation which the world, till now,
Ne'er ſaw or heard of.——
Eliz. Speak! no more delay.
Dav. Then hear the fate of all our friends in France,
Swept from the face of th' earth, exterminate,

In

In one black night, at one infernal blow
Dealt by the hand of Rome; there ſcarcely lives
A Proteſtant to tell the maſſacre.
Eliz. and *Cecil.* The maſſacre!
Dav. I ſaid the word: the tale
Runs thus:—That ſignals from the Louvre top
Proclaim'd the time of ſlaughter; Paris firſt,
And 'tis ſuppos'd, within an hour, that all
The cities of that kingdom ſtream'd with blood.
Nor age, nor ſex was ſpar'd; old men, nay babes,
Faſt in their helpleſs mother's arms, were pierc'd
With the ſame weapon; ſick men in their beds,
Brave warriors in their ſleep, were butcher'd: one,
One only check'd their courſe—The firſt who fell,
Brave Coligni, whoſe very name appals
The bigot's heart—At ſight of his gray locks,
So known where'er the thickeſt battle rag'd,
They ſtood aghaſt, till one more harden'd wretch,
With eyes averted, ſtabb'd him to the heart.
Eliz. Oh! let me ſhed one tear for that great man!
' *Dav,* Marſhals of France, and Biſhops led the band,
' Invoking heav'n, yet calling out for blood;
' And, oh! eternal infamy, the King
' Look'd on, encourag'd, nay imbru'd his hands,
' His ſacred hands, in his own ſubjects' blood;
' Pointing his carabine at thoſe who fled
' Apart, like ſtricken deer—while he, in ſport,
' At his balcony revell'd, 'midſt a throng
' Of ladies, praiſing his dexterity,
' Taught, like himſelf, by his more cruel mother,
' From early youth, to jeſt at homicide.
Eliz. ' No more, the tale's too dreadful, I'll retire.'
May heav'n preſerve my people from this curſe!
War, famine, peſtilence, are trifles all,
Compar'd to this corruption of the mind,
This degradation of humanity.
I'll to my cloſet; let none dare approach;
No cares of ſtate preſume to interrupt
My holy ſolitude. [*Exit* Eliz.
Dav. The Queen's retir'd
Moſt opportunely, for I've that to tell,
Which to no ear but thine——

Cecil.

Cecil. What, Daviſon!
Haſt thou, that can the leaſt attention claim
After thy dreadful tale?
Dav. That which demands
All your diſpatch, prudence, activity,
The Queen's in danger, and each hour loſt
Appears an age—ruffians there are——
Cecil. How's this?
Her life in danger? ſay by whom; and how?
' *Dav.* Theſe ruffians came from Rheims, a ſeminary
' Intoxicated with th' omnipotence
' Of papal power, and Rome's accurs'd decrees,
' Thinking that if they periſh'd in th' attempt,
' They gain'd a glorious crown of martyrdom.
' This motley crew, compos'd of ſoldiers, prieſts
' Of various orders, mad enthuſiaſts,
' So confident in their iniquity,
' Caſt lots for weapons; then in full career
' Of riot, 'midſt their cups, for frolick ſake,
' Were painted in one portrait, each with th' arms
' That fell to him by lot.'—Theſe villians all
Are ſeiz'd.
' *Cecil.* Can you no further trace the plot?
' Are you ſo ſlack a friend? till now I thought
' That if you gain'd the clue your zeal would ſoon
' Tread back the windings of the labyrinth,
' And from her dark receſs drag forth to light
' This ſorcereſs.
Dav. ' Miſtruſt not yet that zeal;
' Behold this fruit of it.'—Theſe lines I've gain'd
[*Delivering Letters.*
From Gifford, a corrupt, abondon'd prieſt,
Who ſold his fellow trairors—theſe are ſaid
To be the writing of Queen Mary's hand;
And whether true——
Cecil. Enough! they ſtrongly bear
The ſemblance—now 'tis done—thanks, Daviſon!
I'll to the Queen, nor heed her prohibition.

(Cecil *knocks at the cloſet,* Elizabeth *enters from thence.)*

Eliz. Who dares with ſacrilegious ſteps approach
And intervene betwixt his ſovereign's pray'rs,
And heav'n's impending vengeance on our race?

Cecil.

Cecil. 'Twas not without juſt cauſe——
Eliz. No cauſe, I truſt,
Warrants plain diſobedience of my word,
My ſtrict commands—Sir!——
Cecil. Madam, theſe events
Brook no delay.————
Eliz. Events! why what events?
Canſt thou add flames to Ætna's raging fire?
Imagination can no ſequel find
Worthy the tale he told.
Cecil. This hour Daviſon
Fears for your royal ſelf.
Eliz. Speak, Daviſon!
Dav. I truſt
All will be well, for the conſpirators
Are almoſt all ſecur'd.
Eliz. Conſpirators!
Dav. Aye, moſt inveterate, 'implacable!
'Hell never ſent ſuch fiends to curſe mankind,
'Taught by religious zeal to emulate,
'Nay, to conteſt the prize of parricide.
'*Eliz.* You ſay they are ſecur'd?
'*Cecil.* Know your their names?
Dav. 'Their chief is Babington; a youth whoſe zeal
'For Mary ſprings from a diſtemper'd brain,
'Inflam'd by love.'—And more 'tis fully prov'd
That Mary's in the league.
Cecil. And aſſociate
In this conſpiracy.
Eliz. Remove her ſtraight
From gentle Shrewſbury's care to Fotheringay.
Let her no more be treated as a Queen. [*Exit* Dav.
Cecil, am I not juſt? why to what length
Will ſhe abuſe my patience?
Cecil. How many crimes,
Which now diſgrace the annals of the world,
Owe their exiſtence to falſe clemency,
And weak procraſtication? She muſt die;
Or you, a willing ſacrifice, muſt yield
Your life to ſave her.
Eliz. Mean you, that thro' fear,

I ſhou'd

I ſhou'd aſſume her part, and baſely turn
Aſſaſſin?

Cecil. Heaven forbid! are we then ſunk
Below the level of the pagan world?
For they have juſtice; juſtice is the right
Of all beneath the ſun; and ſhall not you,
The ſource and fountain of it, be allow'd
What you diſpenſe to all? Are royal lives
Worth leſs than thoſe of ſubjects? or is ſhe,
This mighty captive, paramount to laws,
Divine and human?

Eliz. Whether tends this theme?

Cecil. To juſtice; to the fair impartial courſe
Of juſtice——

Eliz. Cecil! you forget yourſelf,
And her whom you addreſs: is this your zeal,
Your reverence for royalty? What law
Can render her amenable to me?

Cecil. Nature has laws; inſtinct, alike to all,
Promulgates them—'Aſſaſſination needs
'No human ſtatutes to declare its guilt;
'They are but feeble, artificial props,
'The patch-work of ſociety, which ſerve
'Only to ſwell the catalogue of crimes,
'By inefficient ſanguinary means.'
Thank heav'n no mortal is exempt from law
Who ſhall attempt the life of England's Queen.

Eliz. Aye, in this iſland; but the general voice
Of Europe wou'd cry ſhame!—Preſumptuous man!
No more—Let not your forwardneſs o'erſtep
The bounds of our forbearance, nor abuſe
Your ſovereign's ear with baſe ſuggeſtions; ceaſe!—

Enter Daviſon.

What freſh diſaſter now? hate, fear, and death,
Revolt, and treaſon, mark thy ominous ſteps.

Dav. No prince was ever more belov'd and fear'd;
Your people in one bond aſſociated,
Join to defend your life, and, with one voice,
Call for immediate juſtice on her head,
Whoſe life is incompatible with yours—

Eliz. For that alternative, if that were all,

Freely

Freely I'd pardon all her injuries:
But for my people's ſake, it cannot be:
Heav'n has entruſted them, and their true faith,
To my defence.
Dav. Our lives, religion, all!
Grant, oh! grant juſtice!
Eliz. Have I not ſworn to it,
When I ſucceeded to th' imperial Crown?
You have our leave, our warrant, Daviſon.
[*Exit* Dav.
(Aſide.) Heav'ns, what have I pronounc'd! I dare not think!
Then I muſt act, and leave ſlow timorous thought;
This is no time for ſcruples and remorſe.
Cecil, 'tis done! ſince nothing but her blood
Can ſatisfy your thirſty ſouls——
Cecil. My liege,
Your grateful people will applaud the deed;
Bleſs the defender of their faith.
Eliz. 'Tis falſe;
The univerſal world will curſe the deed;
All future ages execrate the name
Of her who brought anointed royalty
To ſuch diſgrace: yet there is time—who waits?

Enter Servant.

Fly quickly; call back Daviſon—Alas! [*Exit Servant.*
Alas, poor queen!—Cruel, perfidious man!
Your baneful counſel prompted me to this.

Enter Daviſon.

Oh, are you come?—Daviſon! I recall
The horrid ſentence——
Cecil. Such are now the thanks,
And ever were, of thoſe who weakly ſtrive
To ſave a Prince determin'd on his fall.
Madam! ſince, inattentive to my prayers,
You thus devote yourſelf, let me retire
Unacceſſary to your fate.
Eliz. Cecil!
I muſt not loſe your ſervice.
Cecil. Why ſhould I

Stay

Stay to endure that vengeance, which will fall
On all your Miniſters, when Mary's plots
Rob England of her Queen?

Dav. Till that's atchiev'd,
She'll never reſt; her object is your Crown.
Has ſhe renounc'd her claim? No; to this hour
She ſometimes boaſts her title to your Throne,
As confidently as ſhe us'd in France,
When ſhe, with her firſt huſband's *fleurs de lys*,
Quarter'd the arms of England.

Eliz. That, indeed———
That was an early pledge; with her firſt milk
She drank the ſeeds of hate; ſtill, as ſhe grew,
Th' inveterate poiſon ſpread; and now ſhe pours,
Full in my boſom, all the venomous ſtore.

Cecil. Oh! 'tis not mercy, it is cruelty
To ſpare her, when the ſafety of your realm
Hangs on her fate; what, if her voice ſhou'd pierce
The priſon walls, and thro' the nation ſound
A ſignal for a ſecond maſſacre?

Eliz. Ah, there is the word! that word recalls my mind,
Chills all my blood, and drives its current back.
Heav'n doth exact a ſacrifice to thoſe
Who fell for our true faith: 'tis heav'n's decree—
It is reſolv'd—ſhe dies—Fly, Daviſon!
Outſtrip the winds, and, with the winged ſpeed
Of lightning, let the thunder-bolt of heav'n
Strike her devoted head!—Away! away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fotheringay Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Douglas *and* Beton.

Lady Douglas.

BETON, alas! you prophecy too well;
Each moment brings ſome melancholy proof
Of your forboding ſpirit.

Beton.

Beton. Cou'd I doubt
The conſequence of ſuch facility?
You know how oft and earneſtly I urg'd
The danger of ſubmiſſion; but to plead,
A Queen, in her own perſon, thus to plead!—
L. Doug. Had ſhe not pleaded, this pre-judging court,
As by confeſſion, had pronounc'd her doom.
And yet, cou'd ſhe ſuſpect that ſuch a liſt
Of all the great nobility, ſuch names,
The warriors, heroes, patriots of the land,
Cou'd ſo diſgracefully be led to join
In concert to her ruin?—
Beton. Oh! too oft
Servile compliances are brought about
By joining numbers and great names, where none,
No ſingle, worthy individual
Would ſhow his face, or lend his honeſt fame.
Know you what urg'd her to appear in court?
L. Doug. 'Twas to defend her honour that ſhe came,
In all the majeſty of innocence;
Deſcending from a throne, ſhe offer'd up
Her dignity, a willing ſacrifice,
To her fair fame; impell'd by conſcious pride,
That inward pride which purity of mind
Inſpires, and prompts to dare corruption's art,
To face, upon unequal terms, the wiles
Of perjur'd treachery.—Oh! 'twas a ſight
New to the world; ſo ſtrange, that mortal eyes
Their credit loſt; none who beheld, believed;
But, Beton, ſuch a mockery as this
Can ne'er be realiz'd!—
Beton. Oh, ſurely not;
'Tis but an artifice to juſtify
Paſt cruelties; and, what I fear the moſt,
Perhaps ſtill cloſer cuſtody—
L. Doug. Alas!
They dare not, ſure, proceed to take her life?
Beton. Oh, no! 'twou'd rouſe all Europe; ſhake all thrones;
Looſen the deepeſt-rooted monarchies:—
They dare not think of it—you ſee they're gone
For farther counſel to the Star Chamber.

L. Doug.

L. Doug. 'Tis time t' attend the Queen; heav'n guard her ſtill! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Mary's *Chamber, Fotheringay Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Douglas *to the Queen.*

Mary. Douglas! come hither, Douglas! ſit by me;
Thou art the conſtant ſolace of my woes.
I am almoſt worn out with grief and care;
And, as you ſometimes hint, I plainly find
My health is much impair'd—I had not ſtrength
Or ſpirits to do juſtice to my cauſe
Before this court.

L. Doug. Oh, my royal Miſtreſs!
How cou'd you condeſcend to plead to them?

Mary. Alas! too confident in innocence,
I undervalued human treachery;
Suffer'd my ears to catch the ſpecious ſound
Of Hatton's ſoft perſuaſive eloquence;
Who, fair and falſe as Belial, from his tongue
Shed manna, which beguil'd my ſilly heart,
'Brought me to compromiſe my dignity,
'By condeſcenſions, which the petulance
'Of rancorous Burleigh's bitter enmity,
'Had ne'er effected.'—Oh, accurſed fraud!

L. Doug. Fraud! aye, and open force; did they not ſeize
Your papers, burſt your cabinet, and rob,
Aye, baſely pilfer all your little hoard,
The remnant of your treaſure, which you ſav'd
To pay your poor domeſtics, and for acts
Of charity?

Mary. But that, you know, of late,
Has been prohibited; becauſe 'twas found
One ſtill remaining ſource of happineſs.

L. Doug. Infernal, unexampled infamy!
Yes, my dear Miſtreſs, 'twas a cruelty
More felt by you than by the poor themſelves
Who loſt your daily charity.—

Mary.

Mary. Douglas!
Forſaken as I am, I cou'd not think
That my own Secretary wou'd have turn'd
Againſt his Miſtreſs; and, in that, where he,
Above all others, knew me innocent:
I never much eſteem'd the man; but yet
I did not think the viper wou'd have bit
The hand that fed it.—'He firſt came to me
'From my poor uncle, the late Cardinal—
'My uncle was the prop of all my counſels;
'Alas! he's gone; and Charles, my brother, now
'No longer reigns in France—he too is loſt!
'His end was wretched and unnatural.'—
And for my ſon, my only child, he reigns
In Scotland, patient of a mother's wrongs;
'I am forbid to hear from him.—Alas!
Had he the heart or ſpirit of a man—

Enter Beton.

Beton. Pardon the meſſenger of diſmal news!
L. Doug. (Aſide.) Oh, me, what now?—
Beton. And, oh, prepare to hear
The heavieſt tidings—
Mary. I've been long prepar'd.
Beton. Your own misfortunes you have ever born
With fortitude, but other's ſufferings—
Mary. What others? ſpeak! alas, I gueſs—
Beton. Too well
I fear—
Mary. The Duke?
Beton. His troubles are no more;
'He reſts in peace, beyond the tyrant's ſway,
'Where mortal envy cannot reach: alas!'
Poor man! he fell a victim to his love;
His dying breath ſtill bleſs'd you.—
Mary. Oh, juſt Heavens!
'Since it has pleas'd you thus to viſit him
'For my offences—let my prayers aſcend
'In his behalf—yet ſtay; he's riſen now,
'Whence he looks down with pity and contempt
'On worldly cares; views with ſerenity
'Her deſpicable malice.'—Oh, mean wretch!

Why

Why dar'd you not let fall your vengeance here?
He dies at laſt in my defence!—to ſave
This poor forlorn exiſtence—Fie upon't!
Why lingers yet my breath?—Out, out, for ſhame!
Seek the wide air, and catch my Norfolk's ſoul.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Hall.*

Enter Beton, *meeting Sir* Amias Paulet.

Beton. *(Aſide.)* Paulet arrived!—What is your pleaſure here?

Sir A. Paul. I am about to ſeek your Miſtreſs, Sir.

Beton. The Queen is ill at eaſe, and needs repoſe.

Sir A. Paul. Sir, I have buſineſs to communicate—

Beton. Concerning her?—

Sir A. Paul. Aye, very nearly too.

Beton. From Weſtminſter?—

Sir A. Paul. From the Star Chamber, Sir;
No leſs than that her Secretaries both
Have now confeſs'd the plot, and ſworn to it.

Beton. Oh, perjur'd venal ſlaves! they never dar'd
Confront her with theſe murderous lies—the ſight
Of injur'd innocence had choak'd their ſpeech.

Sir A. Paul. Say rather their repentance has produc'd
Full proof to juſtify the courſe of law.

Beton. Who, but a judge determin'd to convict,
Wou'd credit thoſe whoſe faith is forfeited
By plain, avow'd deſertion of their truſt?
'Twere a judicial murder—the worſt crime
This ſinful world has known: firſt, as the Judge
Is, for his purity and wiſdom, plac'd
In high authority, and charg'd to guard
Fair innocence; then, as the ſufferer
By ſuch injuſtice, feels diſgrace and ſhame
Added to all the bitterneſs of death.

Sir A. Paul. Is ſhe, who claims protection, above law?

Beton. Call you impriſonment protection? Oh!
Mere ſubterfuges, worthy of your Queen;
This laſt exploit of bribing evidence

Was

Was an achievement ſuiting her great power,
Her riches, her wiſe Miniſters—O ſhame!
Sir A. Paul. Is this the language, Sir, of Mary Stuart,
Late Queen of Scotland? ſhe ſhall anſwer for it;
I muſt proceed to her.
Beton. Mean, ſervile wretch!
Paulet! if you're a man, ſome future day
You'll not refuſe atonement for theſe words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Queen's Chamber.*

Queen Mary, *Lady* Douglas, *two Maids, and Sir* Amias Paulet.

Mary. Are theſe your orders, Sir, before my face
To take my canopy?—
Sir A. Paul. No doubt they are.
Mary. And you're inſtructed thus t' inſult a Queen?
Sir A. Paul. I am inſtructed to conſider you
As one attempting to deſtroy a Queen.
Mary. 'Tis falſe, by all that's ſacred! Heav'n well knows
I wou'd not touch the meaneſt life on earth,
Much leſs the Queen's, for all that ſhe enjoys,
All her great empire—No; on my royal word.
Sir A. Paul. Henceforth, no more let convicts idly dream
Of forfeit titles—Farewell, Mary Stuart!
Mary. Thinks ſhe that ſuch indignities degrade
My native titles? tell her ſhe doth fix
Eternal ſhame, contempt, and ridicule
On her own name, by theſe low practices;
And ſay, tho' ſhe may rob me of my life,
Mary will die the lawful Queen of Scots.
[*Exit Sir* A. Paulet.
L. Doug. O, my dear Miſtreſs! heed not ſuch baſe men,
They are beneath your care.
Mary. They haraſs me;
My ſpirits are worn out; I'll lay me down;
[Mary *reclines on her Sopha.*
Methinks ſoft muſic wou'd compoſe my nerves:
'I once

'I once had muſic at command,'—but, oh!
The lute's unſtrung that ſmooth'd the brow of care;
Cold is the tongue that charm'd with living fire.

L. Doug. Allow your faithful maid to try her voice.

(Here Queen Mary's *Lamentations ſhould be ſung by Lady* Douglas, *or one of the Maids.)*

'*Mary.* Theſe plaintive ſtrains bring quiet to my mind,
'Balm to my troubled ſoul; they ſooth my woes,
'Recall old times, and tell me what I was.
'Douglas! while yet I was in infancy,
'The cruel father of this cruel Queen
'Aſk'd me in marriage, from my native land,
'For his own ſon; and failing in his ſuit,
'Wag'd war with Scotland: afterwards, you know,
'It was my fate to mount the throne of France,
'As conſort of young Francis; on whoſe death,
'(Oh, ever lamentable, fatal loſs!)
'I ſtay'd in France till, by the jealouſy
'And cruel arts of Catherine, I was driven
'To ſeek my own hereditary crown.'—
Doeſt thou remember how reluctantly
I left the gay and ſprightly Court of France?

L. Doug. Aye, as 'twere yeſterday—I ſee you ſtill,
Fix'd like a ſtatue at the veſſel's ſtern,
With eyes intent upon the Gallic ſhore,
Watching each leſſening object, till the coaſt,
The wide-extended coaſt, and diſtant ſpires
Of Calais, glittering in the evening ſkies,
Alone remain'd in view; darkneſs came on,
And tears inceſſant; till the morning calm
Gave one faint glimpſe of the departing ſcene:
Oh! then you beat your breaſt and wav'd your hand,
While intermingled tears and ſobs half choak'd
Your ill-articulated, laſt adieu.

Mary. Oh, what change for a young Queen of France!
From all the pleaſures of that ſplendid Court,
To the moroſe, ſour aſpect, the dull cant,
And furious zeal of Scotland's puritans!

L. Doug. What barbarous, fanatic inſolence!

Mary. Oh! I was deſtin'd in my native land
To heavier ills; to Darnley's cruelty;
Murray's ambition; Morton's treachery;

My ſubjects' mean deſertion of their Queen;
Their baſe revolt; and baſer calumnies.

L. Doug. The time ſhall come, when the impartial world
Shall nobly vindicate your injur'd fame.

Mary. Long ſince, dear Douglas, I've reſign'd this world,
With all its vanities, and fix'd my heart
On heav'n alone—Ah, me! who's this?—

Enter Daviſon.

L. Doug. Who art thou?

Dav. One whoſe approach forbodes a blacker ſtorm
Than e'er ſtruck terror in the human breaſt.

Mary. Know you this man?——

L. Doug. No; but I fear he brings
Freſh inſults and new rigours.—

Mary. Whence come you?

Dav. From the Queen's ſelf; who moſt reluctantly,
Nor without many bitter ſighs and tears—

L. Doug. Tears of a crocodile.—

Dav. I ſay, with tears
The Queen diſpatch'd me, to announce the fate,
The fate contain'd within this warrant.—

(Delivering a Warrant.

Mary. Ha! *(Reading the Warrant.)*

Enter Beton.—*A Drum is heard beating a ſlow March.*

Beton. O mercy! Heavens! alas, my Queen! I fear
Some dreadful fate; the Earls of Shrewſbury
And Huntingdon, attended by the guards,
Are at the caſtle gate.—

L. Doug. Ah, here they come!
Th' array of death! Ah! is it come to this?

Enter Shrewſbury *and* Huntingdon, *with Guards, Executioner, &c.*

Shrew. The painful office which I now perform—

Mary. I know your buſineſs—

Shrew. Ah! know you, alas!
With what diſpatch we're order'd to proceed?

L. Doug. O murder! murder! cruel murderers, ſtay!

Mary.

Mary. Patience, my child! I did not think, I own,
My ſiſter Queen wou'd have proceeded thus;
But if my body cannot ſuſtain one blow,
My ſoul deſerves not thoſe eternal joys
In Heav'n my holy faith has promis'd me.
Hun. 'Tis your accurſed faith that ſeals your doom;
While you're on earth, there is no ſurety
For our true faith—
Mary. What do I hear? good heav'n!
Say you that I'm to ſuffer for my faith?
Oh, happy and glad tidings! glorious news!
'Repeat that word, thou meſſenger of joy!
'Angels deſcending from their bleſt abodes,
'Cou'd not have hail'd me with more welcome ſounds—
'Then it hath pleas'd the gracious Heav'ns at laſt
'To hear my prayers, and recompenſe my woes.'
Now, in one bleſſed moment, all my pain,
All my long ſufferings are exchanged for bliſs.
Theſe ears have heard me thus proclaim'd a ſaint;
And Mary's, aye, poor Mary's weeping eyes
Have liv'd to ſee her crown of martyrdom.—
I'll make ſhort preparation; and mean while,
Let all my ſervants be in readineſs;
And bid my confeſſor to follow me.
L. Doug. We will obey—
[*Exit L.* Doug. *with the Maids.*
Hun. This may not be allowed;
We came not here to ſee our holy faith
Mock'd by the tricks and ſuperſtitious forms
Of Papal ceremony—Your confeſſor
Muſt not approach——
Mary. Sir, I was born to reign;
I am your Miſtreſs' kinſwoman; like her,
Deſcended from King Henry—Dowager
Of France, and Scotland's lawful Queen; as ſuch,
I pray you, treat me—— [*Exit* Mary *to her Oratory.*
Beton. Inhuman tyranny,
That wou'd extend its barbarous cruelties
Beyond the grave!
Shrewſ. We may not violate
Our ſtrict commands—
Beton. Heav'n will remember them:

You are, then, order'd to refuſe a Queen,
In the laſt moments of her life, thoſe rites,
That conſolation, which is always given
To the moſt harden'd, graceleſs criminals,
That e'er inſulted juſtice, or brought ſhame
On human nature?—

Hun. Nay, urge not that; for, lo!
A pious prelate now attends without
To offer his aſſiſtance—I'll propoſe—

[Huntingdon *offers to go towards the Oratory.*

Beton. If you're not loſt to all humanity,
Diſturb not her laſt meditations thus.

(*Stopping* Huntingdon.

Enter Lady Douglas *with four Maids, a Phyſician, and an Almoner*—Beton *places himſelf with them.*

Hun. Why are you all aſſembled here?—

L. Doug. You ſee
The ſad remains of her poor family.

Hun. You are, at beſt, but uſeleſs, idle ſhew;
Perhaps employ'd for ſuperſtitious uſe;
Retire!

L. Doug. You cannot mean to hinder us
From this laſt, wretched office?—

Hun. Nay, begone!

Beton. Infernal ſavage!—

L. Doug. Yet have mercy, Lords!
Oh! you are far more gentle, Shrewſbury!
Drive not her few, poor, faithful maids from her;
Let them receive her bleſſing, and behold
Their dying Miſtreſs' looks, and cloſe her eyes.
In pity, nay, in decency, comply;
Is't fit the perſon of a royal Queen
Shou'd lie a mangled and unheeded corſe,
Without her maids to ſhroud thoſe precious limbs,
Which kneeling Princeſſes were proud to adorn?

Shrew. 'Tis not in nature to reſiſt the claim.

Enter Mary *from her Oratory, dreſſed gorgeouſly, with a Croſs and Beads.*

Mary. This world to me is as a thing that's paſt;
A burden ſhaken off—The retroſpect

Exhibits

Exhibits nothing but a wearisome
And tedious pilgrimage—What is to come
Opens a scene of glory to my eyes:
Therefore with joy I hasten to begin
This course of triumph——Oh! my faithful friends!
Ye all—all of you, my poor followers,
Have sacrific'd your days to share my woes.
Now let me ask forgiveness for the past;
Pardon my many negligencies!—

L. Doug. Oh!

Thus, on our knees, we crave your blessing all.

Mary. Yes, I will bless you with my latest breath;
'Tis all I have to give; except, perchance,
Some trifles, which I here bequeath among you.

(Delivering her Will.

Beton, accept this ring—take that—And thou!

(Giving a Ring to Beton, *and her Physician, and her Almoner.*

These tokens may remind you of my love.—
Come hither, all my maids! *(The Maids rise and approach.*
Farewell, sweet friends.

(Mary *kisses each of them.*

We soon shall meet.—Come, Douglas! let me bind
Thine arm with this my bracelet; that so oft
As you behold it, you may think on me.

(Clasping her in her Arms.

'Now let me hold thee thus—Nay, do not weep
'That I'm translated from this scene of care
'To endless joy—Once more farewell!—lead on!'

(Mary *makes a Sign for the Procession to go on, and is proceeding, when* Melvin, *an old Man with gray Locks, throws himself at her Feet, in Tears.)*

'*Melvin.* O mercy! mercy, Heaven! alas, my Queen!
'That I shou'd live to such an age for this,
'To see this sight, and carry back this tale!

Mary. 'Melvin! my faithful servant, Melvin, here!
'In my last moments—They have kept thee long
'Out of thy Mistress' sight—thou comest in time
'For her poor blessing—Good old man, return;
'Commend me to my son—tell him I've done
'No prejudice to Scotland's Crown—tell him

'My lateſt words were thoſe of Scotland's Queen.'
[Melvin *tries to ſpeak, and is unable.*
Poor ſoul, thy griefs have choak'd thy ſpeech! Adieu!
Bear witneſs all, tell it throughout the world,
But chiefly to my family in France,
That I die firmly in their holy faith!
And you, ye Miniſters from England's Queen,
Tell her, ſhe hath my pardon; and relate,
That, with my dying breath, I do beſeech
Her kindneſs to my ſervants; and requeſt
Safe conduct for them into France; that done,
I've naught to aſk, but that my poor remains
May be beſtow'd in Lorrain, or in France,
Where I may hope for pious obſequies;
For here the tombs of my progenitors
Are all profan'd—Remember my requeſts!—
Now lead me on in triumph, till I gain
Immortal joys, and an immortal reign.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MRS. SIDDONS.

WERE you not told, before the play began,
Our Author ventur'd on a daring plan?
A tale of woe, a deep hiſtoric play,
Giv'n in an age ſo debonnair and gay.
Was this a place to ſet up a defence,
And talk of injur'd Mary's innocence?—
Of late diſcoveries, drawn from dates and words,
Old rotten parchments, muſty, dull records?
No—all is now for tinſel ſhow!—this age
Turns a deaf ear—but keenly views the ſtage;
The Tragic Muſe, nay, all the Siſters nine,
Are now eclips'd—Aladin's lamp doth ſhine!
Exulting o'er their tomb—now boxers ſpar!
And beaux, in raptures, envy every ſcar!
Learning and wit were once eſteem'd, and then
*The ſtage produc'd Ben Johnſon—*now, *Big Ben!*
Shakeſpeare, make room for Humphries!—that's the way
To bring the men of faſhion to the play!

But to our Bard—How ſhall we judge his caſe?
Who ſcorns the unities of time and place.
Critics, what ſay ye?—Muſt he ſue for peace
To wits of modern France or ancient Greece?
The great Voltaire has told us, that a play
Should be within one houſe, and in one day—
But in one evening, how can it be right,
To repreſent the morning, noon, and night?
To hail Aurora, ſwear the ſun-beam glows,
While theſe vile lamps ſtill flare beneath my noſe.
And as to place—deception's all in vain—
We've known all night, that this is Drury Lane.

Thus Engliſh Johnſon's ſterling wit and ſenſe
Treats this French rule, as a poor, weak pretence
To cloak their narrow genius—an expedient
To make their fable, like themſelves, obedient.

When action, uniform in every part,
Guides the clear tale directly to the heart,
In vain dramatic pedants may combine
The free-born Muſe, by weakning, to refine,
Whene'er ſhe mounts, their damp, cold veil to fling,
Or clip the maſter feather of her wing.
No; let the Tragic Muſe range far and wide,
Bind not in chains the paſſions' faithful guide;
Let the full heart expand, and ſeek relief
From the ſweet luxury of virtuous grief.
May no ſtern critic or falſe ſhame control
This noble weakneſs of each generous ſoul:
For with the tender heart alone you'll find,
The higheſt ſpirit and the firmeſt mind.

KING

KING HENRY V.

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF FRANCE:

A

TRAGEDY,

WRITTEN BY

SHAKESPEARE.

PRINTED EXACTLY CONFORMABLE TO THE REPRESENTATION, ON ITS REVIVAL

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

OCTOBER 1, 1789.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

King Henry the Fifth, ... Mr. KEMBLE.
Duke of Glouceſter, } Brothers to Mr. BENSON.
Duke of Bedford, } the King, Mr. DIGNUM.
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King, .. Mr. AICKIN
Earl of Weſtmoreland, ... Mr. R. PALMER.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ... Mr. MADDOCKS.
Biſhop of Ely, ... Mr. JONES.
Earl of Cambridge } Conſpirators Mr. WEBB.
Lord Scroop, } againſt the Mr. WILSON.
Sir Thomas Grey, } King, Mr. LAMASH.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, ... Mr. WALDRON.
Gower, ...} Officers in King Mr. WILLIAMS.
Fluellen, ...} Henry's Army, Mr. BADDELEY.
Nym, } Formerly Servants to Falſtaff, now Soldiers in the King's Army, Mr. BURTON.
Bardolph, } Mr. ALFRED.
Piſtol, } Mr. SUETT.
Boy, } Maſter GRIGSON
Williams, ...} Soldiers, Mr. WHITFIELD
Bates, ...} Mr. BANKS.
Charles the Sixth, King of France, Mr. PACKER.
The Dauphin, ... Mr. BARRYMORE
Duke of Burgundy, ... Mr. PHILLIMORE
Conſtable, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Governor of Harfleur, ... Mr. HOLLINGS-
Mountjoy, a Herald, ... —— [WORTH.

WOMEN.

Iſabel, Queen of France, ... Mrs. WARD
Katherine, Daughter to the King of France, ... Miſs COLLINS.
Quickly, Piſtol's Wife, an Hoſteſs, .. Mrs. BOOTH.

Lords, Heralds, Meſſengers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, with other Attendants.

The Scene, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England; but, afterwards, wholly in France.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Anti-Chamber in the Engliſh Court.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Canterbury.

MY Lord, I'll tell you—That ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' th' laſt king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our poſſeſſion;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
But, my good lord,
How now, for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the Commons; doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He's rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,

Upon our ſpiritual convocation,
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater ſum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet,
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty,
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
(As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done)
The ſeveral and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French Ambaſſador, upon that inſtant,
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing.—Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſy.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Audience Chamber.*

King Henry *diſcovered on his Throne.* Glouceſter, Bedford, Weſtmoreland, Exeter, *&c. attending.—(Flouriſh.)*

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here, in preſence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good brother.

[*Exit a Herald.*

Weſt. Shall we call in the Ambaſſador, my Liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear of him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter Herald, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. Heav'n and its angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. We thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly, and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law Salic, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, heav'n forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul,
With opening titles, miſcreate, whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For heav'n doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war;
We charge you, in the name of heav'n, take heed.
Under which conjuration, ſpeak, my lord.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign.
There's no bar
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond;
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salic *land:*
Which Salic land the French unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of France; and Pharamond,
The founder of this law, and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salic lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elve;
Nor did the French poſſeſs the Salic land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years,
After defunction of King Pharamond,
(Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law.)
Beſides, their writers ſay,
King Pepin, who depoſed Childerick,
Did hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of France unto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salic law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female.

K. Henry. May I, with right and conſcience, make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign:
For in the book of Numbers, it is writ,

When

When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter.
Exeter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty anceſtors.
Go, my dear lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle, Edward, the Black Prince,
Who, on the French ground, play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France:
Whilſt his moſt mighty father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
Glo. Oh! noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces, the full power of France,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!
Weſt. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir; you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Run in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.
Glo. Your brother Kings, and Monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you ſhould rouſe yourſelf,
As did the former lions of your blood.
Exeter. They know your Grace hath cauſe; and means and might
So hath your highneſs; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects,
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of France.
Oh! let their bodies follow my dear Liege,
With blood and ſword and fire to win your right.
Cant. In aid whereof, we of the ſpirituality,
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.
K. Henry. We muſt not only arm t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the Scot.

For

For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring like the tide into a breach;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Exeter. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by herſelf,
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf, not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray,
The King of Scots; whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with priſoner Kings,
And make his chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouzy bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck, and ſumleſs treaſuries.

Cant. Therefore, to France, my Liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you with that ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the Dauphin.
[*Exit Herald.*
Now are we well reſolv'd; and by Heaven's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces.

Enter Herald, with Conſtable *and* Mountjoy, *the Ambaſſadors of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Conſt. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or, ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King;
Therefore, with frank, and with uncurbed plaineſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
Conſt. Thus, then, in few.
Your highneſs lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, Edward the Third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter,
Says, that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirits)
A tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.
K. Henry. What treaſure, uncle?
Exeter. Tennis-balls, my Liege.
K. Henry. We're glad the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us.
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will, in France, by heaven's grace, play a ſet
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard.
And tell him that we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
I never valued this poor ſeat of England.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my ſtate,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouze me in my throne of France:
For I will riſe there, with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, ſtrike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
But this lies all within the will of heav'n,
To whom I do appeal, and in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand, in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,

When

When thouſands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct; fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exeter. This was a merry meſſage.

K. Henry. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but France,
Save thoſe to heav'n, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: for heav'n before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
[*Flouriſh.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before* Quickly's *Houſe, in Eaſtcheap.*

Enter Corp. Nim *and Lieut.* Bardolph *meeting.*

Bard. Well met, Coporal Nim.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Piſtol and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not. I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles. But that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one, but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another man's ſword will, and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France. Let it be ſo, good Corporal Nim.

Nim. Faith I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Coporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell; things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt be

as

as it may; though patience be a tir'd mare, yet ſhe will plod. There muſt be concluſions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes antient Piſtol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt Piſtol?

Piſt. Baſe tyke, callſt thou me hoſt? Now by this hand, I ſwear I ſcorn the term; nor ſhall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. O, welladay lady, if he be not drawn! Now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard. Good ancient, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nim, ſhew thy valour, and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus.*

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;

Nim. I am not Barbaſon, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O, braggart vile, and damned furious wight,
Thinkſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly,
For th' only ſhe; and *pauca,* there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs; he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue,

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good huſband, come home preſently [*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Boy.

Bard.

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? We muſt to France together. Why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home. [*Draws.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal Nim, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me, too; pr'ythee put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay,
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,
For I ſhall ſutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour on't.

Enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. [*Exit.*

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as may; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Southampton.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtomoreland.

Bedford.

'FORE heaven, his grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould, for a foreign purſe, ſo ſell
His ſovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. Henry. Now ſits the wind fair; and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Maſham,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Scroop. No doubt, my Leige; if each man do his beſt.
K. Hen. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours;
And leave not one behind that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.
Camb. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majeſty; there's not a ſubject,

That

That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs,
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.
Grey. True; thoſe that were your father's enemies,
Have ſteept their galls in honey, and obſerve you,
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Henry. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.
Uncle of Exeter,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Sovereign, leſt example
Breed, by his ſuff'rance, more of ſuch a kind.
K. Henry. O let us yet be merciful.
Camb. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. Henry. We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our French cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?
Camb. I one, my Lord.
Your highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.
Grey. And I, my Sovereign.
K. Henry. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Maſham; and Sir Knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of Weſtmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper! Why, what read you there,

That

That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood,
Out of appearance?

Camb. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy which was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! my Lord Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord,
To furniſh him with all appertinents,
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But Oh!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knewſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt mightſt have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe:
May it be poſſible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs,
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
If that ſame dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that Engliſhman's.
Their faults are open.
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And Heav'n acquit them of their practices.

Exeter. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroop of Maſham.

I arreſt

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purpoſes Heav'n juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Camb. For me, the gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But Heaven be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching heaven and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterpriſe:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Henry. You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death,
The taſte whereof Heav'n of its mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Scroop, Grey, *and* Cambridge, *guarded.*

Now, Lords for France; the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
Then forth, dear countrymen,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Cheerly to ſea, the ſigns of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Quickly's *Houſe in Eaſtcheap.*

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, *and* Quickly.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Piſt. No, for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blith: Nim, rouze thy vaunting vein:
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for Falſtaff he is dead,
And we muſt yearn, therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure he's not in hell; he's in Authur's boſom, if ever man went to Authur's boſom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child; a' parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th' tide: for after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finſier's end, I knew there was but one way; for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man? be of good cheer: ſo a cried out, Heav'n, Heav'n, Heav'n, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of heaven: I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet; ſo a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did, and ſaid they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once the deule would have him about women.

Quick.

Quick. He did, in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember he ſaw a flea ſtick upon Bardolph's noſe, and ſaid it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire; that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhog?—the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips;
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horſe-leeches, my boys,
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs; that's the humour of it;—but, adieu!

Piſt. Let houſewifry appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu! [*Exuent.*

SCENE III. *The* French *King's Palace.*

Flouriſh—Enter the French *King, the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *the Conſtable,* Bourbon, *and Attendants.*

Fr. King. Thus come the Engliſh with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britain,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all ſwift diſpatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh,
Upon our fields.

Dauph. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
But let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſun morrice-dance.
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much miſtaken in this king;
For you ſhall find his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly.

Dauph. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable;
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter.
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry ſtrong;
And, Princes, look you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That hunted us in our familiar paths.
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, the Prince of Wales:
While that his mountain ſire, on mountain ſtanding,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroic ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him

Mangle

Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns, that by Heav'n and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock: and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Ambaſſadors from Harry, King of England,
Do crave admittance to your majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them, [*Exit* Mountjoy.
You ſee this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Daup. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good, my ſovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know,
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Mountjoy, Exeter, *and Engliſh Lords.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exeter. From him; and thus he greets your majeſty:
He wills you, in the awful name of heav'n,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours that pertain,
By cuſtom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion raked,
[*Gives a Pedigree.*
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,
Willing you overlook his pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native, and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or elſe, what follows?
Exeter. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown,
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And, therefore, in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove:
That if requiring fail, he may compel.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the Dauphin be in preſence here,
To whom, expreſsly, I bring greeting, too.
Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this farther.
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Daup. For the Dauphin,
I ſtand here for him. What to him, from England?
Exeter. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing, that may not miſbecome
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my king; and if your father's highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitters mock you ſent his majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock,
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.
Daup. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe Paris balls.
Exeter. He'll make your Paris Louvre ſhake for it,
And be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,
Between the promiſe of his greener days.
And theſe he maſters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow you ſhall know our mind at full.
Exeter. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our king
Come here himſelf, to queſtion our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence.
[*Flouriſh—Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

Alarm, and Cannon go off.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Glouceſter, *and* Weſtmoreland.

King Henry.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our Engliſh dead.
Beat in the rondure of their rampar'd walls,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come; heav'n's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an ale-houſe in London, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions! [*Exeunt all but* Flu.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines?—Tell you the Duke it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for look you, th' adverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines. I think, a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

(A parley ſounded.)

Gower. The town ſounds a parley!

(Flouriſh.)

Enter King Henry *and his Train,* Governor *on the Ramparts.*

K. Henry. How yet reſolves the governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parley we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give yourſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: as I am a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchiev'd Harfleur,
Till in aſhes ſhe lie buried.
What ſay you? Will you yield, and this avoid?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready,
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy.
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. Henry. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French;

Uſe

Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-night, in Harfleur we will be your gueſt,
To-morrow for the march.

[*Flouriſh, and enter into the town.*

SCENE II. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and Attendants.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the river Some.
Conſt. And if he be not faught withall, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.
Daup. Shall a few ſprays of us,
('The emptying of our father's luxury)
Our ſcions, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Conſt. Why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpite, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns?
Oh! for the honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen iſicles,
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people,
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields.
Daup. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us;
They bid us to the Engliſh-dancing ſchools,
And teach La Volta's high, and ſwift Coranto's;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.
Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our ſharp defiance.
Up, princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field;
Bar Harry England, that ſweeps through our land,

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
And in a captive chariot into Roan
Bring him, our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few;
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march.
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord conſtable, haſte on Mountjoy,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend
To know, what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in Roan.

Daup. Not ſo, I do beſeech your majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, lord conſtable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gower. **How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?**

Flu. **I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.**

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, heav'n be praiſed, and pleſſed, any hurt in the orld. He is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline.—There is an ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very conſcience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no eſtimation in the orld; but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Ancient Piſtol.

Gower.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſ. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe Heav'n, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſ. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm, and ſound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind, that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone——

Flu. By your patience, Ancient Piſtol. Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you, that fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes moſt excellent deſcription of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſ. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath ſtolen a Pix, and hanged muſt he be, Oh! damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut,
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Piſtol, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſ. Why then, rejoice, therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would deſire the duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſ. Die and be damn'd, and *figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſ. The fig of Spain—— [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal; I remember him, now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day. But, it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return to London, under the form of a ſoldier. But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.—[*Flouriſh.*] Hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

A March.—Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, Glouceſter, Weſtmorland, *Attendants, and his poor Soldiers.*

Flu. Cot bleſs your Majeſty.

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen; cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your majeſty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is inforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is maſter of the pridge:—I can tell your majeſty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majeſty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Now, what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my king; Say thou to Harry England,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Tell him, we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now, ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: England ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted.
Firſt, for our loſs, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon, kneeling at our feet,
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My king and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. Henry. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king, I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais,
Without impeachment. For to ſay the ſooth,
(Tho' tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of Engliſh legs,
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, Heav'n,
That I do brag thus; this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard;
Yet, Heav'n before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,

Stand

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mountjoy,
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf;
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour.——
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are;
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your Highneſs.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us, now.

K. Henry. We are in Heav'n's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge, it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *King* Henry's *Tent, at* Agincourt.

King Henry, *and* Glouceſter *diſcovered.*

GLOUCESTER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, ſhould our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

Good-Morrow, brother Bedford.
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful and good huſbandry.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham;
A good ſoft pillow, for that good white head,

Were better than a churliſh turf of France.

Erp. Not ſo, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now I like a king.

K. Henry. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp:
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon,
Deſire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.

[*Exeunt* Bedford *and* Glouceſter.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble Harry.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeakſt cheerfully. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Grove.*

Enter K. Henry *and* Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va lá?

K. Henry. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trailſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Henry. Ev'n ſo; what are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring,
I love the lovely bully, What's thy name?

K. Henry. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy! a Corniſh name: art thou of Corniſh crew?

K Henry.

K. Henry. No, I am a Welſhman.

Piſt. Knowſt thou Fluellen?

K. Henry. Yes,

Piſt. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours?

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinſman, too.

Piſt. The *figo* for thee then.
My name is Piſtol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.
[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen,

Flu. So; ſpeak fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble babble in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beſeech you, that you will.
[*Exeunt.*

K. Hen Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welſhman.

Enter John Bates *and* Michael Williams.

Will. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates.

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Henry. Ev'n as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off, the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames, up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. Henry. I dare ſay you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects; if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs and arms and heads chopp'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, We dy'd at ſuch a place; ſome ſwearing; ſome crying for a ſurgeon; ſome upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. Henry. So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, nor the father of his ſon; for they purpoſe not their death when they purpoſe their ſervices. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier, in the wars, do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage: or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making Heaven ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. Henry. I myſelf heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. Henry. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. That's a perilous ſhot out of an elder gun!—

You'll

You'll never truſt his word after!—Come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is ſomething too round; I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if we live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; and if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, This is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word; and fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you Engliſh fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could but tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt* Bates *and* Williams.

K. Henry. Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
Oh! hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs!
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
Art thou ought elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear, in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing. Oh! be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Canſt thou, when thou commandſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That playſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe,
I am a King that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,

Not

Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand, and vantage of a King.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent;
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts;
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reckoning, leſt th' oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord
Oh! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears
Than from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd Heav'n to pardon blood.
More will I do. [*Trumpet ſounds.*]—But, hark! the trumpet calls!
The day, my friends, and all things wait for me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter Dauphin *and* Conſtable.

Daup. My Lord High Conſtable, the Engliſh lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Daup. My Lord Grandpree.

Conſt.

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Alas! poor Harry England, he longs not for the battle as we do!

Daup. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Daup. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Conſt. That iſland of England breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Daup. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Conſt. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives. And then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. Now is it time to arm; ſhall we about it?

Daup. I ſtay but for my guard; on to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, Weſtmorland, *and all the* Engliſh *Hoſt.*

Glou. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.

Weſt. Of fighting men, they have full threeſcore-thouſand.

Exeter. That's five to one; beſides, thyf are all freſh.

Bed. Heav'n's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis ea rful odds,

Weſt. Oh! that we now had here

But

But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England
That do no work to-day,

Enter King Henry *and Attendants.*

K. Henry. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My Couſin Weſtmorland! No, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow,
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
Don't wiſh one more;
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmorland, through my hoſt,
That he who hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purſe.
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay to-morrow is Saint Criſpian.
Then will he ſtrip his arm, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget;
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did, that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſehold words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Saliſbury, and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpine Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;

And

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeak
That fought with us upon St. Criſpian's day.

Enter Gower.

Gow. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The French are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man whoſe mind is backward now.

Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow.

K. Henry. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayneſs and our gilt are all beſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field,
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes, for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers heads,
And turn them out of ſervice.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall, King Harry: and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K Henry. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.—
Now on, you nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;

Fathers,

Fathers, that like ſo many Alexanders,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument:
Diſhonour not your mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call fathers did beget you:
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot,
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George.

[*Alarm, ſhouts, &c. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Field of Battle.*

Enter Conſtable, Dauphin, *and* Bourbon.

Daup. Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes.

Conſt. Why all our ranks are broke.

Daup. O, perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab ourſelves:
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?

Conſt. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now;
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Daup. We are enow yet living in the field
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Conſt. I'll to the throng.
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field of Battle. Alarm.*

Enter King Henry *and his Train.*

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done, the French yet keep the field.

Enter Exeter.

Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your Majeſty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.

Exeter. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and York all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, Tarry, my couſin Suffolk,
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to Heav'n:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe ſays, Dear my lord,
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd,

But

But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;
For hearing this I muſt perforce compound
With mixtful eyes, or they will iſſue too.
But hark! what new alarum is this ſame?
The French have reinforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. *March—Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field—Alarm continued.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys, and the luggage!—'Tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be deſired in your conſcience now; is it not?

Gower. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals that ran away from the battle ha' done this ſlaughter; beſides they burn'd or carried away all that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king moſt worthily hath caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. I, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower; what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was porn?

Gower. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great?—the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gower. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I ake it,

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you ſal find in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is alſo a river

a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend Clytus.

Gower. Our king is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in figures and compariſons of it; as Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth. *(Trumpets ſound.)*

Gower. Here comes his majeſty.

Flouriſh—Enter King Henry, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Henry. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Go and tell them ſo. [*Exit Herald.*

Enter Mountjoy.

Exeter. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their herald? knowſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mount. No, great king;
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while)
Lie drown'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters.
Oh! give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praiſed be God and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it Agincourt.

K. Henry. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin Criſpianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle, Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the Welſhmen did good ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavie's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welſh, you know, good countryman.

Flu.

Flu. All the water in the Wye cannot waſh your majeſty's Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. Heav'n pleſs and preſerve it as long as it pleaſes his grace and majeſty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good countryman.

Flu. I am your majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I confeſs it to all the orld, I need not to be aſham'd of your majeſty, praiſed be heav'n, ſo long as your majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Henry. Heav'n keep me ſo.
Our heralds go with him;
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts. [*Exeunt* Mountjoy *with Heralds.*
Call yonder fellow hither.

Exeter. Soldier, you muſt come to the king.

Enter Williams.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wearſt thou thy glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night, who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive, I would ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit the ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, a'nt pleaſe your majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil, or Lucifer and Bëlzebub himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meetſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when Alençon and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm, if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our perſons; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the heart of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man that has but two legs that ſhall find himſelf aggriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. Henry. Know'ſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and pleaſe you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go and ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Brother Glou'ſter,
Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels,
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchaſe him a box o'th'ear. [*Exit* Glo'ſter
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Weſtmorland,
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as I judge,
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow and ſee there be not harm between them.
[*Exit* Weſtmorland.
Come you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, Captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will, Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glov`.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sbub, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal world, in France or England.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villian!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend to the Duke of Alençon's.

Enter Glouceſter *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord Glouceſter, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contageous treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, Exeter *and Attendants.*

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villian and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtruck the glove which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſy knave it is; I hope your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon

Alençon that your Majeſty is give me, in your concience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it; 'twas me indeed thou promiſedſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world,

K. Henry. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majeſty.

K. Henry. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your highneſs pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep, ſoldier,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, Captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his body; hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your ſhooes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhooes is not ſo good; 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Engliſh *Herald.*

K. Henry. Are the dead number'd?

[Herald *gives a paper.*

What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exeter. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;

John

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bourchiquald:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand French
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty-ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

Exeter. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, Eſquire;
None elſe of name: but of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O Heav'n, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Aſcribe we all.
Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgement, that God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſciences, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We will to Calais and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* Engliſh *Camp in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gower.

NAY, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day; St. David's day is paſt,

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, Captain Gower; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave Piſtol, which you and yourſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt, yeſterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek; it was in a place were I could preed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gower. Why here he comes, ſwelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient Piſtol: you ſcurvy lowſie knave. God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe Trojan,
To have me fold up Parcas' fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I beſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek, becauſe, look you, you do not love it, and your affections and your appetites and your digeſtions does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for Cadwallader and his goats,

Flu.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [*Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe Trojan! thou ſhalt die.

Flue. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when God's will is: I will deſire you to live the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſawce for it—[*Strikes him*] You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gower. Enough, Captain, you have aſtoniſhed him.

Flu. I ſay I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear——

Flu. Eat I pray you; will you have ſome more ſawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel, thou doſt ſee I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the ſkin is good for your proken coxcomb; when you take occaſion to ſee leeks hereafter I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily and in truth you ſhall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels, you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi'you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gower. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave; will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any

any of your words; I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel; you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh condition: fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* French *Court at* Trois, *in* Champaigne.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and other Lords*; *meeting the* French *King*, *Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French *Lords and Ladies.*

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother France, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin Catharine;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of Burgundy.
And Princes French and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairly met;
So are you Princes Engliſh, every one.

Q. Iſa. So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks we fairly hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Iſa. You Engliſh Princes all, I do ſalute you.

Burg. My duty to you both on equal love;

Great

Great Kings of France and England. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let is not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?

K. Henry. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace
Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenures and particular effects
You have enſchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. Henry. Well, then, the peace
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your grace
T'appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs our accept aud peremptory anſwer.

K. Henry. Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle Exeter,
Couſin of Weſtmorland, Bedford, and Glouceſter,
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be ſtood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our couſin Catharine here with us,

She

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave. *Exeunt.*

Manent King Henry *and* Catharine.

K. Henry. Fair Catharine, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me. I cannot ſpeak your England.

K. Henry. O fair Catharine, if you love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Lady. De tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

K. Henry. No faith, Kate, I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay I love you; then if you urge me farther than to ſay, do you in faith; I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer, i' faith do, and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Cath. Me underſtand well.

K. Henry. Marry if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me. If I could win a lady by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. But before Heav'n, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be the cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy; for a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black

a black beard will turn white; but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it burns bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou wouldſt have ſuch a one, take me; take me, take a ſoldier; take a ſoldier, take a King: and what ſayſt thou then to my love?

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of France?

K. Henry. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you ſhall love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. But, Kate, doſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neigbours tell, Kate? Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion your gentlewomen about me: and I know, Kate, you will to them diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart. If ever thou beeſt mine, Kate, (as I have ſaving faith within me tells me thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt threſore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy, half French and half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople and take the Turk by the beard? ſhall we not, my fair Flower de Luce? How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon trés chère & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive the moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en* France.

K. Henry. Now fie upon my falſe French; by mine honour, in true Engliſh; I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempting effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is,

tha

that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt, and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs; take me by the hand and ſay, Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withall, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic; for your voice is muſic, and thy Engliſh broken: therefore Queen of all, Catharine, brake thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. Henry. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiſs you, and I call you my Queen. [*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in you lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. My royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs Engliſh?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeneſs. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

Weſt. The King hath granted every article;

His

His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me, that theſe contending kingdoms
England and France, whoſe very ſhoars look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt England and fair France.

K. Henry. Now welcome, Kate; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I take her as my Sovereign Queen.
Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be.

[*Exeunt Omnes*

BRITISH
11
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OCT

SHAKESPEARE's

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:

WITH ALTERATIONS BY

J. P. KEMBLE.

AS IT IS PERFORMED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.
GARRICK's PROLOGUES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King of France, ... Mr. Bensley.
Bertram, ... Mr. Kemble.
Lafeu, ... Mr. Aickin.
Parolles, ... Mr. King.
Dumain, ... Mr. Whitfield.
Lewis, ... Mr. Barrymore.
Biron, ... Mr. Benson.
Jaquez, ... Mr. Caulfield.
Tourville, ... Mr. Bland.
Interpreter, ... Mr. R. Palmer.
Soldier, ... Mr. Phillimore.
Steward, ... Mr. Packer.
Clown, ... Mr. Bannister, jun.

WOMEN.

Countefs of Roufillon, ... Mrs. Ward.
Helena, ... Mrs. Siddons.
Widow, ... Mrs. Booth.
Diana, ... Mrs. Powell.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.
Scene lies partly in France, and partly in Tuſcany.

All's Well that Ends Well.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The* Counteſs *of* Rouſillon's *Houſe.*

Enter Bertram, *the* Counteſs *of* Rouſillon, Helena, Dumain, Lewis, *and* Lafeu.

Counteſs.

IN delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I, in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (Oh! that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living!

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion; and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. Your time calls on you.
Be thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my ſon;
I'll bring you on your way.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady; you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt.*

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's.

Parolles *within.*

Par. Holloa! where are theſe knaves?

Hel. Who comes here!
One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar:
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.

Enter

Enter Parolles.

Par. What, is the Count gone?—Little Helen, farewell! if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.
When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: but the compoſition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſs I cannot anſwer thee acutely. Farewell! When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends:—get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee; ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me;
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The* Counteſs's *Garden.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. He's gone, and 'tis weakneſs to mourn over his departure. I will now hear;—what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Enter Clown.

What does this knave here?—Get you gone, ſirrah!

Clown. Madam, 'tis not unknown to you that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clown. No, Madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your ladyſhip's good-will to go to the world, Iſbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good-will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clown. In Iſbel's caſe and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of heaven, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Get you gone, Sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her: Helen I mean.

SONG. *Clown.*

'Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
'Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
'Fond done, done fond; for Paris he,
'Was this king Priam's joy?
'With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
'And gave this ſentence then;
'Among nine bad if one be good,
'There's yet one good in ten.'

Count.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, Madam; which is a purifying o'the ſong. 'Would heaven would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon. One in ten, quoth 'a! an' we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you.

Clown. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—I am going, forſooth. The buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. I was very late more near her, than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withall; ſithence, in the loſs tha tmay happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before.—Pray you, leave me. I will ſpeak with you farther anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young: Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.——

Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a mother——

Heav'n's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood.

To

To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter?
Weep you, that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.——
Count. Nor I your mother?
Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
Heav'n ſhield, you mean it not! daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe; What pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.—Now I ſee
The myſtery of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head. Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon,
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my ſon;
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about; come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven
I love your ſon;
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhould be.
I know I love in vain. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For

For loving where you do; but if yourſelf
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, pity ſhew
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that her ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—ſpeak truly,—
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had

Count. Wherefore?—tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſovereignty. Amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? ſpeak.

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Happly, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill (which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel.

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray Heaven's bleſſing into thy attempt;
Begone, my child; and be thou ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exit.*
Hel. Our remedies are oft within ourſelves,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Court of France.*

Flouriſh Cornets. *The* King *of* France, *with Letters*, Bertram, Laſeu, Dumain, Lewis, Parolles, *and Lords, diſcovered.*

King.

YOUTH, thou bearſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.
King. Our letters here, my lords, deliver us,
The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
Laf. So 'tis reported, ſir.
King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria; With

With caution that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid.

Laf. His love, and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And Florence is deny'd, before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part, except alone
The Count Rouſillon, whom we keep with us,
Leſt battle rob his mother of a ſon,
And our ſick hours of comfort in his abſence.

Dum. 'Tis our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return,
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege.—Farewell, young lords.
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen. How long is't, my lord,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;——the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; nature and ſickneſs
Debate is at their leiſure.—Welcome, count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty.

[*Flouriſh.—Exeunt* King *and* Lafeu.

Dum. Oh, ſweet, my lord, that you will ſtay behind us!—

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——

Lewis. Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept at home.

Par. An' thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely,

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with!—by heaven, I'll ſteal away,

Dum.

Dum. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

Lewis. I am your acceſſary.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

[*Exit* Bertram.

Dum. Farewell, captain.

Lewis. Sweet monſieur Parolles ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek: it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

Lewis. We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* Counteſs's *Houſe.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if Heav'n have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all bottoms.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve and fit to all queſtions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger, as a pan-cake for Shrove-

Shrove-Tueſday, a morris for May-day, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth: nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clown. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it; here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aſk me if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, ſir——There's a ſimple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, ſir——Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, ſir—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, ſir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, ſir——Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, ſir*, as you are whipping, and *ſpare not me?* indeed, your *O Lord, ſir*, is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my——*O Lord, ſir*; I ſee things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſewife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, ſir—why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, ſir, to your buſineſs. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back;
Commend me to thy kinſmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Nor much employment for you. You underſtand me.

Clown. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.
Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* King's *Chamber.*

The King *diſcovered.*

Enter Lafeu. [Lafeu *kneels.*

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. What doſt thou mean?
Laf. I have ſeen a *médecin*,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to raiſe king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor-ſhe; my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs. Will you ſee her
(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.
King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.
Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.
King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors

His

His Majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe toward him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two; more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it with all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empirics.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give good ſcope;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor;
But know, I think, and think I know moſt ſurely,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal round;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they glide;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, and my maiden's name
Traduc'd by odious ballads; if I fail,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak,
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath reſidence;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or deſperate aſſurance:
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſic I will try,
But thy own life depends upon my cure.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in true performance
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd!
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you, ſir, fulfil it?
King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, by thy kingly honor,
What huſband in thy pow'r I will command;
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal; whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, and thee to give.
King. Here is my hand; obſerve the premiſes:
Thy will by my performance ſhall be crown'd:
So make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient ſtill, on thee depend.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, ho! [*Enter* Lafeu.] If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Court of France.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Parolles.

Lafeu.

THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence it is, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Laf. And ſo 'tis.

To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts——

Par. So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows——

Par. Right, ſo I ſay

Laf. That gave him out incurable——

Par. Why there 'tis? ſo I ſay too.

Laf. Not to be help'd——

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death——

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. That's it I wou'd have ſaid; the very ſame.

[*Flouriſh.*

Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helen, Bertram. *Lords and Attendants.*

King. Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;

Which but attends thy naming.
Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice
I have to uſe: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to deny.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one!—
Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me reſtor'd the king to health.
Ber. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
"We bluſh that thou ſhould chuſe, but be refus'd,
"Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever.
"We'll ne'er come here again."
King. Make choice;
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian., from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial *Love*, that god moſt mighty,
Do my ſighs ſtream.
I dare not ſay, I take you; but I yield
Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power. This is my choice.
[*To* Bertram.
King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Knowſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe hath done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King.

King. Thou knowſt ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing; I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge;
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdainſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter), thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo;
From loweſt place when virtuous deeds proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the performer.
She is young, wiſe, fair; what wouldſt thou more?
If thou canſt like this wonder as a maid,
I can create the reſt; virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour and wealth are our's.

Ber. I cannot love her, not will ſtrive to do't.

King Thou wrongſt thyſelf, if thou ſhouldſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.——

King. My honour's at the ſtake: which, to defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud, ſcornful youth, unworthy this good gift;
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it; I find that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine; to whom I promiſe

A counterpoiſe; if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt all but* Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, monſieur—a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, ſir?

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. My lord! my maſter!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

Par. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.——

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far into anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.——

Laf. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' the contrary.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pain, for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me: ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is due fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an' he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an' if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs—or—

Laf. Thou ——By mine honour if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomgranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then. Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!
Par. What is the matter, ſweet-heart?
Ber. Altho' before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn,
I will not bed her.
Par. What? what, ſweet-heart?
Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.
Par. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Waſting his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!
Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.
Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art ſure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow. [*Exit.*
Par. Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man married, is a man that's marr'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is ſhe well?
Clown. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel.

Hel. What two things?

Clown. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither heaven ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's on earth, from whence heaven ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
He leaves you now, by a compell'd reſtraint:
But ſays your coming hours ſhall flow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o' the king.
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his farther pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you do.—Come with me, ſirrah. [*To the* Clown.

Clown. No, madam, not with you.

Hel. How?

Clown. After you—I know my diſtance. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valliant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,
And given orders for our horſes;

Laf. Save you, captain!

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerv'd to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs, and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: Farewell, monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him!

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home:
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, indeed.——
I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith, yes;——
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.
[*Exit* Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur?—— Farewell.
Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Rouſſillon, in France.*

Enter *Counteſs* and *Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it; ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a good manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clown. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court. Our Iſbel's o' the country, are nothing like your Iſbels o' the court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a Letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear I am run away; know it, before the report comes. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two gentlemen and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be killed ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be killed.

Clown. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. Here they come, will tell you more.

Enter Helena, Biron, *and* Jaques.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone——

Count. Do not ſay ſo.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a Then *I write a* Never!

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

Bir. Ay, madam;

And for the contents ſake are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer:
If thou engroſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robbſt me of a moiety: He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Where is my ſon?

Bir. Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Count. Towards Florence is he?

Jaq. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

Bir. Such is his noble purpoſe.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,

But

But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs.
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes; more I'll intreat you
Written to bear along.

Bir. We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Counteſs and Gentlemen.*

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!
Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France,
Then haſt thou all again! Poor lord! Is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe thee
To the event of the none-ſparing war?
O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; and do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
Better 'twere,
I met the ravening lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouſillon;
I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rouſſillon in France.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Stewart.

Counteſs.

ALAS! and would you take it of her;
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter?
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain,
Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband; he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice, Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:—
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope he may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction: Provide this meſſenger:——
My heart is heavy,
Grief would have tears, ſorrow bids me ſpeak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Without the Walls of Florence.*

A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, *and* Diana, *with other Citizens.*

Widow. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Diana. They ſay the French count has done moſt honourable ſervce.

Widow. It is reported that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. We have loſt our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Diana. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena *diſguiſed like a* Pilgrim.

Widow. I hope ſo —— Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another. I'll queſtion her:
Heaven ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Widow. At the St. Francis here, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Widow. Ay, marry is it. Hark you;
They come this way: — If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did ſo.

Widow. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of your's
That hath done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Diana.

Diana. The count Rouſillon: Know you ſuch a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him.
His face I know not.
Diana. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported; for the king had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?
Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth; I know his lady.
Diana. There is a gentleman that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Diana. Monſieur Parolles.
Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Diana. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Widow. Ay! right: good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Widow. He does indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bertram, Parolles, Dumain, Lewis, Biron, Jaques, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Ber. Let the troops march round——we'll take a nearer courſe.
Widow. So, now they come:——
That is Antonio, the duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Diana.

Diana. He;
That with the plume: 'Tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier.——Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Diana. 'Tis pity he is not honeſt: yond's that ſame knave,
That leads him to theſe places; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.
Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt I' the battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.——

Diana. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Widow. Marry, hang you!

Exeunt Bertram, *and* Parolles, *&c.*

Widow. The troop is paſt: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you farther,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Diana. We'll take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Florence.*

Enter Bertram, Dumain, *and* Lewis.

Dum. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

Ber.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Lewis. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

Dum. I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon earth, never truſt my judgement in any thing,

Enter Parolles.

Lewis. Here he comes—O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Par. Loſe our drum! our drum!

Ber. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

Lewis. A plague on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a a drum? A drum ſo loſt! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer; I would have that drum, or another, or *hic jacet*—

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur; if you think your miſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what far-

ther becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſylable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will preſently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Dum. No more than a fiſh loves water.—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

Dum. None in the world. We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught this very night. *Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you the laſs I ſpoke of.

Lewis But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault; I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we rave i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her!

Lewis. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Florence.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further;
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.
Widow. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;
And, what to your ſworn council I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Widow. I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again
When I have found it. The gentle count he woes your daughter,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her, how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will naught deny,
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will it would not be too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Widow. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,

Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Widow. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſic of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteeds us
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-nlght
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Part of the* French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter Dumain *and* Interpreter, *with five or ſix Soldiers in Ambuſh.*

Dum. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; tho' you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Inter. Good captian, let me be the interpreter.

Dum. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Inter. No, ſir, I warrant you.

Dum. But what linſey-woolſey haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Inter. Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Dum. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i' the adverſary's entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; only ſeem to know; gabble enough, and

and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. what ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Dum. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give: Wherefore? what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Dum. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Dum. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.

Dum. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Tho' I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citidel———

Dum. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Dum. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believ'd [*Aſide.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Dum. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

Dum. *Throcamovouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*
All. *Crago, crago, villianda par corbo, cargo.*
Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom: do not hide mine eyes.
[*They ſeize him and blind-fold him.*
Inter. *Muſkos thromuldo muſkos.*
Par. I know you are the Muſko's regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the Florentine.
Inter. *Boſkos vauvado:*——
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:
All. *Kerelybonto:*——
Inter. Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy boſom.
Par. Oh!
Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray,
Mancha revania dulche.
Dum. *Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.*
Inter. The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou mayſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.
Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew
Their force, their purpoſes; nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.
Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
Inter. *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit with* Parolles.
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Dum. Go, tell the count Rouſillon and my brother
We have caugh the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
Sol. Captain, I will.

Dum.

Dum. He will betray us all to ourſelves,
Inform 'em that.
Sol. So I will, Sir.
Dum. Till then I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Widow's Houſe.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibel.
Diana. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Diana. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Diana. No.
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows;
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Diana. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you; but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our barrenneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Diana. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge me with:
Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love ſhall perſevere, as it begins.

Diana. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Diana. Will you not, my lord;

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequethed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' the world
In me to loſe.

Diana. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' the world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Ditna. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the hand of truth;
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them.
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time falls out,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be ended.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Diana. For which live long to thank both heavon and me!
You may ſo in the end.——

My

My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths:
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter Dumain, *and* Lewis.

Dum. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Lew. I have deliver'd it, and there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

Dum. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

Lew. Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Dum. When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Lew. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he triumphs in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

Dum. We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

Lew. Yes, yes, till midnight.

Dum. That approaches apace

Lew. In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

Dum. I hear there is a peace concluded.

Lew. What will Count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Dum. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counſel. Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jacques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd: and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief;

in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven,

Lew. How is this juſtified?

Dum. The ſtronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

Lew. Hath the count all this intelligence!

Dum. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity: Here comes his Lordſhip.

Enter Bertram, Biron, *and* Jacques.

Sweet Lord, prepare; the Braggart is detected; he hath prov'd himſelf what he is, and lies here in our hands.

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; writ to my lady mother I am returning; buried my wife; mourn'd for her. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier. How does he carry himſelf?

Dum. He hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant; and what think you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

Lew. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Interpreter, and Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

Dum. Hoodman comes: *Partotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures: What will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Inter. Boſko Chicurmurcho.

Lew. Boblibindo chicurmurcho.

Inter.

Inter. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. How many horſe is the duke ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Ber. What a ſlave is this!

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. Of what ſtrength are they a-foot?

Par. By my troth, ſir, I will tell true. Let me ſee: the muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

Dum. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down. *Is one captain Dumain i' the camp, a Frenchman: what is his reputation with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war: or is it not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt?* What ſay you to this?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the Sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him *nay.* [Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; we'll have it out.

Inter.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and louſy.

Dum. Nay, look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of your lordſhip anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Dum. Excellently.

Inter. Diana, *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle fellow; but, for all that, very ruttiſh. I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious youth, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter reads the Letter.

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts; take it before;
*And ſay, a ſoldier (*Dian.*) told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs.
For, count of this, the count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

Parolles.

Ber.

Ber. He ſhall be whipp'd thro' the army.

Lewis. This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armi-potent ſoldier.

Inter. I perceive, ſir, by the general's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i' the ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Inter. We'll ſay what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more, to this captain Dumain: you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is he honeſtly?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloathes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt?

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Inter. What is his brother, the other captain Dumain;

Lewis. Don't aſk him of me.

Ber. By your leave but he ſhall.

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the ſame neſt, not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excells his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming-on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par.

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count Rouſillon: He's a great coward too.

Inter. I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Yet, who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken. [*Aſide.*

Inter. There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no very honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Inter. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends; [*Unbinding him.*
So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

Lewis. Heaven bleſs you, captain Parrolles.

Dum. Heaven ſave you, noble captain.

Lewis. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

Ber. Good captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Inter. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft,
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs;
Ruſt, Sword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rouſſillon.*

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Lafeu.

No, no, no, your ſon was mis-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lafeu. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clown. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Lafeu. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir; I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Lafeu. Go thy ways; go thy ways; let my horſes be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Lafeu. A ſhrew'd knave. I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs has promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Count.

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wiſh it happily effected.

Lafeu. His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here within this hour, or I am deceiv'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters that my ſon will be here to-night; I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip to remain with me till they meet together.

Enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows: but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Lafeu. Let us ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clown. 'Faith, there's a doſen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man, and belike not a feather head of them wiſer than my own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Coaſt of France, near Marſeilles.*

Enter Helena Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. Welcome to France.—
That you may well preceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſecurity; 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect my intents, to kneel,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marſeilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My huſhand hies him home; where heav'n aiding,

And

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.
Widow. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a huſband.——You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions, yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.
Diana. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am your's
Upon your will to ſuffer.
Hel. Thanks, dear friend!

Enter Tourville.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he wou'd ſpend his power. Heav'n ſave you, Sir.
Tour. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.
Tour. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And, therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Tour. What's your will;
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Tour. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, ſir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Widow. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel.

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Tho' time ſeems ſo adverſe, and means unfit.—
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Tour. Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon,
Whither I am going.
Hel. I beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Tour. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again, my friends.
Come, come, provide.
All's well that ends well: ſtill the *fine*'s the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown.

SCENE III. *Rouſillon.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, Give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clown. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeakſt of; I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not ſtop your noſe, ſir, I ſpeak but in a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away. Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or fortune's cat (but not a muſk cat), that hath fallen into the unclean fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddled withal. Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordſhip. [*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Lafeu. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now.

Par. I beſeech your honour to hear me one ſingle word. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Lafeu. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Lafeu. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Lafeu. The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me; I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow. [*Exeunt* Parolle *and* Lafeu.

Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, Dumain, Lewis, Biron, *and* Jaques, *with Attendants. Flouriſh.*

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Lafeu. This I muſt ſay——
But firſt I beg my pardon—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;

Whoſe

Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the reſemblance dear. Well—call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition; let him not aſk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The increaſing relics of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Dum. I ſhall my liege. [*Exit* Dumain.

King. What ſays he to your daughter; have you ſpoke?

Lafeu. All that he is, hath reference to your highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

Enter Bertram *and* Dumain.

Lafeu. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou mayſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear ſovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd——
That thou doſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From that great 'compt:
Sweet Helen, fare thee well—She's gone for ever!
'Tis too late to weep—Revive your ſmiles
In living Maudlin's love.

Lafeu.

Lafeu. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe rekon'd it
At her life's rate.

Lafeu. I am ſure I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it.
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in the courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come), or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeakſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo;—
And yet I know not:—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away,
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
We'll ſift this matter farther.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever her's, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

Enter Tourville.

King. I am wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Tour. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine, who
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: Grant it me, O king! in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Lafeu. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him.
I'll none of him.

King.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:
[*Exit* Tourville.
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exit* Dumain.

Enter Bertram, *guarded, and* Dumain.

I am afraid the life of Helen (Lady),
Was foully ſnatch'd.
Count. Now, juſtice on the doers!
King. I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you;
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

Enter Tourville, Widow, *and* Diana.

Diana. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
Some in your court do know it, royal ſir,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Widow. I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count; do you know theſe women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me farther?
Diana. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Diana. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied your's,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature;
Whom ſometimes I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
What ſayſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Diana. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis it:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Confer'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife—
That ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Methought your ſaid
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.
Diana. I did, my lord, but loth am to Produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.
Lafeu. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither. [*Exit* Lafeu.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with; but to ſpeak truth—
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of your's.
Ber. I think ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And courted her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy; and in fine,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Diana.

Diana. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband),
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was your's, I pray you?

Diana. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Diana. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Diana. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs the ring was her's.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.—Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Diana. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come to the purpoſe: Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, ſir, he did love her: but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, ſir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave: What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Lafeu. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Diana. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou knowſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed: and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of: therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married: But thou art too little in thy evidence; therefore, ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was your's?

Diana. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Diana. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Diana. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Diana. I found it not.

King. If it were your's by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Diana. I never gave it him.

Lafeu. This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Diana. It might be your's or her's for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tellſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Diana. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Diana. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.
Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Diana. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty?
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.
King. She does abuſe our ears: to priſon with her.
Diana. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal ſir,
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
[*To* Bertram.
Who hath bus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my virgin bed he hath poſſeſs'd,
And at that time his wife became with child:
One, that's dead, is quick. There is my riddle.
Here behold the meaning.

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of my eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both! oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good lord, there is your ring again,
And look you, here's your letter: This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are fairly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the* Counteſs.
Lafeu. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief.
[*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know.
If thou be'ſt yet free to thine own election,
[*To* Diana.
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
I thank thee well, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou keepſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that, and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Hel. Helen's a beggar; now the play is done:
All is well ended, if the ſuit is won,
That you expreſs content, which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Our's be your patience then, and your's our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

JUST IN TIME.

A

COMIC OPERA,

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY

T. HURLSTONE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
11
57
OCT

DEDICATION.

TO THE

REVEREND HENRY BATE DUDLEY,

RECTOR OF BRADWELL NEAR THE SEA,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, &c.

REV. SIR,

AMONGST the catalogue of my failings I truſt ingratitude will never be found; you will therefore be the leſs ſurpriſed that I take the liberty of inſcribing the following trifle to you, as it will ever be my pleaſure and my pride to acknowledge, that at an early period of my life, I was favoured with your patronage, and have, for ſome years, enjoyed the honour of your friendſhip, and as it affords me an opportunity thus publicly to aſſure you that,

I am,

Rev. Sir,

Reſpectfully, and ſincerely,

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

T. HURLSTONE.

GREAT NEWPORT-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE, NOV. 27, 1792.

PREFACE.

THE Opera of Juſt in Time, was originally a *petit* Comedy in two acts, written at a very early age of the author, for the private performance of a party of friends. In this ſtate, without the writer's knowledge, the copy was put into the hands of Mr. Colman, ſen. who was pleaſed to obſerve, that it contained too much buſineſs, and was too long for an afterpiece; yet upon the whole, it ſo far met his approbation, that if it was interſperſed with ſongs, he would ſubmit it to the public the following ſeaſon. This was too flattering a circumſtance for the vanity of a juvenile author to overlook.—Moſt of the following ſongs, &c. were in conſequence written; but before they were completed, the unfortunate indiſpoſition, which deprived the town of the exertion of that gentleman's managerical talents, prevented the author from receiving the advantage of his promiſe.

In this ſtate it remained, when the idea ſuggeſted to the writer, that its performance might render his friend, Mr. Munden, ſome trifling advantage, and upon that ground, his firſt *dramatic bantling* was ſubmitted to the public, on the evening of the above deſerving comedian's benefit, laſt ſeaſon. The flattering reception with which it was then honoured, and the intereſt of a gentleman, not more admired for his literary abilities than his private worth, by every perſon who has the happineſs to know him, and to whoſe aſſiſtance the author owes much, induced Mr. Harris to bring it forward again this ſeaſon. At the opening of the theatre, the author had the mortification to find, that his piece would, from ſome unavoidable cauſes, be produced under many diſadvantages; he had, however, ſoon the ſatisfaction to ſee it cheriſhed by the unbiaſſed warmth of general applauſe; and he has now the pleaſure to know, that Juſt in Time has been highly productive to the treaſury of the theatre, and probably will prove much more ſo, without the leaſt drawback from the receipts, for the cuſtomary aids of Scenery, Dreſſes, or Decorations.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the friendly exertions of all the Performers, the Author feels himſelf principally indebted for his ſucceſs; to Mr. JOHNSTONE, he with pleaſure acknowledges his obligation for the words of the firſt air of *Barney O'Liffey*, and for ſeveral judicious hints reſpecting the idiom of the language of that character.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Solomon Oddly, ... Mr. QUICK.
Barney O'Liffy, ... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Stave, ... Mr. MUNDEN.
Commodore Larboard, ... Mr. WILSON.
Captain Melville, ... Mr. INCLEDON.
Doctor Camomile, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Le Frizz, ... Mr. FARLEY.
Roger, ... Mr. THOMPSON.

WOMEN.

Auguſta. ..... Miſs DALL.
Lady Oddly, ... Mrs. WEBB.
Maria, ... Mrs. BLANCHARD.
Judith, ... Mrs. MARTYR.

Men and Women Villagers, &c.

Time, nearly that of repreſentation.

Scenes, A Village, Sir Solomon Oddly's houſe, and grounds adjacent.

*** The lines marked with inverted commas are omitted in the repreſentation.

JUST

JUST IN TIME.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Village Church;—on one ſide, a neat cottage nearly covered with Evergreens, &c.*

Several Villagers ſeated—employed in twining flowers, &c. Sing the following

CHORUS.

HERE, with liberty bleſt, brighteſt gem of our iſle,
United with plenty and health,
At the reſtleſs ambition of grandeur we ſmile,
Content without title or wealth.

When the dawn firſt appears, and the lark tunes her lay,
We riſe to ſweet ſcenes of delight?
Mirth pleaſantly ſoftens the toils of the day,
And with paſtime we welcome the night.

Firſt Man. And ſo you ſhall, my bonny lads and laſſes—I delight to ſee hand and heart go merrily together through the labours of the day. Theſe flowers Maſter Stave ordered us to twine into whirligigs.

Firſt Woman. 'Tis all done.—Now ſure there are flowers enough to make the whole corpſe as fine as a May-day garland.

Second Man. Good, my pretty ſmiling Patty Pumpkin, Now take all your wares to the may-pole on the green.

[*Exeunt* Villagers, *repeating the chorus.*

Enter Melville, *followed by* O'Liffey, *booted, &c.*

Melv. Thanks to our ſteeds for their expedition.
[*Looking at his Watch.*

O'Lif. And double thanks to my poor truſty nag, that would rather break his own neck than his maſter's; we have rode together like two birds of paſſage, and faſter, your honour, than ever dying man rode to a doctor.

Melv. A doctor to a dying man you mean.

O'Lif. I mean! Arrah ſure I know well enough what I mean, your honour; iſn't it all the ſame in Iriſh, ſo they both come together at laſt?

Melv. We are now arrived at the end of our journey.

O'Lif. St. Patrick be prais'd! for I thought the journey would have put an end to me.

Melv. As I ſhall have occaſion, O'Liffey, for the immediate exerciſe of your ingenuity and fidelity, it is neceſſary you ſhould be made acquainted with the cauſe of my preſent excurſion.——

O'Lif. By all means, your honour,—you will thus relieve your ſuffering ſervant, and privy counſellor, from a variety of ſtrange notions, which have diſtreſſed my mind, almoſt as much as thoſe curſed bogs and up-and-down ways we have paſſed, have annoy'd my body!—For to confeſs the truth, I began to think that your honour was riding poſt away from your ſenſes.

Melv. Know then—I am in love!

O'Lif. In love! oh, by my ſoul, that's riding away from your ſenſes, ſure enough. I find I was not much out of my reckoning—but may be your honour's love's like my own.

Melv. How is that, O'Liffey?

O'Lif. As the gentleman ſays in the play, 'it is as big as the wide ocean! the devil a petticoat ever I ſaw that I would not be wiſhing to ſcrape an acquaintance with.

Melv. There, O'Liffey, we differ.

O'Lif. Arrah, be eaſy, your honour, you won't be after telling me that.

Melv. Come, come, a truce to your nonſenſe. The charming object of my paſſion reſides but a ſhort diſtance from this ſpot, at the ſeat of her father, Sir Solomon Oddly.——

O'Lif.

O'Lif. Oddly! by my ſoul and it is odd ſure enough—A citizen—one of the wiſe men of the eaſt, I ſuppoſe, by his comical name.

Melv. You have hit it, O'Liffey—having amaſſed an immenſe fortune as a wholeſale grocer, he purchaſed the neighbouring hall, retired from town with his lady, and has for ſome years paſt aſſumed the character of a country gentleman.

O'Lif. Well, but, ſir—a little leſs of this old fig-merchant—and a little more of his young ſweet-meat, if you pleaſe.

Melv. You blockhead, I am an entire ſtranger to all the family, except the divine Auguſta.

O'Lif. Divine Auguſta!—and is the dear little rogue ſo handſome, ſir.

Melv. Angelic!

AIR II.

How poor are words! how vain is art,
Auguſta's charms to trace!
Her ſpeaking eye, her feeling heart;
Such ſymmetry and grace;
Her mind more pure than virgin ſnows,
That on the mountains reſt;
Pure as the lambent flame that glows
Within this faithful breaſt.

O'Lif. Sweet creature! and a ſnug city fortune into the bargain—Ah, ſir, now can I account for your axing leave of abſence, ſince the regiment's coming from abroad.

Melv. You're perfectly right, O'Liffey—ſince my return home, I have made frequent excurſions to this place;—and the dear little billet, which I received juſt before we left London, puts her affections for me, I think, beyond a doubt—for here ſhe requeſts my immediate attendance to prevent, if poſſible, her uinon with an odious rival.

O'Lif. A free-hearted creature, upon my faith; but after all, your honour, I'm not much pleaſed with the double face of this buſineſs—Though it ſmiles upon us with one eye, it carries in the other an ill-looking frown of danger, the thing in the world I wiſh to avoid.——

Melv.

Melv. Wiſh to avoid danger;—why, my brave fellow, haven't I ſeen thee march with the utmoſt intrepidity up to the very mouth of a loaded cannon?

O'Lif. To be ſure an you have—What the devil had a man to fear when he was marching up to an open enemy—but in theſe mighty civil love campaigns, a poor fellow may be very uncivilly knock'd down by ſome ſly old curmudgeon of a father, or bully of a brother, without giving him time to ſhoulder his ſhillelah.

Melv. O'Liffey, in this affair my happineſs, and your future fortune, are at ſtake.

O'Lif. O, to be ſure, if that's the caſe, notwithſtanding the many hair-breadth ſcapes that I have experienced in your honour's ſervice, and as the good-looking ſtars have deſtin'd that I ſhould dedicate the remainder of my unbroken bones to your generoſity, my name-ſake, the Liffey, ſhall run backwards before I'll ceaſe to puſh forwards to aſſiſt you. [Stave *ſings behind.*] Hey-day! what queer looking creature have we here?

Melv. My friendly ruſtic and emiſſary, Stave, the pariſh clerk.

Enter Stave *from the Cottage, with a Baſket on his Arm.*

AIR III.

The merry man
Who loves his can,
Laughs and jokes,
Chats and ſmokes,
Nor dreams of noiſe and ſtate:
Enjoys the hour
That's in his pow'r;
Tells a tale,
Quaffs his ale,
Nor fears the frowns of fate.

Melv. My friend Stave—in health and good ſpirits as uſual!

Stave. What, captain Melville!—I'm marvelous glad to ſee your honour, truly.—I was buſtling away to the hall: wonderful alterations and additions ſince your honour was laſt at Merry Lawn!—all turn'd topſy-turvy.

Melv. Really!

Stave,

Stave. Fact! why there is ſcarcely a ſhrub ſtands in its old place; and all the flowers are tranſmutated from their beds to the tops of the trees;

Melv. Alterations indeed! but to what purpoſe?

Stave. Mirth and jollity!—To celebrate the wedding of young Madam Auguſta.

Melv. Is ſhe married?

Stave. No:—We could not well do that before the bridegroom comes;—but all's fix'd.—They ſay he is a prodigious fine gentleman doctor, from London.—Sir Solomon, her ladyſhip, and I, held a cloſeted council laſt night upon the ſubject; his worſhip was for deferring the ceremony to lord-mayor's-day; but her ladyſhip and I were for an immediate diviſion on the motion:—So Sir Solomon finding the oppoſition too ſtrong, came over to the majority, and the matter paſſed *crim con.*

Melv. But why all this preparation?

Stave. You muſt know that her ladyſhip is too much of a gentlewoman to be outdone in any matter; ſo underſtanding it was all the daſh with the great folks, to have galleys on ſuch occaſions, we reſolved to ſhew them that we could have every thing on the neweſt diſtruction as well as the Londoners themſelves.

Melv. No doubt——But I imagine, friend Stave, you have forgot the intereſt I have in this buſineſs.

Stave. By my band and abilities, and ſo I had! but that's not wonderful; for your honour ſeems to have forgot the manner in which you uſed to preclude the ſubject.

Melv. I underſtand you:—ſure you are not mercenary, Stave? [*Gives him money.*

Stave. No not mercenary, but a man who ſets up the trade of honeſty ſhould have ſome capital:—Now I am but a poor man, your honour; and have not the preſumption to pretend to more virtue than my betters.

[*Chinks it.*

AIR IV.

Examine the world with attention, you'll find
'Tis intereſt that ſways every claſs of mankind;
From the high to the low;
Is it not ſo?
Say aye or no!

You

You doubt it; I'll give you a ſtriking example,
Then judge of the others by this ſingle ſample;
And the truth you'll ſoon know.
Shall I do ſo?
Say aye or no!

Sage Phyſic and Law, don't we every day ſee,
Will adviſe and preſcribe—but firſt pocket the fee—
With pleaſure I trow;
Is it not ſo?
Your aye or no!

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
Where the main-ſpring's ſelf intereſt,—the object is gold:
This we all of us know;
Is it not ſo?
Say aye—or no!

Melv. This may be all very true, my old friend; but to buſineſs more material—Don't you think that in my former diſguiſe, I might, undiſcovered, obtain another interview with Auguſta?

Stave. Let me ſee——no, that wont do!——O, now I have it—Can your honour mount a ladder?

[*Taking a wreath of flowers from his baſket.*

Melv. O, truſt me for hanging a feſtoon!

Stave. And yet the old lady may give us manifold trouble.—As for Sir Solomon, he is ſo burried in writing his hiſtorifications, that verily your honour might with eaſe carry off young madam, and ye twain might be one, before the old knight would know the fox was about his hen-rooſt.

Melv. Sir Solomon an author?

Stave. Fact.—Why it is not long ſince he penned a monotony on the death of Brown Bridget, the dairy-maid; ſo prodigious clever, that all the village marvelled thereat: and Dr. Coaxem, our vicar, ſaid it would gain his worſhip amazen fame in the literal world.

Melv. Well then———while ſir Solomon is ſoaring ſublimly to the ſkies—I'll ſlip on my diſguiſe, and endeavour to behold my charming Auguſta.

[*Exit* Melville *into the Cottage.*

Stave.

Stave. Heigh-ho!—you ſee, friend, what a misfortune it is to be a man of parts!—never at eaſe—always ſought after; and yet I am happy in the poſſeſſion of my abilities, merely to be ſerviceable to my friends.

O'Lif. Your friends are very much obliged to you, my dear; and to do you juſtice, you ſeem to have as much buſineſs on your hands as a piper at Balinaſloe fair; or a pariſh prieſt at an Iriſh wedding.

AIR V.

When the lads and the laſſes are met on the green,
At ſweet Balinaſloe, or the fair of Clogheen;
With their cheeks red as roſes, and eyes black as ſloes,
See the girls friſk and foot it as merry as does.
All the day,
Piper play.
Cries Goſſoon,
'I"other tune;
While young Darby and Judy are footing ſo tight,
The poor Piper keeps puffing from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of ſtraw wears the token of love,
Which Paddy had bought her, his paſſion to prove;
Fine ribbands and roſes to deck out her hair,
And the neateſt ſtuff gown to be had in the fair,
Sweet Spoleen
On the green,
When they dine,
Whiſky fine;
The Piper ſtill playing, the Prieſt he ſays grace,
And content, love, and jolity, ſmile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog ſide by ſide,
Every lad with the creature he means for his bride;
The next morn Father Fogarty call'd with his book,
Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.
Coupling, buckling,
Pipering, fidling;
Father Fogarty, Piper, and all join the rout,
And the new married couples fall jigging about.

Stave. Oh I have a mort of buſineſs!—never at reſt from the dawn to the ſetting!

O'Lif.

O'Lif. Ay, juſt like myſelf—never at reſt but when I am dancing, and never quiet but when I'm ſinging. But pray, my jewel, what may your principal buſineſs be?

Stave. I'll tell you.—I garniſh the pews of our village church—array the ſhoulders of the curate—ſmooth the dog's ears of the books—drive forth yelping curs—toll the bell—lead the pſalm, and ſay amen.

O'Lif. Upon my ſoul, honey, you have not a plentiful ſcarcity of employments.

Stave. So that with the duties of my office, drawing teeth,—trimming the beards of my neighbours—curing the ague—ſcraping a country dance on the fiddle,—being chairman of our weekly club at the old Plough on the Hill, and Major *Drumo* at the hall, truely I have as much buſineſs on my hands as any reaſonable man could deſire.

O'Lif. By my troth, or that any unreaſonable fellow would have the good ſenſe to wiſh for.

(MARIA, *at the upper window of the cottage, ſings.*)

O'Lif. [*looking up to* MARIA] —Hey-day! And I ſee by that ſweet voice you teach ſky-larks to warble into the bargain.

Stave. Oh ſoftly—now don't diſturb the little rogue—for her poor heart does not ſeem perfectly at eaſe.

O'Lif. Well but who the Devil is ſhe?

Stave. An innocent creature, that has been in my houſe theſe three days.

O'Lif. Innocent! with ſuch a voice and ſuch deviliſh pretty peepers; oh by St. Patrick ſhe muſt have murdered half the men in your village already. One ſight of her has almoſt kill'd myſelf—I'm taken with ſuch a kind of an all-overneſs, that I don't know what the devil's the matter with me.

Stave. Yes— ſhe came to our village in a poſt-chaiſe, inquired for a lodging at the *Plough*, and was recommended by my friend Stingo to me—her only companion is a linnet;—ſhe ſeems marvellous unhappy, and inquires particularly, every time I ſee her, concerning all our goings on at the Hall;—and when I told her juſt now that the wedding would be to-morrow,—ſhe droop'd her head, wiped a tear from her cheek—and went in purſuit of her bird,

bird, that had ſtolen from its cage—Mum—Huſh—ſtand aſide!

(MARIA, *from the window, hangs out a bird in a cage, and ſings the following*

AIR VI.

Thy freedom loſt, no more, ſweet bird,
In plaintive muſic rue:
For, ah! the wretch who thee betray'd,
Enſnar'd thy miſtreſs too!
Thus ambuſh'd in the wily brake,
The baneful ſerpent lies;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the ſting, and dies.

O'Lif. Faith I begin to think there's ſomething ſorrowful enough in this poor lady's ſtory.—(*Looking up to the window*) Ah, gra ma crie! whiſper your troubles down to O'Liffey, and ſee what the heart of an honeſt Iriſhman will do for you—But be thee huſht, here comes my maſter in his diſguiſe.

Enter MELVILLE *from the cottage in the habit of a countryman.*

Mel. Now, Stave, for my neareſt way to the Hall—Take this letter, (*giving a letter*) and by the aid of your old admirer, Judith, you muſt get it delivered to her young lady;—ſhould I fortunately obtain an interview with Auguſta, it muſt be your duty to prevent a ſurpriſe.—You, O'Liffey, will wait my farther orders in the cottage.

Stave. Well! your Honor is a fine, bold, enterpriſing gentleman, and will certainly get her.—

O'Lif. Get her! to be ſure and he will—and if I had that ſweet little Canary-bird in the cabin there, with a ſnug little potatoe garden and a pig of my own, the devil a bit would I envy him.

Stave. Ha! ha! poor little Auguſta! but juſt eighteen years old. I have reaſon to know her age; for ſhe was born the very day the great bell was hung in our ſteeple, and I was appointed clerk of this pariſh.

Mel. Come, we loſe time.

AIR

AIR VII. TRIO

" *Mel.* Since my fond heart, Auguſta's, thine,
Oh! may thy virgin hand be mine;
Love grant me this requeſt!
" *Stave*, O Fortune! goddeſs, brown or fair,
Let Stave be free from worldly care,
He'll never mind the reſt.
" *O'Lif.* Safe from fatigue in yonder cot,
Be quietneſs O'Liffey's lot,
And he will then be bleſt.
" *Together.* Let not, ye powers who preſide,
Love, *Eaſe*, or *Fortune* be deny'd,
And we ſhall all be bleſt."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Library in* Sir Solomon Oddly's *houſe, a garden ſeen thro' the windows and large folding doors.* Sir Solomon *ſeated at a ſtudy-table, writing, ſurrounded with books, papers, &c.*

Sir Sol. (after a pauſe) Reads, " Thus died Mr. Alderman Coniac, brandy merchant, of Candlewick ward, ' after eating a hearty ſupper at Vintners' hall; his ſpirits ' were ever good, and his character was high above proof; ' he was fond of rectifying the errors of his friends, and ' all his meaſures met with general approbation;—he ' loved his bottle, and was rum when mellow.—He wiſhed ' all exciſemen on the rack;—and lies buried in the vault ' of his pariſh, at his particular requeſt, in one of his own ' pipes filled up with ſawduſt!—" There's a ſpecimen of my ſublime and beautiful—'Gad, it will do!—I ſhall ſoon rival Daniel de Foe, or Joel Collier!

AIR VIII.

The heroes ſtout, who danger ſcorn,
May boaſt their arms and tented field;
Let noiſy fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen may wield;
Smooth inditing,

Flaſhy

Flaſhy writing,
Give more pleaſure ſure than fighting.
In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
For Helen's charms contended long;
Yet all their feats had ſlept in peace,
But for old father Homer's ſong:
Smooth inditing,
Flaſhy writing,
Give more pleaſure ſure than fighting.

Enter Lady Oddly

Lady Od. Let me tell you, Sir, your daughter's behaviour is beyond all bearing.

Sir Sol. And let me tell you, Lady Oddly, that your conduct is intolerable:—How often have I requeſted that you would not intrude into this my ſanctum ſanctorum.—You have overturn'd one of the fineſt climaxes that ever entered into the head of an hiſtorian.

Lady Od. Hiſtorian!—a fiddleſtick!—did ever man in your circumſtances turn author!—and on ſuch a ridiculous ſubject too!—for it ſurely could never have occured to any perſon, except your wiſe ſelf, to write "Memoirs of "the Court of Aldermen, with a Parallel between Plutarch's Lives and thoſe of the Lord Mayors of London!"

Sir Sol. Zookers, my Lady, this is but an ill return for all I have done to pleaſe you.—Did I not ſome years ago ſerve the office of Sheriff, and accept the honor of Knighthood, at a royal caudle drinking, purely to oblige and dignify you with the title of a Lady; and afterwards retired from a lucrative buſineſs, and quitted my comfortable little counting houſe in Diſtaff-Lane, merely that you might reign the abſolute Queen of this hamlet?—Have I not given my conſent to your marrying my dutiful little Auguſta with almoſt a plumb, to a fooliſh medical puppy; and ſuffer you to turn my whole premiſes upſide-down, to gratify your whim, by giving, forſooth, a rural gala on the occaſion, and, laſtly, did I not———

Lady Od. Hold, hold, Sir Solomon, not quite ſo faſt! The intended union between Auguſta and Dr. Camomile was firſt propoſed to you by your old friend, his uncle, Commodore Larboard:—Indeed I warmly approve of the match,

match, becauſe I think his nephew is the fineſt gentleman that ever boaſted a diploma from the College of Phyſicians. The gala I acknowledge; but there would be no exiſting in the world without entering a little into the faſhionable elegance of the times!

Sir Sol. Faſhionable nonſenſe of the times!

Lady Od. But at the very moment when my ſuperb decorations are on the eve of being completed;—copper-plate cards of invitation actually ſent to all the neighbouring gentry;—and I flattering myſelf with ſhortly ſeeing in the Newſpapers a charming circumſtantial account of the entertainment, beginning a column, with "Lady Oddly's "Grand Gala at Congo-hall, on the marriage of her only "daughter!" To have all my delightful ſchemes at once fruſtrated, by the idle objections of a ſilly girl, is enough to provoke the anger of a ſaint.—In a word, Sir Solomon, your dutiful little Auguſta poſitively refuſes to marry Dr. Camomile.

Sir Sol. The Muſe of Hiſtory forbid—but here ſhe comes—let me queſtion her—

Enter Auguſta, *from the Garden.*

What anſwer, Auguſta, can you make to theſe charges of high crimes and miſdemeanors, of not marrying Dr. Camomile, preferred againſt you by your Mama—come, come, your reaſons, Miſs?

Aug. I had humbly conceived, ſir——

Lady Od. I ſay——

Sir Sol. Nay, nay, Lady Oddly, let the girl conceive for herſelf, I beſeech you.

Aug. I truſt my dear father will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that ever ſince this unexpected union was firſt propoſed, I have conſtantly expreſſed my averſion to it in the moſt reſpectful terms;—and altho' my ſenſe of filial duty has thus far induced me to liſten to his odious addreſſes, yet as the fatal moment approaces, my heart feelingly tells me, that we were never formed to render each other happy.

Sir Sol. Then the feelings of your heart are not worth a fig;—for as Joſeph ſays, in his Hiſtory of the Jews—

Lady Od. Joſephus, you mean, Sir Solomon;—but what have

have we to do with either Jews or Gentiles?—Why don't you demand what are her objections to the Doctor?

Sir Sol. Ay.—Ay that's the point; why don't you anſwer that, Miſs?—

Aug. In my opinion, Sir, both his mind and perſon are equally contemptible.—

Sir Sol. Why, I muſt confeſs that Dr. Camomile is not, in every reſpect, the ſon-in-law I could wiſh;—but all the young fellows of this age are mere cinnamon-trees;—the bark is more valuable than the whole trunk.—When Stabho and Polly-buſs wrote, it was otherwiſe;—the youth of thoſe days were no more to compare to our lady-like gentlemen, than a Levant prune is to a French plumb;—they have no taſte for true literature now;—but Dr. Camomile poſſeſſes one charm that turns the Scale againſt all his imperfections, and which cannot fail of making any reaſonable woman happy.

Aug. Pray, Sir, what is that?

Sir Sol. Sterling caſh, my little ſweet-meat.—

Lady Od. True, Sir Solomon; for without that, a wife of faſhion and ſpirit could not enter into the refined enjoyments of the higher ſphere; and if deprived of theſe, marriage would loſe one of its moſt deſirable charms.—

Aug. Surely, my dear Sir, and Madam, theſe cannot be your real ſentiments,

AIR IX.

Behold, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Thoſe notes are chang'd to ſtrains of rage!

And ſhould, perchance, in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And gladly part—to meet no more.

Not ſo the bird whoſe choice is free,
In jocund ſpring he joins his mate;
Gaily they range from tree to tree,
Their little breaſts with joy elate.

And

And if ſome ruder breeze ſhould blow,
Or chilling rain diſturb their reſt,
Fondly they ſhare each other's woe,
As deſtin'd partners of one neſt.

Lady Od. What romantic nonſenſe!—On myconſcience, Sir Solomon, I ſhould almoſt ſuppoſe the girl's diſlike to the Doctor proceeded from an attachment to ſome other perſon, but that I know 'tis impoſſible—I have always kept too ſtrict an eye on her actions, to be deceived. No, no: I defy any artful young huſſey in England to outwit me.

Enter Judith, *running*

Jud. O la, my Lady! Mountſeer le Frizz, Dr. Camomile's Levant currier, as he calls himſelf, is juſt diſmounted in the court yard. He ſays, your worſhip, that his maſter, and Commodore Larboard, will be here before he can well put his horſe in the ſtable.

Aug. Oh! Melville, to what torture does your abſence expoſe me! [*Aſide.*

Sir Sol. Now, rebel Miſs, we ſhall ſoon make you bend to our authority.

Lady Od. And I would wiſh you, at the ſame time, Sir Solomon, to bend a little to the temper of the Commodore; for although you are the beſt friends in the world— at a diſtance;—yet you never meet, but a quarrel enſues, and you part the moſt determined enemies.

Sir Sol. That is becauſe the Commodore is ſo very obſtinate in his opinions; although he muſt know that I am always in the right, and he, of courſe, invariably wrong.

Lady Od. He doubtleſs thinks the reverſe, and perhaps with much truth;—but of what conſequence was it to either of you, whether Noah's Ark reſembled moſt a Spaniſh floating battery, or a Weſt-country barge?—for this, it ſeems, was the ſubject of your laſt curious diſpute, and on which he left the houſe in a violent paſſion.

Sir Sol. Well, well, that's all over:—Leave old Larboard to me, as I ſhall his nephew entirely to you.

AIR X. QUARTETTO.

Judith. Lord, my Lady, indeed now I hear
Their fine carriage drive into the yard;

Sir Sol.

Sir Sol. Then, Auguſta, pray wipe off that tear,
And our wiſhes no longer retard.

Aug. Can the roſe the rough ſeaſons defy,
And at will all its beauties impart?
Or can happineſs beam from the eye,
While keen ſorrow impreſſes the heart?

Lady Od. Come, have done with this folly; away,
And your lover to welcome prepare:

Sir Sol. For to-morrow's the long-wiſh'd for-day,
Which at laſt puts an end to our care.

Aug. If 'tis vain then to plead, why delay
To be happy, and baniſh deſpair.

All. For to-morrow's the long-wiſh'd for-day
Which at laſt puts an end to our care.

Aug. deſpair!
Jud. your care.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall, with a large ſtair-caſe,—ſo contrived that the Characters can aſcend and deſcend in ſight of the Audience.*

Enter Judith, *followed by* Stave.

Stave.

NAY, but my gentle Judith, why in this tantarum?—why raiſe that melodious pitch-pipe above its proper compaſs?

Jud. Surely I have reaſon— have I beheld thee theſe three days, thou charming traitor? but that bewitching

face was formed to delude the weakneſs of our credulous ſex—the time was when you vowed you loved me, as regularly as our village clock ſtruck, or the cock welcomed the morn.

AIR X.

When firſt you won my virgin heart,
The time I well remember;
'Twas in the froſt on dreary heath,
The fifteenth of December.

The moon was hid, the ſnow had froze,
The wind blew hard and chilling;
You ſhiv'ring cry'd "Ah! here ſhe comes;
"Zooks, would the maid were willing!"

Love ſmil'd—and as we ſliding met,
Reſolv'd to ſee us humbled;
Your arm encircled round my waiſt,
I ſlip'd, and down we tumbled.

Whilſt thus together we reclin'd
On winter's hoary pillow;
You ſwore you glow'd with love ſo true,
I ne'er ſhould wear the willow.

Stave. Why, my honey-ſuckle, don't you know the whole buſtle of this intended wedding falls on me, or I ſhould no more have been abſent from thee, than a gander from his downy mate.

Jud. Go, go, Stave, you don't love me *(fondly)* your fine ſtrange lodger whom I ſaw juſt now coming acroſs the Park, to the Hall, for all ſhe had covered her face with a long veil—ſhe has ſeduced your affections from me.

Stave. Faith, Judith, I don't even know what buſineſs ſhe can have here; and as for not loving thee, that's impoſſible, for thy voice is ſweeter than the early lark's—and ſhriller [*aſide.*

Jud. Away, you flatter me.

Stave. Upon my ſoul, I don't.—But tell me, my dainty dove, how Madam Auguſta received her intended bridegroom, the London Doctor, and his uncle?

Jud.

Jud. O, there have been terrible doings?—ſoon after their arrival, Sir Solomon, and the Commodore, went into the parlour, I ſuppoſe to make up their laſt quarrel, where they now are, and left her Ladyſhip, and young Madam, with Dr. Camomile, in the drawing room:—I know not what paſſed, further than that Miſs Auguſta poſitively refuſed to marry him; on which her Ladyſhip, in a moſt violent paſſion, has juſt locked her up in the chamber next the grove, and has given me the key to keep, until Miſs Auguſta thinks proper to obtain her liberty by conſenting to the match.

Stave, And yet for all the young lady's averſion to the Doctor, truely ſhe has no objection to a huſband, could ſhe chuſe her own yoke-fellow.

Jud. What do you mean?

Stave. Why don't ſhe ſeem to be in love?

Jud. How?

Stave. Does ſhe not ſigh,—wiſh to be alone,—read much in ſtory books,—make contrary anſwers to plain queſtions,—and ſometimes ſay to thee, O Judith! and then ſtop, as if ſhe had forgot herſelf—eat little,—complain, pretty rogue, ſhe cannot ſleep becauſe of provoking dreams?

Jud. Are theſe ſigns of love?

Stave. Certainly.

Jud. Then ſurely am I in love!

Stave. Lord have mercy on me!

Jud. For there are but two things that we differ in.

Stave. Prithee what are they?

Jud. Why, I eat heartily, and ſleep ſoundly, which ſhe does not.

Save. Ay, but I think you might give me a better proof of your love.

Jud. Name it.

Stave. Convey this letter ſecretly, and directly, to your little pouting priſoner;—'tis from a charming gentleman, who has a power of money,—why he gave me his purſe to pay the poſtage of it, and he will reward thee generouſly for delivering it:—that done, I will unfold the whole ſtory.

Jud. Well, I will, on condition you promiſe to drink my health out of it;—and return in the evening to tell me all you know of the matter.

Stave. Thy health! why there's no taſte in life's cup without it —'tis the tobacco of my pipe—the catch that makes me merry—and the tempter to repleniſh my jug.—

AIR XI. DUET.

Judith. Too gay deceiver, ſay no more,
Full oft you've told me ſo before;
Tis not ſo;
No, no, no;
To love me true is not your plan,
Thou gay deceiver, wicked man.

Stave. May ſtingo never touch this lip,
Or I of old October ſip,
If 'tis ſo;
No, no, no;
Your health to me is every bliſs,
'Tis true, my girl, by this and this. [*Kiſſes her.*

Judith. Fie, fie, dear Stave, you're quite a bear,
You've tumbled all my dreſs, I ſwear.

Stave. To kiſs the laſs we love's the vogue.

Judith. Ah! flattering dear; oh, pretty rogue.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[Lady Oddly *and* Dr. Camomile *appear above, the* Doctor *handing her Ladyſhip down the flight of ſtairs.*]

Lady Od. Why, William, Roger, Peter! ſomebody throw open the large folding doors into the garden, or I ſhall faint; for I profeſs the unpolite behaviour of this perverſe girl has nearly flung me into hyſterics.

Doc. Will your la'ſhip accept of my arm, and pleaſe to regale your olfactory nerves by participating of this quinteſſence?—'tis delicately prepared, from a preſcription of my own, at the expreſs requeſt of the Dutcheſs of Dimple.

Lady Od.

Lady Od. O, you are too good, Sir:—the creature's want of breeding has, indeed, given me an immenſity of ennui.

Doc. Your la'ſhip's politeneſs, I ſee, is conſpicuous even in the choice of your indiſpoſitions—

Lady Od. Choice of my indiſpoſitions!

Doc. Undoubtedly, no woman of quality would deign for a moment to be indiſpoſed from any cauſe incidental to her inferiors—

Lady Od. Really!

Doc. Certainment:—Why there is my charming patient, Lady Spadilla Languiſh, has a routine of derangement—for particular noons, as ſhe gives her routes and card parties at night.

Lady Od. How new and fanciful!

Doc. Perfectly ſo:—it is quite genteel now to ſlip on a pleaſing indiſpoſition with the morning deſhabille, and be completely reſtored to health the inſtant it is thrown aſide for full dreſs.

Lady Od. Well, I proteſt I am charmed with the delicacy of the thought:—I really don't think I ſhall ſuffer a moment's health to intrude again before ſix o'clock in the evening, whilſt the faſhion laſts:—but ſurely this delightful invention muſt be a ſevere ſtroke on the emoluments of you gentlemen of the college.

Doc. Quite the reverſe! why your la'ſhip would ſcarce believe that I rattled out no leſs than ſix ſets of wheels in the courſe of laſt winter, merely in taking fees from my fair patients; when, in fact, the ſovereign remedies for their ſeveral complaints were, green fruit at breakfaſt, to remove a pain at the ſtomach; a crouded Opera, or a Ball-room, to lower a fever: and a petit ſoupé at three o'clock in the morning, to prevent indigeſtion! Lord the diſorder would be nothing without a Doctor.

Lady Od. How delightful!

Doc. Yes, the very quinteſſence of the ton—The whole antideluvian mode of practice is now nearly aboliſhed, and your la'ſhip's very humble ſervant may be ſaid to conduct the healing art in the firſt ſtile of modern refinement.

Lady Od. But you feel the pulſe as uſual, I ſuppoſe, Doctor?

Doc. What, ſeize the delicate hand of a lady, according to the old ſavage cuſtom of the grizzle-wigg'd ſchool?—O, no, your La'ſhip—*toute au contraire!*

Lady Od. Why how do you manage it?

Doc. If it's a nervous caſe, which we term a ſpaſmodic affection, I ſet me down with my fair patient to a party at picquet, and contrive it thus—Quinte Major in Hearts, Ma'am, ſays I, I fancy are good for fifteen—Yes, ſir, with ſofteſt ſenſibility, ſays ſhe—three kings are eighteen—then laying my two fingers on her lovely wriſt, I go deliberately on—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—telling the fluctuation of my patient's pulſe, with the variation of my own game—till the dear creature is either repiqued, or capotted.

Lady Od. What an admirable idea!

Doc. Quite ſo.

AIR XII.

Were old Galen to riſe
From Elyſium below,
Of modern complaints
So little he'd know,
That amaz'd at the change,
And ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe,
He'd ſoon hurry back,
Nor believe his own eyes.

For phyſic's exploded; ſo alter'd the trade is:
And wou'd you but know how I pleaſe all the ladies;
I preſcribe a court dreſs, a route or a ball,
A play or an opera, or may be all;
Firſt couple lead down—'twill do I can tell—
Croſs over—back again—now my lady is well.

Let fools their old nonſenſe
Still ſolemnly broach;
While they trudge it on foot,
I lol in my coach;
They may pore o'er old books,
And inceſſantly toil;
Be their's the dull taſk,
Mine—Faſhion and Hoyle.

For phyſic's exploded, &c, &c.

Lady Od,

Lady. Od. Charming! What a difference there is, doctor, between you and old Potion, our blind apothecary!

Doc. "The blind apothecary!" *(heſitating)* Yes, Madam, I believe there is ſome little difference between us. *(affectedly.*

Lady Od. No! I have no patience with my little taſteleſs huſſey, for being blind to ſuch ſuperlative merit.

Doc. Indeed *(viewing himſelf affectedly)* I do think Miſs Auguſta's optics are not the cleareſt.

Lady Od. But I'm determined ſhe ſhall comply, and be rendered happy even againſt her will:—the wedding muſt poſitively take place to morrow morning, or all my feſtoons of flowerets will be faded, and the beauty of my gala utterly deſtroyed.

Doc. I honour your La'ſhip's reſolution.

Lady Od. And now, dear doctor, you will favour me, by taking a turn round the grounds, which I flatter myſelf your fine taſte will approve:—by this time the ruſtic artiſts muſt have nearly compleated their works, and will wait for me to direct them in the finiſhing touch to their decorations.

Doc. I attend your La'ſhip to witneſs the happieſt combinations.

AIR XIII, DUET.

Doc. Tho' gay your trees, perfume your flowers,
Enchantment all your groves and bow'rs,
Yet ſcarce I wiſh to ſtir,
For here ſuperior charms I ſee—

Lady Od. You flatter ſure, you can't mean me!
My dear ſir.

Doc. I love Auguſta, faith 'tis true,
But 'tis becauſe ſhe's ſo like you,
Or I'm the ſaddeſt cur.
Such lovely ſhape! majeſtic!

Lady Od. You make me bluſh now I declare.
O la, ſir.

Doc. The bloom of youth ſtill decks yor cheek,
Your accent mild whene'er you ſpeak,

No ſpot your beauties blur ;
'Pon honour's true each word I utter.

'*Lady Od.* Lord! I'm all in ſuch a flutter.
Bleſs me, Sir.'

[*Exit* Dr. Camomile, *handing off* Lady Oddly.

SCENE, *a Parlour.*

Sir Solomon Oddly *and* Commodore Larboard *diſcovered at a table,—punch bowl, glaſſes, &c.* Roger *waiting.*

Sir Sol. Here, Roger, repleniſh the bowl.

Roger. What quite full again, your worſhip?

Lar. Aye, up to the gun wale! (*Exit* Roger) why the mutinous lubber would ſend us on a voyage of friendſhip with only ſhort allowance on board!

Sir Sol. Why this is ſocial and friendly now; I am amazed, Commodore, how you and I could ever have had the leaſt difference,—and on ſuch triſling ſubjects too!

Lar. 'Troth ſo do I—'twas very extraordinary; but as we have both ſuffered the whirlwind of paſſion to unſhip the rudder of our underſtandings, let us in future give the helm to the direction of reaſon; and ſecure our ill-tempers cloſe under the hatches.

Sir Sol. Give me thy hand, my old king of clubs—give me thy hand; we'll now turn over a new leaf, and begin a chapter of friendſhip, which ſhall end but with the finis of our lives, and never exchange another angry word; and to make this agreement the more binding, let him that firſt breaks it in word or deed, forfeit an hundred guineas.

Lar. Agreed; fill up the glaſſes to the brim, to our hearty reconciliation: I'd bet a hundred guineas more that neither of us have ever an opportunity of calling on the other for the penalty.

Sir Sol. A hundred and five pounds; a good round ſum though, my dear Larboard! 'Egad if this chriſtian-like treaty had been in force before our laſt little war

of

of words, your purſe had certainly been ſomething the lighter.

Lar. Not in the leaſt, my good friend; for you muſt admit, that in that particular caſe, you was out of your element, and undoubtedly the firſt aggreſſor.

Sir Sol. Who I?—why did not you—

Lar. No!

Sir Sol. Why won't you hear me?

Lar. Becauſe I know you won't ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Sir Sol. Have a care, have a care, I find you are going to fly out again, and treat me as that ſturdy old Grecian Brute-o did his amiable friend Caſh-o in the tent.

Lar. I! damme, how provoking that is now! I never was cooler in my life—but I am poſitive I was in the right.

Sir Sol. And I am poſitive I was not in the wrong.

Lar. Now, Sir Solomon, why will you be ſo obſtinate? only let me ſtate the caſe, and I'll convince you in a moment.

Sir Sol. No, I am ſure you will not.

Lar. You'll not hear reaſon, then?

Sir Sol. Zookers, you would exhauſt the patience of Job himſelf.

Lar. Who flies out now?—who's in a paſſion now?

Sir Sol. Zounds! am I in a paſſion, you old ſword-fiſh? if I was not ſure of coming off with the worſt on't I'd ſoon make you as calm as I am.

Lar. Sir Solomon, don't provoke me—conſider who I am.

Sir Sol. Who you are?

Lar. Aye.

Sir Sol. Why you are—

Lar. What?

Sir Sol. As old a fellow as myſelf.

Lar. 'Pſhaw, you're beneath my reſentment, a ridiculous ſcribler, who don't know a chart from a logbook.

Sir Sol. This is too much to be borne—'tis committing homicide, parricide, ſuicide, and regicide, on my acknowledged literary abilities, and a general maſſacre on every ſide of my whole court of aldermen,—therefore I deſire, ſir, you and your puppy of a nephew would quit my houſe to-morrow morning—for I'd ſooner my daugh-

ter ſhould marry a lord, who would ſpend her fortune at Faro and Newmarket, than be allied to a man who has no more judgement than a porpoiſe, or command of his temper than a north eaſter.

Lar. Firſt pay me the hundred guineas you have loſt.

Sir Sol. I'd as ſoon give you the honour and copyright of all my poetry and biography.

Lar. Expect to anſwer for this inſult.

AIR XIV. DUET.

Lar. The next time we meet—

Sir Sol. Stand off, I entreat—

Lar. Your houſe no protection may give;

Sir Sol. I fear not your threat.

Lar. I'll puniſh you yet;

Sir Sol. In ſpite of your rage I ſhall live.
And ſhould you but dare,

Lar. For law I don't care.

Sir Sol. With ſword e'er attempt to diſſect me;

Lar. I certainly will.

Sir Sol. You'll ſoon have your fill—

Together. *John Doe—Richard Roe,* ſhall protect me;
John Doe—Richard Roe, ſhan't protect thee.

[*Exit* Sir Solomon.

Lar. There he ſcuds—what an incorrigible hot-headed fool!—if I had been as warm as he is, heaven knows what the conſequence might have been—Aye, I always ſaid nothing makes a man ſo ridiculous as paſſion—

Enter Roger, *running.*

Well, ſir, who the devil ſent for you?

Roger. I crave your pardon, ſur,—here's a ſtrange lady without deſires to ſee your honour alone, and that immediately.

Lar. A lady, ſirrah, deſires a private interview with me! it cannot be; forty years ago, indeed, I ſhould not have

have been ſurpriſed at ſuch a thing, but now—harkee, Roger, is ſhe young?

Roger. She ſeems ſo, an pleaſe your honour.

Lar. Is ſhe handſome, you ſly rogue, ah!

Roger. I conna ſay, ſur, ſhe has a long white piece of ſomething all over her head.

Lar. Well, ſhew her in directly. [*Exit* Roger] Now, old Larboard, who would have thought that—but mum, here ſhe is.

Enter Maria, *veiled.*

A trim-built cock-boat, truly—Madam, I kiſs your hands—I hope ſhe'll furl her topſail tho', or I may chance to pay a handſome ſalute to ſome old ſea-beaten veſſel of threeſcore;—ſhe's dumb ſure!

Maria. You are, doubtleſs, ſurpriſed, ſir, at this viſit from an entire ſtranger; nor do I know ſufficiently how to apologize for the intruſion; yet I truſt your goodneſs will pardon the liberty I have taken when you are acquainted with the reaſon of it. [*Unveils.*

Lar. Handſome as an angel!—Lovely creature proceed. Her beauty has already taken poſſeſſion of the cabin of my heart:—ſpeak, madam, if 'tis in my power to ſerve you, freely command me.

Maria. I fear, ſir, I ſhall forfeit all title to that kindneſs you are pleaſed to expreſs for me, when you find I come but to trouble you with the melancholy tale of a love-ſick girl.

Lar. What a bewitching eye ſhe has!—Ah! Larboard, thou art a fortunate fellow—

Maria. You doubtleſs knew my father, who commanded the Warrior, and fell in the ſervice of his country, bravely fighting his ſhip!

Lar. How, the daughter of my old meſſmate! as worthy a fellow as ever ſtepped between ſtem and ſtern.

AIR XV.

When on board our trim veſſel we joyouſly ſail'd,
While the glaſs circled round with full glee,
King and country to give, my old friend never fail'd,
And the toaſt was ſoon toſs'd off by me.

Billows might daſh,
Light'ning might flaſh,
'Twas the ſame to us both when at ſea.

If a too powerful foe in our track did but paſs,
We reſolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a glaſs,
Then a broadſide we gave her with three.
Cannon might roar,
Echo'd from ſhore,
'Twas the ſame to us both when at ſea.

Maria. Time, at length wiped the filial tear from my cheek, and I paſt my days in ſcenes of domeſtic ſerenity and content, till love, ill-fated love, intruded, and again deprived me of every comfort.

Lar. Sweet creature! how ſhe diſſolves me:—the moiſture I find has got into my ſcuppers; don't caſt yourſelf away in deſpair, madam, nothing ſhall be wanting on my part to bring you ſafe into the port of happineſs: and I think I may ſay without vanity, that you have placed your affections on a pilot of ſpirit and honour.

Maria. Rather on a wretch, whoſe conduct is a diſgrace to mankind.

Lar. Heyday! why that's not quite ſo civil to one's face, however. [*Aſide.*

Maria. Unkind, ungenerous Frederick!

Lar. Frederick!—I'm dreaming ſure; my name's Hannibal:—pray, madam, be ſo obliging as to inform me what is the meaning of all this; did not you come here to——

Maria. Throw myſelf on your protection—I ſuffered all your nephew's behaviour with ſome degree of calmneſs, till hearing he had paid his addreſſes to the young lady of this manſion, I reſolved, by my appearance on the ſpot, to obtain a redreſs of my wrongs.

Lar. Zounds! what a quickſand of miſtake I had like to have foundered on, if I had not hawl'd my wind in time. [*aſide*]—But how, in the name of wonder, did Dr. Camomile and you become acquainted? for I don't recollect to have ever heard a ſyllable of the matter before.

Maria. Soon after the deceaſe of my much-lamented parent I retired to France; at Amiens it was my misfortune to

to become acquainted with your nephew; then on a pleaſure-able trip to the continent—a mutual attachment ſucceeded, and we were ſoon after married, according to the eſtabliſh-ed laws of that kingdom.

Lar. His wife!—Zounds, what a viper have I cheriſhed in my boſom, and meant to have made my heir.

Maria. He ſoon after received, or pretended to have received, an expreſs, requiring his immediate attendance at Boulogne, for which place he ſet off, but never return-ed.

Lar. The hypocritical young dog!

Maria. I have ſince received a letter from him in Eng-land, addreſſed to me in my maiden name, in which he informed me that there was an inſurmountable bar to our ever being legally united, for that, in conſequence of your poſitive commands, he was on the point of giving his hand to a young lady of an immenſe fortune.

Lar. I believe it will be his fortune to give his neck to a halter.

Maria. Upon which I immediately embarked, and hav-ing learnt the name of the lady, and time of the intended nuptials, I came poſt here to ſtate my caſe, and appeal to your juſtice and humanity.

Lar. Say no more, I ſhall from this time conſider you as my lawful niece:—Lady Oddly, to whom I muſt intro-duce you, will doubtleſs allot you a hammock in her houſe for the preſent; and it ſhall be my taſk to endeavour to bring your unworthy huſband to a proper acknowledge-ment of his errors.

Maria. The weight of this obligation—

Lar. Call it merely an act of juſtice; you owe me no obligation; we are all ſubject to beat up the rough channel of misfortune, and ſplit on the concealed rocks of villai-ny; it is, therefore, a duty we owe to each other, as a part of the crew of ſociety, in our different voyages through life, to protect the injured and ſuccour the diſtreſt.

AIR XVI.

" How poor is the man, tho' he wealth ſhould poſſeſs,
" Who the impulſe of pity ne'er knew;
" But unfeeling could hear the ſad tale of diſtreſs,
" And withhold from misfortune its due.

" The

" The elements' rigour much ſooner I'd brave,
" Which my veſſel on foul ground ſhould ſtrand;
" Or in Biſcay's rough bay meet a watry grave,
" Than I'd take ſuch a wretch by the hand."

[*Exit* Larboard *leading off* Maria.

SCENE, *an extenſive Grove of Trees, decorated with feſtoons of flowers, lamps, &c. pendant from the branches:— on one ſide a part of* Sir Solomon Oddly's *Houſe is ſeen; and between other Wings, ſmall Booths for ſerving out refreſhments to a company.*—Stave *and a conſiderable number of male and female villagers, among which is* Melville *in his diſguiſe, hanging wreathes of flowers on the trees, and round their trunks;* Auguſta *penſively ſeated at the window of the houſe.*

SESTETTO.

Stave Come, come buſtle away,
The ſun is juſt ſetting:

1ſt Wom. Now don't teaze us, we pray;

2d Wom. You always are fretting:

Stave. If you frown, my dear girls,—

1ſt Wom. Well, what if we do?

Stave. You'll never get married—

2d Wom. That's nothing to you,

Melv. See on her hand ſhe leans her cheek,
Perhaps ſhe thinks on me,
[*Obſerving* Auguſta.

Aug. Ah! Melville, where thou now but there,
How ſhould I gaze on thee.

Stave. Come, finiſh directly; pray try for't;
Her ladyſhip's coming.
[*Looking behind.*

Men.

Men. Ceaſe then your humming.

Stave. And the bridegroom—good lack.
[*Looking again.*

Wom. I'll peep if I die for't.

Stave. Zookers! ſtand back.
[*All the women run towards the Entrance.*

Stave. Now my dear pretty little rogues, fall back, pray fall back.

Women. Well, we will, we will.

Stave. Go then to your ſeveral ſtations: You, Betty Brown, are to ſerve out the coffee to the gentlefolks to-morrow; Letty Dickens is to make tea; Chriſtopher Codlin, you ſhall be maſter of the rolls; and I myſelf am appointed comptroler-general of the bottles and long corks.

Enter Lady Oddly *and* Dr. Camomile.

Doc. Really, the whole is laid out with prodigious taſte. [Auguſta *goes from the window.*

Lady Od. See there, Sir, the obſtinate creature immediately retires from the window at our approaching.

Doc. How cruelly perverſe!

Lady Od. Well, honeſt people, I ſee you have completed your taſk.

Doc. 'Pon honour, a pleaſing aſſemblage of ruſtic ſtrength, and rural beauty.
[*Looking through a glaſs at the Villagers.*

Lady Od. I hope thoſe girls who are to dance to-morrow before the viſitors will make no falſe ſteps, and be very perfect in their figure.

Stave. You had better, damſels, ſhew her ladyſhip what you can do:—lads, take your partners.
[*A dance with wreathes of flowers and tamborins, during which* Lady Oddly *and* Doctor. Camomile *are ſeated.*

Doc. Very well, very well, indeed.

Lady Od. Tolerable, tolerable. *(ſeeing* Melville*)* Stave, who is that ſtrange young man leaning againſt the tree?

Stave. What, that?

Lady Od.

Lady Od. No, that.

Stave. That! that!—Odd's bobs, the captain!—what ſhall I ſay, *(aſide)*—the ſtrange young man, an pleaſe your ladyſhip?

Lady Od. Yes!

Stave. His name is Mel———— [*Stops himſelf.*

Lady Od. What?

Stave. Zookers, I was going to blab all. *(Aſide)* Why, my lady, he is—that is—he lives at—in the—the neighbouring pariſh, and comes here to learn pſalmody.

Lady Od. Learn pſalmody, and in my grounds?

Stave. Yes, my lady.

Lady Od. What do you mean?

Melv. 'Sdeath I ſhall be diſcovered.

Stave. No, no, an pleaſe your Ladyſhip, I mean at my cottage; and ſo knowing him to be a lad of parts, I got him to come and give a helping hand in hanging the feſtoons; that's all, upon my troth.

Lady Od. He's a very ſmart handſome young fellow, come from where he will.

Melv. So all is ſafe yet. I wiſh they would take their departure, that I might endeavour to ſpeak with my lovely Auguſta.

Lady Od. Come, girls, follow me to the hall, and I'll give you the ribbons you are to wear at the gala. Stave, you take care of the men: Dr. Camomile will have the goodneſs to excuſe me for ten minutes; and if he will make a turn round the canal, I will meet him on the lawn.

Doc. Oh pray, my Lady, *ſans ceremonie*; the warbling of the birds will amuſe me till your return.

[*Exeunt* Lady Oddly *and female villagers.*

[*The* Doctor *retires to the top of the Stage.*

Stave. Now lads, hey off to the Old Plough on the hill, but be ſure you don't get tipſical—till I come; [*Exit villagers*] [*To Melville*] 'Egad, Captain, your woundy gentlemanlike appearance had like to have brought us both into a marvellous hobble.

Melv. It was your confounded heſitation that had nearly ruined all my hopes. 'Sdeath! he here ſtill?

[*Exeunt* Melville *and* Stave.

Doc-

Doctor Camomile *ſolus.*

I have at length got a moment's reſpite from the antiquated mamma; the daughter is unqueſtionably the only tolerable creature in the family: no matter, the moment I have obtained her fortune I'll drive off to town, and quit for ever this manſion of abſurdity. Ah! ſure that's Lady Oddly's handſome bumpkin again; what can he be loitering here behind his companions for? He comes this way, and wiſhes, by his manner, to avoid being noticed! I'll ſtep into this arbour, and obſerve him attentively.

[*Goes into the arbour.*

Enter Melville.

Melv. The coaſt is at laſt clear—I'll ſeize the fortunate moment to diſcover myſelf to my immured angel, Auguſta; ſhe does not hear me; perhaps her flurried ſpirits may have ſought relief in ſlumber!—if ſo, I'll gently wake her by the ſoft ſtrains of her favourite ſerenade.

AIR XVII.

The mind oppreſs'd—by ſleep may hope
To ſooth corroding grief;
What hope, alas, if wayward love
Denies its kind relief?
Riſe then, my fair—thy ſlumbers ceaſe,
And bleſs thy faithful ſwain,
Whoſe boſom only beats for thee,
Thy abſence all his pain.
The mimic death, oh, quick forſake;
Awake, my love—my love, awake!

Doc. Here's a pretty diſcovery!—the bewitching clodhopper;—this ſufficiently accounts for artful Miſs's repugnance to my addreſſes.

Melv. Hiſt, Auguſta, 'tis thy Melville calls.

Doc. How impatient the raſcal is!

[Auguſta *appears at the window.*

Aug. My dear captain!

Doc. Captain! the military in ambuſcade? here's an unexpected mine ſprung indeed;—but I may out-general the captain yet.

Melv. My deareſt Auguſta, I have learnt from Stave your preſent diſagreeable ſituation.

Doc.

Doc. Oh! ho! that's the pſalmody he taught you, I find!

Melv. Will you venture to deſcend? a ladder is near at hand, and my horſes are ready in the village; haſte then, let us inſtantly fly together.

Aug. To eſcape unobſerved is at preſent impoſſible.

Doc. Faith that's truer than you are at preſent aware of.

Aug. But I have ſecured Judith in our intereſt, who has faithfully promiſed to releaſe me in an hour's time; be therefore ready near the garden door that opens into the wood, (the key of which I have in my poſſeſſion) exactly at ten o'clock, where I will not fail to meet you.

Doc. I ſhall certainly make bold to be of the party.

Aug. Now pray retire, for fear of an unfortunate diſcovery!—remember the hour.

Melv. Rely upon my punctuality and honour.

AIR XVIII. DUET. *Auguſta and Melville.*

Till then adieu,
Adieu, my love;
May no untoward fate decree
To blight our hopes in early bud,
And tear my charmer far from me.
'Believe me to my purpoſe true;
'Till next we meet, adieu, adieu!

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An Entrance to* Sir Solomon Oddly's *Garden from the Wood.* *(The ſtage darkened.*

Enter Doctor Camomile *and* Le Frizz.

Doctor.

LET me ſee—this is the garden-door which opens into the wood—'perhaps I had better have made Sir So-'lomon and Lady Oddly acquainted with their daughter's 'inten-

'intended elopement, and then have called her military 'lover to a ſevere account for his diſhonorable buſh-fight-'ing, rather than to have adopted my preſent plan— but 'tis now too late."—Le Frizz, conceal yourſelf behind thoſe buſhes, and keep a watchful eye on this ſpot, whilſt I take a turn and ſee if he is approaching through that avenue, 'which ſeems to lead immediately to the village; 'and be ſure follow the directions I have given you."

Le. Frizz. Oui, Monſieur, you may depende pon moi.

[*Exit.*

AIR XIX. *Doctor.*

Love's fev'riſh fit
Shall intermit,
If ought my art avail;
By ſearching pill,
I'll try my ſkill;—
Should that preſcription fail,
All my ſkill can invent,
This pair to torment,
Emetic, cathartic and lotion;
Dilute, ſtarve, and feed,
Cup, plaiſter, and bleed,
Cough, ſcarify, gargle, and potion.
Next a bolus of bitters theſe lovers muſt ſwallow,
And a ſharp-biting bliſter ſhall inſtantly follow.

[*Exit.*

Enter Melville *in his proper dreſs, attended by* O'Liffy.

Mel. I fear it is paſt the hour of appointment—can you tell the time exactly, O'Liffey?

O'Lif. The time—by the time-piece, your honour, in my ſtomach, it muſt certainly be near ſupper-time— Oh, may the devil take this ſame love, ſay I; it will be the death of us both—there have I been cooped up in that little pſalm-finger's cabin theſe two hours, without even a ſolitary potatoe, or a tooth-ful of wiſky, to amuſe my poor appetite.

Mel. Prithee hold thy idle tongue.

O'Lif. My idle tongue—Faith then, your honour, I wiſh my idle tongue was otherwiſe engaged, ſure enough —I am honeſtly indebted three meals to my ſtomach, and can't

can't get one to bail me—' I have confeſſed judgment to hunger, and famine will certainly ſerve execution on me." —Well! of all the living deaths in this wide world, keep poor Barney O'Liffey from ſtarvation!

Mel. Are you ſure that my piſtols are ſafe in the pockets of the chaiſe, and yours placed in the holſters of your ſaddle?

O'Lif. Yes, your honor—I'm well enough armed, I wiſh I was as well fed—but ſhould there be an occaſion, hunger and the hopes of getting to a plentiful inn, have made me ſo deſperate, that I could act wonders for the honor of little Ireland—

Mel. Hark, the village clock ſtrikes the hour *(the clock ſtrikes ten)* ten, we are JUST IN TIME then.

O'Lif. Pray, ſir, ſaving your preſence, does the old gentleman in black walk here?

Mel. They tell us he's every where.—

O'Lif. Lord help my fooliſh head—I thought he had buſineſs enough in London to keep him from rambling into the country—though to make confeſſion, your honor, to be ſure there is the devil to pay and play too ſometimes in my own dear country.

Mel. Where did you leave your horſe?

O'Lif. My horſe!—I left him comfortably eating his ſupper near the bottom of the old tree at the top of the hill, as happy, poor ſoul, as liberty and good graſs could make him.—O, Wiraſtrewa! I wiſh his poor maſter was half as well off.

Mel. Grazing, you blockhead!— run directly and make him faſt to the chaiſe in the thicket.

O'Lif. Make him faſt to the chaiſe! well I will, your honor.—Upon my ſoul this maſter of mine ſeems determined that neither man nor beaſt ſhall have a mouthful in comfort with his conſent—Oh! what would I give now to ſit down to a comfortable ſlice of corn-beef, with about a dozen mealy potatoes with their jackets on. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Camomile *and* Le Frizz *on the oppoſite ſides of the ſtage, with piſtols.*— Melville, *on ſeeing them, ſtarts back.*

Mel. Ha! ſurpriſed by two armed men—Do you come to rob me?

Doc.

Doc. No, captain, you are the robber, who come thus, free-booter like, to carry from theſe domains that treaſure which I claim, and which her friends are reſolved I ſhall poſſeſs.

Mel. I know you now!

Doc. Then inſtantly reſign all pretenſions to the lady, and quit this place for ever,—

Mel. No power on earth ſhall force me to conceſſions in violation of my love or injurious to my honour.

Doc. Since that is your determination, Le Frizz, aſſiſt me in ſecuring this bold adventurer.

(*As they advance to ſeize* Melville, *enter* Larboard *behind.*

Lar. How! two armed pirates about to board one poor defenceleſs veſſel!

(Larbord *ſteps in between* Doctor Camomile *and* Melville, *and ſeizes the former by the arm.*

Doc. Zounds! my old uncle by all that's honeſt.

(*Drops his piſtol.*

(Melville *immediately turns upon* Le Frizz *and ſtrikes him, who runs out calling murder, fire, &c.* Melville *follows beating him.*)

Lar. My hopeful nephew by all that's villainous—So, ſir, I now find I cannot even take a ſolitary evening's walk without running foul of ſome of your enormities.

Doc. Sir, when you are made acquainted a little—

Lar. I am acquainted with too much already.

Doc. But this man, ſir, is my inſidious rival.

Lar. Not in the affections of poor Maria.

Doc. Ah! Maria—then he knows all, and I am ruined.

(*aſide.*

Lar. If any thing could make you more deſpicable than your ſhameful conduct to an amiable woman, it would be your aſſaſſin-like attempt on a gentleman, who appears by his uniform to have the honour to bear his Majeſty's commiſſion.

Doc. But my dear uncle—

Lar. No reply, my dear puppy—I won't hear a word; if ever you hope to obtain my forgiveneſs, and be appointed to the command of my fortune, reconcile yourſelf to your injured wife, and make an ample apology to the inſulted officer, or, damn me, never dare look an honeſt or a brave man in the face again whilſt you live.

Doc.

Doc. My duty to you, ſir, will induce me ſtrictly to obey your injunction.

Lar. I wiſh you could aſſign a better motive than your duty to me, for ſtriking the flag of vice, and hoiſting over it the ſtandard of virtue.

Camomile *bows.—Exeunt on oppoſite ſides of the ſtage.*

SCENE. *A Park-like paling, incloſing a plantation.*

[*Enter* Melville *and* O'Liffey.

Mel. S'death that yelping cur of a Swiſs has alarmed the whole village.—

O'Lif. I never heard ſuch an howling as the outlandiſh brute made, in all my born days before.

Mel. The buſtle has unqueſtionably prevented Auguſta from keeping her appointment—be on the watch, O'Liffey. *(Exit* O'Liffey.*)* I muſt return to the ſpot, if but to make my acknowledgements to the ſtranger who ſo generouſly came to my relief—Yet ſhould I be diſcovered by the villagers, the reputation of my Auguſta might ſuffer in the opinion of a cenſorious world— it ill becomes a ſoldier to avoid an enemy.

AIR XX.

But war, the ſpear, and tented field
No longer now my boſom burns,
To love triumphant I muſt yield,
While rage to ſofter paſſion turns.—

Enter O'Liffey.

O'Lif. O, thunder anounds, your honour, I hear the whole troop advancing.

Mel. The noiſe ſtill approaches nearer.

O'Lif. I ſee them now in the thicket—by the number of their lanterns there muſt be at leaſt forty men, women and children, armed with ſhellelahs, ſickles, ſcythes, pitchforks, pokers, and the devil knows what.—They have laid rough hands on the ſmooth legs of my poor beaſt, who is kicking, dear creature, as if he was—in the fits.

Mel. Ha! here's a fenced coppice—I'll get over it for a moment, and ſo avoid them, ſhould they paſs this way—O'Liffey, follow me. *(Gets over the fence.*

O'Lif.

O'Lif. Follow you—O, by my ſoul you have got on the right ſide for once, and to be ſure I'll not be after you. When I was a boy, I was always a devil for climbing after forbidden fruit, and the little birds neſts—what's the matter with you now, O'Liffey? Arrah ſure I have got over a higher place than this in my time—troth I think I am about to do ſome great good deed, and the old gentleman in black is pulling me back again—my dear friend, Barney, you had better try again, or you may chance to get your bones well thraſhed by ſome of thoſe ſpalpeens' flails;—now I'm up, I think I can eaſily find the way to the bottom without a finger poſt. *(Sits on the top of the paling).* Faith 'tis not every one that is elevated can ſave his neck ſo eaſily by dropping.—ſo down you go, Barney. *(Jumps down.*

SCENE *Changes to a diſtant part of* Sir Solomon Oddley's *Garden, the moon appears riſing.*

Enter Auguſta, *with* Judith.

Aug. Good Judith, make no more delays—I'm ſure 'tis paſt the hour—he'll be all inpatience.

Jud. La, Miſs, if he is not, I'm ſure I know who is—well, I can't blame you, for truly he's a delicious youth—ſuch a ſhape—ſuch an air!—eyes like diamonds, and juſt the noſe that I admire.

Aug. Prithee, no more words, but pray begone.

Jud. Bleſs us, how haſty we lovers are. [*Exit.*

Aug. The fortunate difference between my father and the old Commodore may for ever releaſe me from the odious addreſſes of the Doctor—it has at leaſt prevented the neceſſity of an immediate elopement—though the conſcious moon ſeems to invite me, by its ſilver light, to fulfil my promiſe, and fly with the man I adore.

AIR XXI. RONDEAU.

'Ye ſable clouds, O veil thoſe beams,
'Which tempt my willing heart
'To trace the moſs-grown path along,
'And prompt me to depart.
'Aſſiſt me, Prudence, cautious maid,
'To ſway my doubting breaſt,
'Bring ſober reaſon to my aid,

'And bid this rebel reſt;
'Yet, O my Melville, ſtill to you
This boſom beats with paſſion true."

(Auguſta *retires to a garden chair under a tree.*

Enter Melville.

'This place is all enchantment—I cannot obſerve a human creature—yet I thought I heard a female voice, 'charming as a ſyren's—Ha! Auguſta—it cannot be!

Aug. Melville!

Mel. It is, by all that's happy—The ſame, and your's for ever. [*They embrace.*

Aug. Where's Judith?

Mel. I have not ſeen her.

Aug. How did you come here then?

Mel. I leap'd the paling to avoid being diſcovered, and love and chance have guided me to all my ſoul deſires.

Aug. Come then, let us retire privately to the houſe for a few moments and deviſe ſome means to ſecure our union without a clandeſtine elopement. I may be ſought for and diſcovered here.

Mel. Rather let us put it out of fortune's power to part us again.

Aug. No, Melville, 'tis my province to rule before marriage—your's after. A violent fracas has happily ariſen between Sir Solomon and his old companion; the beſt of it is, my father reſolutely declares that he never will conſent to my marrying the nephew of ſuch an overbearing paſſionate old man. Judith ſhall therefore conduct you privately to the village, and in the morning you may, if you pleaſe, make a formal propoſal to my father; if he rejects it, I will ſubmit implicitly to your directions.

Mel. Which ſhall be to take a trip to Scotland.

AIR XXII. DUET.

Believe, charming maid,
A fond youth, who adores you,
The ſure way to be happy
Lies open before you;
The paths deck'd with flow'rets
By Hymen implanted,

From

From ſeeds of true love;
And by Cupid 'tis haunted.—

Auguſta. Rely, deareſt youth,
You know I regard you,
Their arts ſhall not triumph,
In vain they diſcard you.
I'll fly with you chearly,
Like hind o'er the mountain,
The bird ſwift in flight,
Or quick ſtream from the fountain.

Melville. Then ſay, ſhall we ſoon be united for ever?

Auguſta. We will, nor ſhall fate my affections e'er ſever.

TOGETHER.

Then no dangers we'll fear, which our foes may intend us,
While honour preſides, love will ever befriend us.

[*Exeunt towards the houſe.*

SCENE *changes again to the Entrance to* Sir Solomon Oddly's *Garden from the Wood.*

Enter Dr. Camomile.

Doc. This wood has in it ſo many turnings and bye paths, that by paſſing ſome of the moſt obſcure of them the Captain has eluded my endeavours to meet him, in order to comply with my uncle's deſire, by making him an apology; but if he is reſolved to keep his appointment he muſt unavoidably return to this place———

[Judith *opens the garden door.*

The garden door opens!

Jud. Hiſt, hiſt, Captain Melville.

Doc. This is Auguſta's maid!—What can be the reaſon of her coming here inſtead of her miſtreſs?—my curioſity is excited—I'll ſee what it means.

Jud. Captain Melville, is it you?

Doc. There can be no harm in humouring the miſtake, and ſeeing the iſſue of the adventure *(aſide)*—Yes, it is me, ſpeak ſoftly—I fear we are obſerved.

Jud. I hope not—Lord 'tis very dark—the moon is now quite hid behind the clouds—well! it is a pleaſant time for lovers—if I had a ſweetheart, I think I ſhould like the dark wonderfully.

Doc. What does the amorous Abigail mean?

Jud. My young miſtreſs, poor little ſoul, is ſo impatient—indeed, Captain, I believe ſhe doats on you.

Doc. Hum;—come lead me then to her.

Jud. Well, you have the ſofteſt hand that ever I felt.

Doc. S'death, lead on. [*Exeunt into the garden.*

SCENE *the Inſide of the Garden.*

Enter Judith *and* Dr. Camomile.

Jud. How!—the bird is fled—ſhe has perhaps taken a turn into the next walk—do you ſtep into yonder arbour until I ſee if the old lady and gentleman are ſafe, and I'll ſend Miſs to you here directly.—Captain, indeed!—I never met ſuch a tame cold creature in my life before—little Stave's worth a thouſand of him.— [*Exit* Judith.

[Doctor Camomile *retires into the arbour.*

Enter O'Liffey, *with a large hedge ſtake.*

O'Lif. Oh, the heavens preſerve you, poor Barny O'Liffey.—I have been groping about this deſert of a garden full half an hour, and can't find either myſelf nor my poor maſter—I expect every ſtep I take to be ſhot by ſome of them devils of ſpring guns, or put my foot in the mouth of ſome great gridiron of a man-trap, with teeth as long as my arm!—" and what's worſe than all, I'm in ' danger of being drowned, for 'tis ſo dark that I can't ' ſee a great big moat from a bowling green'— Oh may the devil confound this ſame love, I ſay, over and over again—a mighty pretty figure I ſhould be after making here if I was diſcovered—arrah what could I ſay?—I could expect nothing leſs ſure than to be hanged up alive—O Barny, O poor Barny O'Liffey—if I was to loſe my life now I'd never forgive my maſter if I was to live for fifty years after.—[Dr. Camomile *comes from the arbour.*] Arrah, is not that my hopeful knight-errant of a maſter, Captain

Captain Melville, coming down the walk—O the heavens be praiſed, I have blundered on him at laſt, however.

Doc. Perhaps I had better not have entered the garden in the manner I have.

O'Lif. By my troth I was juſt now ſaying the ſame thing, and likewiſe, that I had acted more like a madman than a man of ſenſe in following you, not that I, in the leaſt, feared that *durty* puppy of a Doctor, for may my poor eyes never ſee ſweet day-light again if I don't think him a moſt contemptible poltroon.

Doc. 'S death, this is ſome ſervant of the Captain's that has miſtaken me for his maſter, and followed us into the garden—it muſt be ſo.

O'Lif. Ha, ha, ha! I am thinking, your honour, ſhould we be ſucceſsful, and take away the young lady, how that poor devil of a Doctor will rave and ſwear.—Oh if I had him here juſt now, to be ſure I wou'd n't unfrizzle his top-knot—ogh to be ſure an I wou'd; I'd duſt his coat for him with this little bit of a twig in my fiſt here.

Doc. This is almoſt too much to be borne—but I'll be calm, and not diſcover myſelf.

O'Lif. Huſh, there's ſomebody coming this way—upon my ſoul by the ruſtling it muſt be a petticoat—O ho!—I begin to ſmell a plot, and ſo, as I hate to ſpoil ſport, I'll beat a bit of a retreat juſt into the next walk—for though the moon may not be aſhamed of twinkling her face upon theſe occaſions, that's no reaſon I ſhould lend her a hand to put my maſter out of countenance; as, with all her peeping, ſhe'll not enable him to diſtinguiſh a peach from a potatoe. [*Exit.*

Doc. It ſhall be ſo, I'll revenge myſelf on her pride by my indifference, and boaſt to her of the regard I have for another, which in honour and duty I ought to have.—Egad I'll go immediately and acquaint Lady Oddly with my reſolution.—

Enter Maria.

Maria. Good heavens—Frederic! [*aſide, and agitated.*

Doc. I did not flatter myſelf, a few moments ago, of having the honour of meeting you here.

Maria. I have but too much reaſon to know it.

Doc. I have, however, to thank your convenient domeſtic for the introduction.

Maria. My domeſtic!—he certainly miſtakes me for Auguſta. [*aſide.*

Doc. Be under no apprehenſions, Madam—from this moment I ſhall not endeavour to counteract your wiſhes or diſturb your peace.

Maria. O that he addreſſed thoſe ſentiments with ſincerity to me. [*aſide.*

Doc. For had a union taken place between us, I confeſs it had been merely a mercenary one on my part, a previous engagement to another lady preventing me from ſufficiently eſtimating your merits.—

Maria. My hopes revive. [*aſide.*

Doc. In ſhort, madam, an accident has happen'd that has awakened my conſcience, and as I confeſs myſelf a penitent—it is now my fixed intention to do juſtice to my injured Maria—to lay my fortune at her feet—and to implore her pardon.

Maria. Know then Maria grants it.

Doc. Amazement, Maria!—it is impoſſible? and can you forgive?

Maria. Pray no more, my Frederic, let us then inſtantly make your worthy uncle and Sir Solomon's family acquainted with this our fortunate interview.

Doc. Which I flatter myſelf will be the means of reconciling all parties.

Maria. It has at leaſt rendered me the happieſt of women.

AIR XXIII.

The ſhipwreck'd tar, on billows toſs'd
Laſh'd to ſome plank, and ſighing,
The land in view he hoped to gain,
Himſelf o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could ſcarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapleſs doom;
Should Fortune ſave him from deſpair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter O'Liffey.

O'Lif. Oh, by my ſoul, a plot ſure enough!——I overheard

heard the laſt part of their converſation—and ſo we are on Mr. Sir Solomon's premiſes after all—well, I and my maſter were moſt certainly born under a pair of lucky planets.—I once had my fortune told me by a cunning old woman in the county of Tipperary, and ſhe ſaid I ſhould be in danger of being ſtarved, drowned, and hanged, but that I might be preſerved for a tight ſmart neat bit of a girl, with a———but who the devil's a coming now?—another petticoat by all that's temptations—now, Mr. Barny O'Liffey, you ſhall have a little bit of a plot of your own—I'll ſay a tender thing or two to her that will trip up the heels of her heart—O, leave an Iriſhman alone for that.---

Enter Judith.

Jud. Captain Melville, I can't find Miſs Auguſta, but I gueſs ſhe is gone to her dreſſing room, where if you pleaſe you may follow her, for all is ſafe, and you may venture.—

O'Lif. Oh, ho, ſnug's the word *(aſide)*—I'm extremely glad, my jewel, to hear all is ſafe, but he has ventured already.—

Jud. Ah, a ſtranger!—who are you? what do you want? how got you here?

O'Lif. Not ſo faſt, my dear—why if your ſweet little bit of a charming tongue gallops at this rate, how the devil can I keep pace with you? Arrah, begin again, my jewel, if you pleaſe, and let us have one queſtion before the other, and then I'll anſwer you.

Jud. Well then—what are you?

O'Lif. Captain Melville's Iriſh portmanteau, honey—I carry his travelling equipage—I was born at Templeoge, in the County of Dublin, and my name is Barny O'Liffey, at your ſervice—there now, my jewel, I have given you my birth, parentage, and education, in a minute.

Jud. How did you get in?

O'Lif. Like a bird, my jewel—I ſcrambled up the wall, and then hopp'd down into the garden like a magpie—

Jud. And pray where is your maſter?—I left him here.

O'Lif. My Maſter! oh, my dear he's juſt gone, and is now engaged with your miſtreſs—and I, like a good ſervant, mean to follow his example with her maid.

[*Takes hold of her.*

Jud. None of your liberties, friend—

O'Lif. Liberties!—arrah, get out with your ſelf and your liberties, dy'e think I'd be ſo timberſom with you?

Jud. I don't want to know—but come give a better account of yourſelf—

O'Lif. Account of myſelf—hav'nt I told you, my jewel, that I'm an Iriſhman, and is not that plenty of intelligence for any woman breathing?—however, if you inſiſt upon being better acquainted with me, you muſt know that I am a bird of chance as well as paſſage.—

Jud. What's that?

O'Lif. What's that?—One, my ſweet creature, that likes all countries and cuſtoms alike, Ireland, Seringapatam, Venus, Conſtantinople, Clonakilty, or the Bog of Allan, are all the ſame to Barney O'Liffey, who ſtill carries with him a light heart, aye and a tinder one, all the world over.

Jud. A ſmart fellow, as I hope to be married!—he may aſſiſt me in my ſcheme to rouſe the jealouſy of Stave, and induce him to do me that juſtice he has ſo often promiſed; *(aſide)* Are all women, as well as countries and cuſtoms, alike to you?

O'Lif. All of the right ſide of thirty, my dear.

Jud. Then there is hopes for me, for I want a month of it.

O'Lif. A month! O then you'll ſee what a month we'll make of it—Oh, by my ſoul, it ſhall be the month of months—Come thorum poge ma Colleen Daſs! put your arms about my neck and ſeal the bargin at once.

Jud. What the deuce would the man be at?

O'Lif. What would I be at! Arrah why d'ye aſk me ſuch a fooliſh queſtion? Oh, I'll ſtick to you like the oak to the ivy.

Jud. The charming fellow!—You are very warm in your endearments. If I ſhould be good-nutured and like you, could you be conſtant?

O'Lif. Conſtant! Faith you may ſay that; I'll be as conſtant as the moon, or any other ſtar in the firmament.

AIR

AIR XXIV.

In freedom I'd live, though your ſlave I may be,
Sing farinina, ſing farinane;
O then to your arms, my ſweet creature, take me,
Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth d'ye ſee.
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if while you love, from a breaſt full of hate,
Sing farinina, ſing farinane,
You make me a widow in ſpite of old fate,
When dead you ſhall never again ſee me mate.
With my chic a che, &c.

Then whilſt we ſtand ſtill, let us pleaſure purſue,
Sing farinina, ſing farinane,
I hate to look backward when beauty's in view,
For the ſight that is black always makes me look blue,
With my chic a che, &c.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
Sing farinina, ſing faranine,
The reſt I'd forſake, and to you wou'd be true;
Then your Iriſhman love; ogh I ſee that you do;
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Enter Stave *behind them.*

Stave. Hey-day!

Jud. We'll go in then and talk more of it.

O'Lif. Talk more of it, ay, and by my ſoul we'll make more of it too, if I'm not miſtaken, arrah—ſhan't we, my jewel?

Stave. Not till the laſt amen is ſaid over little Stave.

O'Lif. No—that's fooliſh enough now; come, come Judy-gra, do now, and convince this clod-hopping regiſter of marriages and births—that we intend employing him ſoon in both caſes.

Jud. You ſee, Stave, I am not on my laſt legs—therefore ſay, will you marry me to-morrow—ay, or no.

Stave. Aye, on the word of a clerk—for a friend here, *(laying his hand on his breaſt,)* tells me, that when a woman through love has placed her honour in the keeping of a man—he muſt be unworthy of leading a pſalm, if he does not take her to his boſom, for better and for worſe.

Jud. Then there's my hand.

O'Lif. Oh, thunder and nouns—what a devil of an uncertain thing this love is—arrah Judy, Judy, *(taking her hand)* ſure you would not be after playing the fool with yourſelf, you devil.

Jud. (Withdrawing her hand.) Indeed, friend, I have only been playing with you to ſecure my Stave's hand, who has long had my heart.

O'Lif. Your heart—If that's the caſe, my jewel, why then I'll not ſtand betwixt and between you, as O'Liffey would not give a rap for your love, unleſs your heart was flung into the bargin,—ſo, my tight little pſalm-finger, give me your hand,—I heartily wiſh you happy—tho' I am ſure you'll ſing your pſalms deviliſhly out of tune before the honey-moon's over.

Stave. No, we mean to become candidates for the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon— don't we, Judith?

Jud. Yes, and for the honour of humble matrimony, we'll win it too.

O'Lif. Flitch of Bacon? Ay, win it, and wear it, and the devil burn him that ever wiſhes to deprive you of a raſher of it.

AIR XXV. DUET.

Stave. You my damſel be but kind,

Jud. And you ne'er prove a rover,

Stave. A truer lad you'll never find,

Jud. I'faith we'll live in clover,

Both. Then quick away,
We'll hence be gay,
Nor think of care and ſorrow,

Jud. But laugh and dance,

Stave. And kiſs and play,

Both. To-morrow and to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Auguſta's *Apartment.*

Enter Auguſta *and* Melville.

Aug. Believe me, Melville, I diſpenſed with all my ſex's little diſſembling arts, not doubting but I ſhould make you more truly mine, by an undiſguſed confeſſion of the partiality I felt for you.

Melv. By your dear ſelf I ſwear—

Aug. Hold, hold, I am not to be deceived, like too many of my ſex, by the alluring proſpects of deluſive hope, which have too often no better foundation than the airy vows of an admirer.

AIR XXVI.

Fancy paints the flattering ſcene,
And courage animates her mien,
On Hope's ſmooth pinions ſee her riſe,
She leaves the earth to ſoar in ſkies,
'Tis love's deluſion fans her wings,
And while ſhe ſoars, ſhe chearful ſings.

Sir Solomon Oddly *and* Commodore Larboard *without.*

Sir Sol. Old Larboard, how can you ſuppoſe that my little Auguſta would introduce a man into the houſe.

Lar. I tell you once more, I ſaw them.

Aug. Heavens! what ſhall we do? here's my father coming.

Melv. Don't be alarmed, my love, he may as well know of our attachment now, as hereafter.

Aug. Not for the univerſe: if he ſhould diſcover you here, in this clandeſtine manner, I ſhould forfeit his good opinion for ever.

Sir Sol. Auguſta, my pretty innocent, open the door.

Lar. Ay, ay, open the door.

Aug. How unfortunate!—there in no way for you to eſcape—pray let me prevail on you to ſtep into this cloſet till they are gone.

Melv. Diſpoſe of me in what manner you pleaſe.

[Melville *goes into the cloſet and* Auguſta *locks it, and then opens the room door.*

Enter Sir Solomon Oddly *and* Commodore Larboard.

Sir Sol. There, now you ſee, you obſtinate man, that no perſon is here but my girl—What is the matter, lovey? —you ſeem all in a flutter.

Aug. Indeed, ſir, I am a little diſconcerted.

Lar. I ſaw the lug-ſail boat run into this very creek, and here he has let go anchor—It is impoſſible I ſhould be deceived.

Sir Sol. I tell you once again you are always deceived; your hopeful nephew deceived you, and you are deceived in your opinion of my daughter.

Lar. Pray, Miſs, favour Sir Solomon with the key of this cabin.

Sir Sol. No, ſhe ſhall not—I won't ſuffer her to give ſuch an unbeliever any farther proofs of her innocence. What does the man think the poor dear creature has got a beaux hid in her bandbox?

Lar. Very well; very well! act as you pleaſe—I meant all for the beſt.

Sir Sol. Come, my little May-flower, convince this ſuſpicious man that his ſurmiſes are without foundation.

Aug. What ſhall I do? *(Aſide.)*—Pray, ſir, excuſe me.

Sir Sol. Give me the key this inſtant; I inſiſt upon it.

Aug. All is ruin'd! [*Aſide.*

Sir Sol. Now you'll ſee who is in the right—I aſſure you, old Larboard, you'll make a very ridiculous figure here, after all. *(Unlocks the cloſet door and diſcovers* Melville.) —Hey-day! Zounds who have we here? Sir,—your moſt obedient.—Why, Auguſta, child, you ſeem, indeed, a little diſconcerted.

Lar. What, my fighting friend again!—I aſſure you, old Oddly, you'll make a very ridiculous figure here, after all!

Sir Sol. 'Pſhaw, you're a fool.—Pray, ſir, who the devil are you?

Melv. Your daughter's lover, Sir.

Sir Sol. I gueſſed as much—Some very honourable fortune-hunter, I ſuppoſe—and ſhe is an exceeding prudent,

modeſt, young heireſs; and as you ſeem ſo perfectly formed for each other, I deſire you would both quit my houſe for ever: for I ſhall no longer conſider myſelf as her father.

Lar. Then I ſhall.

Melv. [*To* Sir Solomon] I diſclaim, ſir, every idea of deſign on your daughter's fortune, having honourably acquired, in the Eaſt, wealth ſufficient to enable me to ſupport her in that ſphere of life to which her mental and perſonal accompliſhments ſo juſtly entitle her.

Sir Sol. A nabob, by all that's lucky—Pray, ſir, proceed—I have a better opinion of you, by half, than I had a minute ago.

Melv. If you will bleſs me with your conſent to make Auguſta mine for life, 'tis all I wiſh or hope for.

Sir. Sol. Why, gad take me, you are a very ſenſible young fellow, and I ſhould like you for a ſon-in-law wonderfully—I knew you was a great perſon the firſt moment I ſaw you ſtuck up in the cloſet, like an Egyptian mummy in a packing caſe.

Lar. Come, Oddly, give them a Letter of Marque, to ſail to the land of matrimony, under convoy of your approbation.

Sir Sol. So I will if he can obtain my daughter's conſent, for let me tell you it entirely depends upon that—for I, and her mama, were always reſolved never to force our child's inclinations.—There is no danger of a refuſal *(aſide)*—What ſays my little weeping-willow?

Aug. I am all obedience, Sir, to your wiſhes.

Sir Sol. But no fortune whilſt I live.

Melv. I deſire none, ſir.

Sir Sol. La, la, de ra de *(ſings)*—The beſt bargain I ever made in my life.—Here, take my daughter, and treat her as ſhe deſerves. I'm ſo pleaſed with you both, that, as I hope to live, I'm afraid I ſhall die a year ſooner than I intended, to make you amends.—Give me a kiſs, you little, charming, ſmiling, obliging, dutiful rogue, you.—But zookers, where is my lady all this time?

Lar. Here ſhe comes, full ſail, with the whole crew of the village in her wake.

Enter Lady Oddly *followed by* Le Frizz, *and a number of Villagers.*

Lady Od. O, Sir Solomon, theſe good people have ſeized and brought to the hall, a poſt-chaiſe and four, in which our minx of a daughter was going to elope! there's a diſcovery for you!

Sir Sol. No diſcovery at all, my life!

Lady Od. What! you knew of it?

Sir Sol. Yes, and have effectually prevented her from making ſuch another attempt.

Lady Od. That's well—but how?

Sir Sol. By the only certain method—that of having agreed to ſee her married to the man with whom ſhe was on the point of taking wing.

Lady Od. What, Sir, without deigning to conſult me on the occaſion? (*Seeing* Melville.) As I live, Stave's handſome pſalm-ſinging pupil, without his diſguiſe. I now ſee the whole of the buſineſs.

Lar. Lady Oddly, I am ſure, will not be leſs generous to the young couple than Sir Solomon.

Lady Od. Well, I'll give my conſent on three conditions.

Sir Sol. Name them.

Lady Od. Firſt, that ſhe is married to-morrow, agreeably to what I have all along aſſerted. Secondly, that my gala ſhall be given on the occaſion, with additional ſplendor; and laſtly, that Sir Solomon ſhall ſpend the winter ſeaſon in town; for which purpoſe an elegant reſidence ſhall be taken for my reception in one of the faſhionable Squares.

Sir Sol. Agreed.

Aug. My dear madam, your approbation was only wanting to complete our happineſs.

Lar. Poor Maria—could I ſee her as happy now.

Sir Sol. Maria—here ſhe comes—and, egad, ſhe ſeems to have been a cloſet hunting too.

Lar. My nephew with her—Why, who knows but that this little veſſel may be righted by the ſame ſpring tide.

Enter Doctor Camomile *and* Maria.

I ſee by the ſignal of content being hoiſted that you have reconciled yourſelf to your amiable wife.

Doc.

Doc. My behaviour to you, ſir, has been ſo unwarrantable, that I can ſcarcely hope you will pardon what is paſt, or ever receive me as your friend.

[*The ladies converſe apart.*

Melv. Your apology, ſir, is ſufficient; I can be no man's enemy.

Lar. Well, old boy, what are you ſtudying about?

Sir Sol. Why, I was thinking how to introduce the occurrences of this evening into my Memoirs of the Court of Aldermen, and in which you ſhall have honourable mention, for I ever thought you a worthy fellow in the worſt of our quarrels—but for our lives to come——

Lar. Avaſt, brother, I believe we had better not make any more proteſtations, for fear of forfeits.

Lady Od. I give you all joy. [*The ladies come forward.*

Sir. Sol. And wide be it extended; no brow ſhall wear the cloud of diſcontent—but let the whole hamlet ring with ruſtic merriment.

Enter Stave, Judith, *and* O'Liffey.

Stave. Egad, we are all Juſt in Time then to claim a pardon under your worſhip's general declamation of peace and good fellowſhip.

Lady Od. You ſcarcely merit it; but I hope you will be more careful hereafter, how you again become the agent of a love affair in our family.

Stave. Why, an pleaſe your ladyſhip, his honour had ſuch a winning way with him, that it weighed down all my reſolution—But I'll never teach a captain to ſing pſalms again while I live—unleſs it is to oblige your ladyſhip's *perſonality*.

Sir Sol. Lovers, take hands—Nay let us join too; (*to* Larboard) and as ſoon as the morning peeps we'll haſt to church, and ſee theſe made man and wife, (*to* Mel. *and* Aug.) and this pair reunited.

(*To* Dr. Camomile *and* Maria.

O'Lif. Faith, and O'Liffey, though laſt, will be one of the firſt in the throng.

Sir. Sol. In the mean time let us drown all paſt embarraſſments in a hearty cup.

Stave. Amen.

FINALE

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Now let the village bells ring round,
The pipe's ſhrill notes and tabor ſound,
The mazy dance and mirthful ſong,
The feſtive board and joyous throng,
Hither bring with frolic gay,
To join the lovers' roundelay.

Dull care no more ſhall dare appear,
With languid ſtep and falling tear,
For laughing joy, with ſprightly veſt,
Has chas'd her far from every breaſt.
Now let the village bells ring round, &c.

THE

THE

FUGITIVE:

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE KING's THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

BY

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, Esq. Barister at Law.

Ætherias, lascive cupis, volitare per auras
I, FUGE, sed poteris, tutior esse domi.

MARTIAL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS there is no expreſſion of gratitude, at once ſo neceſſary and ſo ſuſpicious, as that which the author of a dramatic performance pays to the ſeveral ladies and gentlemen who ſupported him in its repreſentation.—He muſt poſſeſs much more confidence in himſelf than belongs to the author of the Fugitive, who believes he can inſure ſucceſs upon the ſtage, without the concurrence of their kindeſt and moſt active exertions—and yet in proportion as acknowledgements are warmly given, they are obnoxious to this poſſible imputation—that they are the inſidious vehicle of furtive praiſe to the author, and nothing more in their ſubſtance and intention, than a circuitous tribute to his own merits—for, if all this excellence was exhibited in the repreſentation, what are we to ſay of the perſon who laid the foundation for it by his work? Does not the author introduce himſelf amongſt the *dramatis perſonæ*, and in compact, but pithy, dialogue, not leſs grateful to his ear than the happieſt effuſion which he may have allotted to others, ſay, or ſeem to ſay—'You hear what eulogies have been pronounced upon the performance—admirable character—chaſte but lively acting, &c. &c. *Ecce homo!* —look at me—I am the man whoſe compoſition was the baſis of their merits, and to whoſe fine writing, in the firſt inſtance, they owe their ſucceſsful performance in the laſt.'—For example, when it is affirmed, which is nothing more than common juſtice and ſtrict truth, that the performance of Miſs Farren, in the repreſentation of the Fugitive, was at once elegant and intelligent, feminine and ſenſible, gracefully ſerious and impreſſively gay—that Mrs. Jordan completely demonſtrated to the town, that parts of tender intereſt are as congenial to her powers, and more cannot be ſaid, as characters of the moſt lively

lively and affective comedy; or that Miſs Pope with an admirable dexterity peculiar to herſelf, ſhewed that ſhe could exhibit the humour of vulgar life, unpolluted by the ſtrained and offenſive vulgarity of its manners—that Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Ward, did ample juſtice to their parts—that, to uſe the words of a living writer unrivelled in this department of literature—' no language could do juſtice to the merits of Mr. King—that the varied whim and rich luxuriance of Parſons have not been often more ſucceſsfully diſplayed even by himſelf—that the great and ſuperior powers of Meſſrs. Palmer, Dodd, Benſley, Wroughton, and Wewitzer, ſo well known in the diſtinct branches of their art, and ſo juſtly admired by the town, were exhibited with their uſual felicity, and that all the performers had the juſteſt claims on the approbation and kindneſs of the author—when all this has been ſaid, the queſtion at laſt recurs, whether or no the juſt praiſe which the author has beſtowed does not find its ſource in inſinuated egotiſm, and that under the preſentation of gratitude, he has been contriving a crafty panegyric for himſelf.

The author will not contend with logicians of this ſuſpicious caſt, and as he cannot prove the opinion which he entertains of himſelf, will reſt content with the conſcious encouragement of his own mind, which perſuades and aſſures him, that it is poſſible for an author to do juſtice to others without the ſubtlety of ſelf-adulation; and that there is at leaſt one inſtance of gratitude which is not the irregular progeny of conceit.

The author has a diſtinct acknowledgement to make for the liberal attention, the criticiſm, and the friendly zeal of Mr. Kemble.—He has alſo to return his beſt thanks to the ſame gentleman for the kind promptitude with which he undertook the performance of Admiral Cleveland at a very ſhort notice, and for the able manner with which he acquitted himſelf.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

WHAT perturbation flutters in the breaſt
Of the fair Novice, for St. James's dreſt!
What almoſt equal hopes and fears tranſport
The matron friend that chaperon's *her to court!*
Cloſe to the Palace as her chair draws near,
The very taſſels ſeem to quake for fear.———
On moves her friend, amid the gathering bands
Of ſtars, gold ſticks, blue ribbands, and white wands;
With look that canvaſs and with pleading air
Beſpeaking favour for the ſtranger there;
Who, cloſe behind, while fearfully ſhe goes,
Peeps thro' her fan, and eyes th' obſerving beaux,
As, down the labyrinth of ſilk and lace,
They catch a viſta viſion of her face.—
Such are the terrors untri'd bards diſmay,
Thus to this Court the prologue leads the Play;
Actor and Author in one panic join'd;
I quake before the curtain; he behind.—
And yet, in modern times, th' aſpiring Wit
Braves but few perils from the well-dreſt pit.
Not as of old, when, train'd to frown and fret,
In murky ſtate the ſurly ſynod met.
Vain of half learning and of foreign rules,
Vamp'd from the jargon of the antient ſchools,
In black full-bottom'd whig the Critic God
Shook his umbrageous curls, and gave the nod!
The pit was then all men—how ſhrunk the muſe
From thoſe bleak rows of overhanging yews!
Unlike the gay parterre we now ſalute,
That ſhines at once with bloſſoms and with fruit;

With

With checquer'd crowds that mingled taſte diſpenſe;
With female ſoftneſs join'd to manly ſenſe.—
Here, if ungenerous ſpleen ſhould ſtrive for vent,
Some fair aſſociate ſooths it to content;
Its rage with promiſſory looks beguiles,
And checks th' incipient hiſs by well-tim'd ſmiles—
The vanquiſh'd critics frown, but ſoften faſt;
Hiſs and look—hiſs and look—hiſs and look—and clap at laſt.

Oh! if each ſterner judge thus mildly view
The Poet's toils, what can he dread from you?
From forms with ſympathetic ſoftneſs join'd;
From features faſhion'd to the lovelier mind;
From eyes, where gentleneſs has fix'd her throne;
From roſeate lips, that move in ſmiles alone—
Well may the Fugitive with hope appear,
When every blended grace gives refuge here.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Dartford	Mr. Dodd.
Sir William Wingrove	Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Wingrove	Mr. Wroughton.
Old Manly	Mr. Parsons.
Young Manly	Mr. Palmer.
Admiral Cleveland	Mr. King.
Mr. Welford	Mr. Barrymore.
Jenkins	Mr. Maddox.
Larron	Mr. Wewitzer.
O'Donnel	Mr. Phillimore.
William	Mr. Benson.
Servant	Mr. Banks.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Manly	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miſs Herbert	Miſs Farren.
Miſs Julia Wingrove	Mrs. Jordan.
Miſs Manly	Mrs. Kemble.
Mrs. Larron	Miſs Pope.
Mrs. Rachel Cleveland	Mrs. Ward.

THE FUGITIVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Sir* William Wingrove's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir William *and Miſs* Julia Wingrove.

Julia.

LET me intreat you, ſir, to hear me—let reaſon be my advocate.

Sir William. Reaſon, Julia !—You know 'tis my delight, my glory. What conſtitutes the pre-eminence of man, but his reaſon? 'Tis, like the ſacred virtue of high blood, a natural exaltation, of which we can never loſe the advantage, but by voluntary degradation, or perverſe miſuſe—What but reaſon is the foundation of my preference for Lord Dartford?—Is he not of a family as ancient even as my own?

Julia. Did Lord Dartford inherit any of the virtues which, probably, acquired thoſe highly-valu'd honours of his anceſtry, my father might have ſome cauſe to regret that his daughter's inclinations were at enmity with her duty.

Sir William. And where, madam, have you learnt, that the ſplendor of Lord Dartford's family ſuffers any diminution in his own perſon?

Julia. Where ſome of the happieſt years of my life have been paſſed, ſir, at my dear deceaſed aunt's.

Sir William.

Sir William. Mr. Manly, now, I dare ſay, had not the leaſt ſhare in producing this averſion to Lord Dartford.

Julia. Mr. Manly, ſir!—Mr. Manly wou'd ſcorn—nor can it ever be neceſſary for him to raiſe his own character by a uſeleſs degradation of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Aye, aye, now we have it—I thought what ſhare the eloquence of your aunt had had in this apoſtacy from the faith of your anceſtors—Mr. Manly, it ſeems, has contrived to make ſo ſucceſsful a monopoly of all the virtues, that there does not remain even the leavings of an accompliſhment for any other perſon.—But ſince I deſpair of making *you* enter into the juſt views of your family, by dutifully conſenting, as you ought, to marry a man for the revered merit of his blood, your brother ſhall try, whether your young ſpark be not compoſed of more practicable materials.

Julia. For heaven's ſake, dear ſir, forego this—What muſt be the conſequence of their meeting!

Sir William. If you have any objection to the interview, you know how to prevent it.

Julia, Oh, ſir, do not force me to ſo dreadful an alternative. I will, if you require it, bind myſelf by the moſt ſolemn engagements to give up all thoughts of Mr. Manly, only let me no more be perſecuted with the addreſſes of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Nay, now I muſt believe you; for where has it been recorded that an enamour'd damſel ever broke a promiſe to an old father, when given at the expence of a young lover?—For once, however, you muſt excuſe me, if I am a little diſobedient to the authority of precedent, and endeavour to find ſome better ſecurity for the honour of my family, even than your love-ſick renunciation of the object of your affections.

Julia. Yet, ſir, hear me.

Sir William. I do hear you—But firſt tell me why have I preſerved you, ſince the deceaſe of your aunt, from all intercourſe with the world, with the ſingle exception of the friendſhip of Miſs Herbert, whoſe approaching alliance with your brother, gives her a common intereſt in the luſtre of our houſe?—Why have I, like a fond parent, forbid you ſociety?—Kept you ſacred from the arts of

of our ſex and the more dangerous follies of your own—lock'd you up and guarded you, like the archives of my own family, that you might increaſe in value, as you advanc'd in years?—Why? but to ſecure you from the contagion of a degenerate world—who feel more anxiety about the means of ſupporting new families, than awful reverence for the names of old ones, and would meanly thrive by plebeian induſtry, rather than diet on the rich recollection of their immortal anceſtry.

Julia. But my dear father, juſt now, kindly condeſcended to ſay he would ſuffer me to reaſon with him on this ſubject. Can birth, alone, entitle a man to the high diſtinction you ſpeak of?—And ſurely Lord Dartford—

Sir William. Grant me patience, heaven! Do you call in queſtion the prudence of my choice? Ungrateful Julia, never more will I hear you on this ſubject—and now attend my final determination—To-morrow, you marry Lord Dartford.

Julia. To-morrow, ſir!—You will not—

Sir William. Poſitively to-morrow—neither remonſtrances nor tears ſhall ſway me from my determin'd purpoſe. I leave you now to your reflections, and go to adjuſt the neceſſary preliminaries of a ceremony, that will recall you, inconſiderate girl, to duty and to reaſon. [*Exit.*

Julia. Is it poſſible!—Can my father thus ſhut his heart to the diſtreſſes of his Julia—My brother too, happy in his own affections, not only abandons me to the intereſted rigour of his cruel ambition, but aſſiſts and animates him in the proſecution of his views.—Wretched! friendleſs Julia—Whither wilt thou turn!—Ah Manly, that amidſt the various excellencies of thy heart there is yet a careleſs generoſity in thy nature—an irregular, though not ungraceful exceſs in thy very virtues, which, though it neither forbids eſteem, nor damps affection, yet gives the alarm to delicacy, and checks the full pleaſure of a fearleſs, unſuſpecting confidence—were it not inſtant this, I think I could not deny myſelf with thee a wi[illegible]ſylum from the ſeverities of this domeſtic perſecution. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Sir* William's *Garden.*

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. Thus far, I have atchiev'd my purpoſe without diſcovery—what a devil of a wall have I had to ſcramble up to obtain even the chance of an interview—The ſulky grandeur of your ancient battlements was always the difficulty, and the glory of an enamour'd hero—But what can the maddeſt of the moſt venerable lads of chivalry lay claim to, that does not to the full as reaſonably belong to me? I have all their hopes with all their apprehenſions, all their fears with all their confidence—All their weakneſs with all their fortitude—So I think it cannot be denied but that I poſſeſs as many good, ſound contradictions in my character as the beſt of them—I have not indeed the gift of waiting that thoſe gentlemen had; for I begin already to feel impatient at Julia's delay. Would I cou'd gain but a diſtant glimpſe of her, or hear one ſtrain of her enchanting voice—dear melodious voice! ſoft as a lover's ſigh embodied into muſic, and ſweet as the inſpired eloquence of a conſenting ſmile—But ſoft! ſoft! ſhe approaches, and in tears! let me endeavour to learn the cauſe of them, before I make my appearance; what muſt he be compoſed of, and what does he not deſerve, who has been prophane enough to excite them?

[*Retires behind a tree.*

Enter Julia, *and ſeats herſelf in an alcove.*

Julia. Here let me reſt a while, and endeavour to collect my ſcattered thoughts. Could it be believed that my father, ſtrict as his genreal notions of honour are, ſhould think of forcing me to become the wife of a man whom my ſoul abhors!

Young Manly. Forcing thee!

Julia. When, too, he is convinc'd of my being attach'd to another.

Young Manly. To another!

Julia. I think he loves me.

Young

Young Manly. I am ſure he does—that is, if I am he.

Julia. He is kind and generous, capable of the moſt ardent and diſintereſted paſſion.

Young Manly. It muſt be me.

Julia. But he has faults, great faults.

Young Manly. Now I am ſure 'tis me.

Julia. I dread the levity of his nature—Oh Manly, Manly, why cannot I truſt thee?

Young Manly. I am ſure I can't tell.

Julia. How gladly cou'd I owe the relief of my preſent afflictions to thy kindneſs, but for the dread of being afterwards expoſed to the ſeverer calamity of thy indifference. Oh why, why, Manly, cannot I confide in thee!

Young Manly. (Comes forward.) Why indeed! Dear, generous Julia, baniſh theſe apprehenſions, I never can injure truth, innocence, and beauty like thine.

Julia. Mr. Manly! How you have alarm'd me! What a raſh ſtep is this— But fly, I conjure you; if you have any regard for my happineſs—fly.

Young Manly. Fly, Julia? Yes, ſwifter than a lover's thought; but you muſt be the partner of my flight.

Julia. You cannot ſurely be ſerious.

Young Manly. So ſerious that I ſhall not ſtir one ſingle ſtep without you—Julia, Julia, this is no time for trifling or for ceremony. To be candid with you, I have overheard you, and if I deſerve puniſhment for the involuntary offence, reſerve it till the danger is over that threatens you.

Julia. Indeed, Mr. Manly, your generous concern for me leaves me as little right as I have inclination to be ſevere, but therefore it is I intreat you to quit this ſcene of danger—You know the fury of my relations.

Young Manly. Nay, Julia, I care not how ſoon I go—As we depart together, you cannot reaſonably ſuſpect me of being an advocate for delay.

Julia. What can you mean?

Young Manly. Mean!—Why to decide my fate on the inſtant—Either to follow you as your humble ſlave through the wide world of happineſs, for it can have no place in it forbidden to delight while you are with me, or meet with reſignation, on the ſpot, the bittereſt reſentment of your vindictive family.

Julia. Oh! Manly, give me not ſuch a fatal proof of your affection—I will conſider of your propoſal by to-morrow—but go now, I beſeech you.

Young Manly. Not a ſtep—If I am ſtubborn, Julia, you are my example. I have not often ſuch authority for my conduct—I will not quit you till I am aſſured of your deliverance from this unnatural tyranny.

Julia. Hear me for a moment—I do not wiſh to conceal from you how much my gratitude is intereſted in your ſafety—The embarraſſment of my preſent ſituation, added to this dangerous evidence of your attachment, will, I hope, in ſome meaſure, excuſe me for the confeſſion I am about to —But indeed, ſir, indeed—what ſhall I ſay? A womaniſh apprehenſion prevails over my tongue, and ſways it from the direction of my heart, in ſpite of me —Indeed, I cannot go with you—Character, prudence, duty, forbid it.

Young Manly. I confeſs, madam, I was prepared to expect more candour, and more deciſion from the lips of Miſs Wingrove.

Julia. Dear Manly, I thank you for this rebuke—it brings me back to myſelf—ſomething muſt be allowed to the fond agitation of a woman's fears—but they are gone; Love himſelf, unfriendly as he is to truth, yet ſmiles propitiouſly upon a ſlow obedience to it at laſt.—Meet me at once, in the avenue before our houſe, and then with more ſafety to my Henry, as well as more ſecurity to our enterprize, I will reſign myſelf and all my hopes to your faithfull guidance.

Young Manly. Deareſt Julia, on my knees I thank you —I am oppreſt at once with love and gratitude—It is needleſs to ſay with what anxious, vigilant punctuality, I will obey your mandate—with what idolatry of ſubmiſſive affection I will watch over every riſing thought, and half-formed object of your future life. *(Riſes,)* From this moment, then, diſmiſs all apprehenſion of your Henry's levity, and be ſatisfied that———

Julia. I am ſatisfied—Surely, I have proved I am ſo—But intereſting as your converſation always is, and on this theme fraught with peculiar endearment, I muſt deprive myſelf of it—You muſt go—pray obey me now—My turn for obedience approaches faſt. Remember.

Young

Young Manly. Can I forget the conſecrated moment! Adieu, ever deareſt, till then.

Julia. Adieu, dear Manly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III. *Lord* Dartford's *Houſe.*

Enter Lord Dartford, *followed by* Jenkins.

Lord Dartford. Jenkins, does Sir William know of my arrival here?

Jenkins. He does, my lord,

Lord Dartford. Well, I ſuppoſe I muſt pay the firſt viſit —But hold, ſhould not I bruſh up my ſtyle a little, to enable me to undergo this encounter of genealogy? No —I believe there is no occaſion; the ſecret lies in a ſhort compas—Pedigree's the word—and one of your real accurate lovers of hiſtorical virtù—will believe any thing— And ſo, we'll truſt to chance and the aſſiſtance of ſuch convenient abſurdities as may happen to ariſe *(a knocking at the door.)*—But ſee who's there, Jenkins.

[Jenkins *goes, and introduces* Sir William.

Sir William. I hope, my lord, my preſence, thus unannounced, does not interrupt any of your lordſhip's weightier concerns.

Lord Dartford. It is impoſſible that the favour of Sir William Wingrove's company can ever be felt as an intruſion.

Sir William. Your lordſhip is kinkneſs itſelf—*(They ſit down)* It is a doubtful point with me, my lord, in the alliance which is upon the eve of acompliſhment, by which party the honour will be given or received.

Lord Dartford. So he's off already—there's but one way for me—I ſhould ill deſerve my good fortune, Sir William, were I not ſenſible that the honour and the happineſs are both eminently mine.

Sir. William. Why, my lord, that is by no means a clear caſe—I perceive that your lordſhip poſſeſſes a very competent knowledge of the antiquity of our family; but to deal candidly with you, I believe yours takes its riſe nearly about the ſame time—pretty nearly, that is to ſay

—I mean within a century of us, or ſome ſuch trifle—I dare ſay it does; for the Dartford family may be very clearly traced to the conqueſt.

Lord Dartford. The conqueſt, Sir William, is modern—It is not long ſince I peruſed a valuable manuſcript, that makes very honourable mention of the Wingroves, in one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Sir William. Could your lordſhip procure me a ſight of that manuſcript? The favour will be infinite.

Lord Dartford. Sir William may rely upon it, that if my friend can be prevailed upon to reſign the parchment, I ſhall be happy in promoting his wiſh. *(Aſide.)* And if he does, his politeneſs muſt poſitively be of a moſt accommodating caſt, to enable him to part with what he never had.

Sir William. In one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy! Is it poſſible! But why not poſſible?—To what times may not the family of the Wingroves be traced by the laudable diligence of learned inquiry? Even up to the dark periods of early nature, of rudeneſs, ignorance, and barbarity, where knowledge fails us, and hiſtory herſelf is loſt in the confuſion of her materials.

[*Muſes.*

Lord Dartford. Now will he not be content till he has purſued his high birth to the illuſtrious parentage of a ſavage, and drawn the boaſted ſtream of his pure blood from the polluted leavings of the deluge. [*Aſide.*

Sir William. Now, my lord, to buſineſs—The fifty thouſand pounds which I purpoſe as my daughter's dower, is but a ſmall, and indeed inadequate compenſation for the honour of your dignified alliance—Happy, but too happy, ſhould we all feel ourſelves, if her inclinations accorded with our wiſhes, and acquieſced in the brilliant proviſion we have made for her—But ſhe is perverſe, my lord, unaccountably perverſe—Yet ſubmit ſhe ſhall, and that without delay—I am fixed, immutably fixed—But if your lordſhip will do me the honour to accompany me to my houſe, I will there explain to your lordſhip the difficulties we have to encounter, and the expedients we have provided to overcome them—Nay, my lord.

[*Contending on the etiquette of precedency.*

Lord

Lord Dartford. Impoſſible, Sir William! mere title is adventitious, birth inherent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Road with a diſtant View of Sir* William Wingrove's *Houſe.*

Enter Young Manly, *ſinging.*

Young Manly. Was there ever ſuch a happy, unlucky dog as myſelf—happy beyond the narrow bounds of mortal imagination in the love of my Julia—but horribly unlucky, that the certainty and near approach of my felicity has quite bereft me of my ſenſes—Juſt as I had abandoned myſelf to deſpair, to be raiſed in one delicious half-hour to the ſummit of—Oh! egad there's no bearing of it! I ſhall run mad—I am mad, that's certain.

[*Sings and dances.*

Enter Admiral Cleveland.

Admiral. So, ſo—there's young frolickſome in his whirligigs—What, 'Squire Madcap, are you practiſing how to make a fool of yourſelf?—Don't take ſo much trouble, young man; you can ſucceed pretty well without ſo much pains.

Young Manly. Ha! my old man of war—give me your hand—When ſhall you and I go upon a voyage to the—

Admiral. To the moon, Eh! young Freſh-water? Why, you ſeem to be in her latitude already; or have you been ſtowing in a freſh lading of champagne?

Young Manly. Your firſt conjecture is perhaps a little near the mark; for my underſtanding, I believe, is rather upon the go; but as for champagne—curſe champagne.

Admiral. What then you have been in a tight engagement at play, and have brought the enemy to—An't that it, my young ſhark?

Young Manly. No, no, my heart of oak; I defy the power of gold to diſorder my ſenſes—But, what do you think, my noble commander, of gaining the woman one loves? Can your old weather-beaten fancy conceive any joy equal to that?

Admiral. Why, I don't think I can; unleſs it be ſeeing an enemy's ſhip ſtrike; and that does give the ſenſes a whirl that none but a ſeaman can be a judge of.

Young Manly. Why then, as I am a ſtranger to naval ſenſations, the pleaſure of being beloved by an angel, muſt ſerve my turn—When conquered beauty prepares to yield—when willing love ſtrikes the flag—that's the whirl for my money.

Admiral. Well, that's good-natured, however, to rejoice at the thoughts of an engagement, where you are ſure to have the worſt on't?

Young Manly. Dear admiral, had I but known you when I was a boy.

Admiral. What then?

Young Manly. Then? Do you aſk me what then? Oh, Julia!

'My ſoul hath her conſent ſo abſolute,
'That not another comfort like to this
'Succeeds in unknown fate.'

Admiral. Poor young man—Well, my lad, when your wits are at anchor, though I fear the veſſel's too crazy ever to ſee port again, you and I may drink a can together—till then your ſervant.

Young Manly. Nay, nay, don't go yet. [*Dancing.*

Admiral. Why, damn you, you vere about ſo, one might as well look for anchorage in a whirlpool, as think to hold a parley with you.

Young Manly. Well, come then, I will be ſerious—Do you ever pray at ſea, admiral?

Admiral. Why, what ſhould we pray for? Except, indeed when there's danger in the wind, and then, to be ſure, that alters the caſe.

Young Manly. Well, now, there lies your error.

Admiral. Error!—Meaning me.—You?

Young Manly. Aye!—I hold it ſuch an abominable ignorance of duty.

Admiral. Ignorance of duty!—why, you palavering whipper-ſnapper, am I to be taught my duty after, having had the command of a fleet, by ſuch a ſneaking ſon of a whore as you?

Young

Young Manly. Nay, but why ſo hot, my good friend? You cannot think I meant to offend you?

Admiral. Not mean to offend, when you tell me I don't know how to command? Ignorance of duty, indeed—Out of my way, you live-lumber—Damn you, I only thought you were mad, but now I find you're a fool.

[*Exit.*

Young Manly. Ha! ha! ha!—At any other time I ſhould have been a good deal vexed to have offended old True Blue, that's certain; but at this moment my heart's ſo crouded with ſenſations of mirth and joy—with ſuch a confuſed jumble of contending raptures—with ſo much delight at what has already paſſed, and ſuch a maddening anticipation of what is yet to come, that no thought of apprehenſive care can obtain ſanctuary in my boſom. My dear Julia, my own Julia! Oh! that idea operpowers me with tranſport—Gad ſo, there's Sir William—If I ſtay here much longer, playing the fool, I ſhall be obſerved by ſome of the family, and then—adieu to all my hopes—What ſhall I do;—I'll return to the Star Inn, which is juſt in view of the houſe, and deceive the tedious interval with my companions whom I left there, till my fair day-ſtar ariſes, that leads me to new life, to happineſs and love.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A nearer View of* Sir William Wingrove's *Houſe. (Moon-light.)*

Enter Julia. *She opens the Door gently; and after an Appearance of Irreſolution, ſhuts it after her. She then comes forward.*

Julia.

SO, now my fate's decided!—What have I done?—I dare not think upon it—If Manly now deceives me, I am undone—Shall I go back?—and conſent to be the wife of Lord Dartford—that muſt follow—for but too well I know, that tenderneſs never yet prevailed upon the ſtern ambition of my father's nature—But why ſhould I doubt my Henry's unſtained honour?—Though he is wild, whom did he ever wrong?—Pardon, dear Manly—pardon the unjuſt ſuſpicion of thy Julia—and ſee he comes to clear my heart of doubt. [Manly *ſings without.* Oh, Gracious Heaven, is this the man I've choſen to be the guardian of my honour—Fly, fly, my feet—let me but reach my father's—The door is faſt; I have now no hope left, unleſs the wild confuſion that wine has made in him, prevent his obſerving me. Heaven grant it may,

[*Conceals herſelf behind a Tree, and draws a Veil over her Face.*

Enter Young Manly *ſinging.*

'Heighten every joy to-day, and never mind to-mor-
'row.'

Aye, ſo ſay I—The preſent—the preſent is the only time that's worth a wiſe man's concern—why ſhould we give ourſelves any trouble about to-morrow, when we don't know that to-morrow will ever reach us?—or that we

we ſhall reach it, which is pretty nearly the ſame thing, I take it; and then there is juſt ſo much good care thrown away.—Fore Heaven, the man that wrote that ſong muſt have been a moſt profound perſon—That ſingle line ought to have immortalized him—It ſhall be my motto.

[*Sings.*

'Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
'Whilſt on the earth we moulder?
'Whether we're merry, or grave, or mad,
'We every day grow older.'

'Sdeath, the ground's full of rocks and quickſands, I think; my feet either ſink or ſtumble at every ſtep—What can be the reaſon? I that am ſo ſteady a goer—always, always was—all my life—Egad, I believe the thickets are going to dance—May be, they miſtake me for Orpheus—Nay, gentlemen, if you pay ſuch a compliment to my ſinging, I can do no leſs than take a turn with you—I am as frolicſome as you can be for the ſoul of you—So now, let me chuſe my partner.

[*Catches at a Tree, behind which* Julia *is concealed, who ſhrieks.*

By all the ſylvan powers, another Daphne. [*Kneels.* Madam, behold a ſwain, not altogether ſo muſical as Apollo, I grant you, but a good honeſt fellow for all that—So, madam, ſo—pſha, never mind more words—let us go.

Julia. Oh, my hard fortune?

Young Manly. What do you ſay?—Speak out, my angel—I know that your voice is more tuneful than Philomel's, or mine—that your eyes are the ſparkling harbingers of love—that your dimples are the choſen hiding-places of all the Cupids—and thoſe lips!—But hold—rot it—I had forgot—I can't ſee e'er a one of them—Never mind—no matter for that—I dare ſay it's all true; and if it isn't, why then we muſt mend the matter with thinking.

Julia. Oh, heavens! is it poſſible!

Young Manly. No, certainly—it cannot be poſſible—it isn't poſſible—Come, come, I know you are kind as you are beautiful, and ſo it is poſſible—and ſo, without more waſte of time, come to my arms, and———

Julia. It is in vain to reaſon with him in this ſtate—I muſt endeavour to divert his attention, and by that means eſcape him if I can.—If you will permit me to be your guide——

Young Manly. Enough, my pretty pilot; take me where you will. We will never part any more, ſhall we? No, never.

Julia. I dare ſay not, ſir.

Young Manly. Not, ſir?—Why to be ſure not, ſir—Never, never, never.

Julia. Let us walk quickly. *(Aſide.)* Oh! Heaven, aſſiſt me.

Young Manly. As quick as you pleaſe, my angel—I'll fly, if you chuſe, for I'm very ſteady, and very loving. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Wood.*

Enter Julia.

Julia. At length, thank heaven, I have eſcaped—eſcaped—but is this a place of ſafety! What will become of me? Yet 'tis ſome comfort that the day appears—Oh, Manly, thou haſt made life hateful to me.—Who comes here;—Ive ſurely ſeen his face. Oh! I remember I have ſeen him ſometimes at my aunt's, with lace and gauzes—If he ſhould not know me, perhaps I may prevail on him to conceal me—He has a wife, I know. Let me conſider what I ſhall ſay to him.

Enter Larron *(with bundles.)*

Larron. Deſe villain Cuſtom-houſe Officers give von honeſt man no reſte—You go to bed late—you riſe early—pardie—you ſit up all night—it make no difference, dey vil be vid you—Ma foi, I believe dey tink ſleep contrabande *(ſees* Julia.) Ah! par St. Dominique, here be de von young ladi en great agitation—Ah! par hazard her equipage eſt un peu derangé, and ſhe be retire here till tout ſoit ajuſté—a littel civillitiè de ma parte, me produir a peutétre beaucoup de pratique on de ladi's—En verité de torough-bred trader know how to faire ſon profit de chaque circonſtance—Madame, excuſe—but you ſeem beaucoup

beaucoup affligé—Si, madame—if I can by de utmoſt exertion of mine contribuer en de ſmalleſt inſtance to votre accomodation, I ſhall conſider de fortune vich led me dis vay, as de plus grande felicité de ma vie, de greateſt happineſs of my life.

Julia. He ſpeaks very civilly: I think I may venture to tell him ſo much of my unhappy ſituation, as may let him know how much I need his aſſiſtance.

Larron. Madam, you no anſere—May I beg de faveur to be informe, if I can merite l'honneur de vous rendre le moindre ſervice? Your ſervants, madame, ave you any littel meſſage to convey to dem? May I hope you vill permit a me de vous eſcorter a votre caroſſe?

Julia. Sir, you miſtake the matter entirely—I have neither coach, ſervants, nor friends at preſent—The cruelty of one in whom I moſt confided, has involved me in this calamity; and I muſt thankfully avail myſelf of your obliging offers of ſervice, by entreating the ſhelter of your roof, till I can diſpoſe of myſelf, ſo as not to be an incumbrance to any one.

Larron. Eh, my dear—vat you ſay?—You no coche, no ſervantes, no friend, no houſe, no home, you vant to come and live a vid me?—Non, non, ma fille—dat vill not do—non, non—dere be vat you do call? de maiſon d'induſtre, de vorkhouſe for de poor girl—Perſonne go to my houſe, but ſuch as peut faire une belle depenſe.

Julia. (Aſide.) Mercinary wretch. [*Going.*

Larron. Holla! you littel girl—you tell me, can you vorke? Suppoſe dat I vas to take pitié upon your condition, can you pay me vel derefore?

Julia. What ſhall I ſay? I muſt bear with his low impertinence, to induce him to give me a ſhelter. *(To* Larron.) I can, ſir, embroider neatly, and make lace.

Larron. Oh pardie, you be von littel buſy bee!—You can make love, too. Can you not, my dear?

Julia. Inſupportable!—If, ſir, you conſider the favour you ſeemed inclined to confer, as a ſanction for your impertinent freedom, I muſt beg you to leave me to my misfortunes.

Larron. Comme vous voulez, ma fille—dere not be many dat vil take you in—You may meet vid ſome, if you ſtay here long, dat vil make you vorſe offer.

Julia.

Julia. That's too true!—If I get to his houſe, his wife will protect me from his odious familiarity—I muſt try to make my peace. (*To* Larron.) Perhaps, ſir, I have been too haſty. If you will conduct me to your houſe, I ſhall conſider it as an obligation, which I ſhall endeavour by my utmoſt induſtry to repay.

Larron. Ha! ha!—You ſay ſo?—Vell den I vill tink about it. (*Aſide.*) She poor, ſhe pretty, ſhe vorke—Mais elle eſt fiere comme une princeſſe—Vell, I vill have her—She be von fille dat know de vorld; it ſave ſo much trouble—She be von pauvre innocente, my glory vill be de greater. (*To* Julia.) You be good girl, and I vill take you—I vill inform you vat you ſay to my vife as ve go along.

Julia. How one raſh ſtep has involved me in a labyrinth of difficulties—I ſee no end to it; yet dare not tread back the way I've gone. (*To* Larron.) Very well, ſir.

Larron. Vell, you hold up your head—You not be ſo caſt down. Tenez—you carry dis bondel—you valk firſt—If you ſee un homme dat look like von officer des cuſtome, you run ſtraight forward till you come to de ſtile, and vait dere for me.

Julia. Excuſe me, ſir; I cannot conſent to be employed in any unfair tranſaction,

Larron. Vat you not ſmogel for me, petite ingrate?—Muſt I not ſmogel for you? Muſt I not run you upon my vife? Are you not von littel piece of contrabande vous même?—You ſee, my dear, you have to deal vid von bel eſprit—but prenez courage, I vill not be too hard vid you—A ça—you vill do ver vell by and by. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Sir William Wingrove's *Houſe.*

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Mr. Wingrove. How powerful is the influence of prejudice. My reaſon convinces me that there is no other juſt criterion for deciding upon the merits of men, but ſuch as grows out of their own perſonal good or ill properties. If it were true, that the qualities of the parent were tranſmitted to the progeny, then, indeed, it might be as neceſſary

ſary to eſtabliſh the genealogy of a man, as to aſcertain the pedigree of a horſe. But the properties of the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary deſcent, and own no ſort of obedience to their authority—How is it, then, that with this diſtinct light before me, I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices?—I feel them to be unjuſt; I know them to be abſurd: and yet, unjuſt and abſurd as they are, they influence my conduct in ſpite of me.—I love my ſiſter—I know her affections are engaged to Young Manly—I am ſatisfied he is worthy of her—Yet I am adverſe to the match, and conſpire with my father in throwing every obſtacle in the way of its completion, and in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford, a man void of feeling, ſentiment, or ſincerity—uniting in him every contradiction of depravity; cold, gay, oſtentatious, and intereſted—But he is a man of birth—Deſpicable diſtinction.

Enter O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. Oh, ſir, ſir;—my young maſter—the houſe is in an uproar, ſir, ſir.

Mr. Wingrove. Well, ſir, what's the matter?

O'Donnel. Oh! I don't know what's the matter, ſir: my young lady's the matter, ſir—We're all undone, ſir—She's gone, ſir—Nobody knows where, ſir.

Mr. Wingrove. My ſiſter gone! impoſſible—Degenerate Julia! Is it thus you reward the kind, the anxious zeal of your friends to place in a ſituation worthy the exhalted regard they entertained for you; to throw yourſelf away upon the mean pretenſions of a plebeian—But where is my father?——Let me fly to him with the news of this diſaſter. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir William, *with Servants.*

Sir. William. I'll not believe that ſhe is gone—gone!—What—my daugther eloped at midnight! Go all of you and ſearch again—I am certain ſhe is hid ſomewhere.

O'Donnel. Suppoſe your honour then was to order the canal and the fiſh-ponds to be ſarched, for I am ſartain if ſhe be hid, it muſt be at the bottom of one of them.

Sir William. Be dumb, horrible brute—Would you have me think—Did I ever give her cauſe—Was I not ever the fondeſt of parents?

O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. Sartainly, your honour meant it all for her good. But when a young lady finds nothing to pleſe her in this world, ſhe is apt ſometimes to take a peep into the other to try the difference.

Sir William. Begone I ſay—find her, or I'll diſcharge you all for your negligence in ſuffering her to eſcape. (*Exeunt* O'Donnel *and Servants.*) The conjectures of this blundering blockhead terrify me—I hope Julia has not in a fit of raſh perverſeneſs—Yet I think her piety—

Re-enter Mr. Wingrove.

Well, William, any news of your ſiſter,

Mr. Wingrove. No, ſir, no news—but of her diſhonour, diſgraceful girl!

Sir William. O'Donnel alarms me exceedingly—he thinks that in a phrenzy of diſappointed paſſion ſhe has—

Mr. Wingrove. No, my dear ſir, Julia is not ſo weary of life—The porter tells me he found all the doors leading to the road unbarr'd this morning. Wou'd I cou'd diſcover whether ſhe had a componion in her flight—If ſhe be not recovered ſpeedily the diſgrace will be indelible—Lord Dartford will be here ſoon. What ſhall we ſay to him? Oh! ſhameleſs Julia.

Sir William. Forbear, my ſon—theſe violent tranſports diſtreſs me even more than your ſiſter's flight—Conſider that it is thro' you the pure blood of our family muſt deſcend to poſterity—that thro' you the name of Wingrove muſt be tranſmitted to ages as diſtant and unknown as thoſe from whence it ſprung. Reflect a little, my ſon, bring reaſon to your aid, and conſider how trifling and inſignificant are the misfortunes of your ſiſter, compar'd to objects ſo important, and ſo ſacred as theſe—Be calm then, William.

Mr. Wingrove. I will endeavour it, ſir.

Sir William. If you were to go to Miſs Herbert's, her acquaintance is ſo extenſive, you perhaps may obtain ſome information of Julia there—Go, go, my ſon.

Mr. Wingrove. I obey you, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. Lord Dartford, your honour.

Sir William. He has not been inform'd of my daughter's abſence?

O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. No, your honour; not a ſyllable has been ſpoken to him ſince he entered the houſe.

Sir William. Where is he now?

O'Donnel. In the ſaloon, ſir, in arneſt diſcourſe with your honour's chaplain.

Sir William. Blockhead!—I'll go to him then. [*Exit.*

O'Donnel. Oh! 'tis a pretty blundering piece of buſineſs fait.—Devil burn me, but if I didn't tink how it wou'd end. There's nothing ſo ſure to make a young lady run away, as keeping her faſt by the heels—O if I had a wife that I wanted to get rid of, fait, I wou'd keep her ſafe under lock and key. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Miſs* Herbert's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Herbert, *and Mrs.* Rachel Cleveland.

Miſs Herbert. Miſs Wingrove elop'd, aunt? Heaven grant it may be true! and that thoſe to whom ſhe has fled for refuge may be ſenſible of her merit— tho' I think I can gueſs the perſon.

Mrs. Rachel. I have heard it ſuppoſed that young Mr. Manly had a place in her affections—if he is the protector ſhe has made choice of, I fear the lady's character, and the young man's life are in equal danger.

Miſs Herbert. The adventure wears a much leſs formidable aſpect to me, I confeſs, provided ſhe eſcapes her father's purſuit—Oh how I ſhall enjoy the vexation of Sir William and his ſon, at finding all the views of their perſecuting ambition thus happily diſappointed.

Mrs. Rachel. Nay, Harriet, now I think you do not ſpeak with your uſual ſincerity—Mr. Wingrove, I am perſuaded, is not indifferent to you.

Miſs Herbert. Dear aunt, you are partly right, and partly wrong; Mr. Wingrove has, I acknowledge, touch'd my heart a little, but the contagion has not yet made its way to my head—for tho' the little god may have thrown away upon me, an idle arrow, or ſo, he has kept his bandage as an embelliſhment to his own perſon: I can ſee the failings of my ſwain as well as another.

Mrs. Rachel. You're a mad girl.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mr. Wingrove, madam.

Miſs Herbert. Deſire him to walk up.

[*Exit* Servant.

Now I muſt teaze him a little—do not oppoſe me, my dear aunt. I've a mind to make him believe, that his ſiſter is under my protection—this will ſerve her, by ſtopping further purſuit for a while, and at the ſame time put him into a moſt entertaining rage with me.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

But dear madam, have you been kind enough to ſee that every avenue to the eaſt wing of the houſe is ſecur'd? has good care been taken that the poſtern gate at the lower end of the weſtern parterre is properly faſten'd?—Are the man traps all ready for ſnapping? Are the ſpikes new ſharpen'd on the ſouth wall?—Have orders been given that if any of the inquiſitive family of the Wingroves—Oh! Mr. Wingrove! —you come upon one ſo ſuddenly—but, I am overjoyed to ſee you, ſir.

Mr. Wingrove. I am bound in politeneſs, madam, to return the compliment; yet after what I heard at my entrance, there would perhaps have been no great offence to truth, if the joy had been ſuppreſs'd on both ſides.

Miſs Herbert. You do well, ſir, not to expreſs more than you feel.

Mr. Wingrove. If I did, madam, it appears I ſhou'd not want a precedent for my juſtification.

Miſs Herbert. But why, Mr. Wingrove, if, as you are conſtantly telling one, I uſe you ſo very, very ill, why will you throw yourſelf perpetually in my way?—I don't recollect that I ſent for you—Did I, aunt? Did any body go to deſire dear Mr. Wingrove to come to us?—I forget, I vow. —And yet perhaps I might—for I know it does him a world of good, poor dear man!—He is fond of primitive times, and, like all your good people of thoſe days, loves to throw himſelf in the way of a little wholeſome perſecution—But now, ſir, anſwer me this, you unjuſt—you ungrateful man, you—Did I ever diſappoint you whenever you came here for a little healthful mortification in a morning?—Was I ever the perſon to ſend you away without your

your errand?—No, ſir, with all your malice, I defy you to lay that to my charge.

Mr. Wingrove. Madam, I have many obligations, to be ſure, to the gentleneſs of your nature; but I entreat you not to add one more to the many kindneſſes I owe to it, that of driving me to diſtraction—will you have the goodneſs to anſwer me, madam—Is not my ſiſter here?

Miſs Herbert. Bleſs me, ſir, and ſuppoſe ſhe is—But it is all of a piece—You ſet out with informing me you are very ſorry to ſee me, and now you would forbid me all intercourſe with the only part of your family I have any deſire to be acquainted with.

Mr. Wingrove. Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant, not to play with my anxiety—ſuſpend a while the triumphs of your ſarcaſm; you cannot miſunderſtand the agitations of my heart at this moment—you know the cauſe of them—If you have given my ſiſter any aſylum——

Miſs Herbert. Then, ſir, with equal ſolemnity, I deſire you to believe, that if I have given your ſiſter the ſhelter you imagine, I ſhall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; beſides, ſir, were your ſiſter aſſured ſhe ſhould be ſecure from the odious danger that threatens he from a man ſhe deteſts, ſhe would, I am convinced, be happy to throw herſelf at her father's feet, and on that condition——

Mr. Wingrove. It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our houſe are committed—ſhall all be ſacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a diſobedient girl?

Miſs Herbert. Give me leave, ſir, to tell you, that you ſeem to me to miſtake this honour for which you declaim ſo warmly; honour holds no ſociety with injuſtice.

Mr. Wingrove. Injuſtice! madam!

Miſs Herbert. Yes, ſir, there can be no injuſtice equal to that of compelling a woman to ſo ſacred a connection as a married union againſt the known and ſettled preference of her heart. It is, beſides, ſir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himſelf.

Mr. Wingrove. Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her averſion, and has ſpirit enough to diſregard it.

Miſs Herbert. Does he, ſir; then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due defference to his ſpirit, but he merits it—

it—But in the mean time, Mr Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earlieſt opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude for this new philoſophy you have been kind enough to teach us. You are the firſt lover, I believe, that ever told his miſtreſs to her face, that a union of the affections was a ſuperfluous ingredient in the compoſition of matrimony—You made the diſcovery, ſir.—You will leave it to me, to make the proper uſe of it.

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other uſe of what I ſay, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to uſe the only privilege which I think you will not deny me, that of making a ſpeedy departure. I have long deſpaired of exciting any ſympathy in you towards myſelf; yet the diſtreſſes of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at leaſt, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity. [*Exit.*

Miſs Hebrert. Haughty to the laſt—Well, thank heaven, this interview is over. Julia, I have fought hard for you.

Mrs. Rachael. Indeed, my dear niece, you carry matters too far; you will certainly loſe Mr. Wingrove ſome of theſe days, if you perſevere in your preſent treatment of him.

Miſs Herbert. No, my dear madam—certainly no—The ſymptoms of love vary with the difference of conſtitution, and in a lively nature there is no ſurer proof of it, than a little playful malignity—and that the man ought to have ſenſe enough to underſtand; or, wanting that, I am ſure he has too little to entitle him to become the lord and maſter of a young woman of my ſpirit and pretenſions.

Mrs. Rachel. Aye, but have a care, Harriet.

Miſs Herbert. Well, madam, I'll do my beſt—but, indeed, if I cannot laugh and teaze him out of ſome of his faults, we ſhall make a miſerable couple. I can be a willing ſlave to a gentle maſter, but I ſhould prove a moſt rebellious ſubject to a tyrant, I am certain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Mr. Manly's.

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. Heigho! What is't o'clock—I wonder? My head aches horribly—perhaps a little tea timely adminiſtered will ſet all to rights; we'll try——

Enter William.

William, how came I to have no better accommodation than the ſopha laſt night?—I ſuppoſe I was a little gone, but you might have put me to bed, ſirrah.

William. Sir, you know I was'nt at home, you employed me elſewhere.

Young Manly. Elſewhere? Hang me if I remember—why, how did I employ you?

William. You know, ſir, when I called upon you at the Star Inn, you ſent me to hire a little veſſel to carry you and Miſs Wingrove to France.

Young Manly. Miſs Wingrove and me to France! peace, you prophane raſcal.

William. Dear, ſir, I wonder you ſhould forget—You know you was almoſt beſide yourſelf for joy yeſterday, and told me that Miſs had conſented to be your's, and that you ſhould marry her in France firſt, for fear of accidents, and then you bid me hire a good tight veſſel, and to tell the maſter, that if he would bring to, in the weſt creek, and put to ſea directly upon your getting on board, you wou'd give him a hundred guineas as ſoon as he had landed you upon the coaſt of France.

Young Manly. Eh!—how?—Miſs Wingrove!—Coaſt of France.

William. But it growing day-light, and the captain getting ſulky, thinking as I had made a fool of him, I made the beſt of my way home to ſee what was the matter, and now it's all the talk this morning that Miſs Wingrove is run away.

Young Manly. What's that? Julia left her father's!—And where is ſhe? Tell me this inſtant.

William. Dear heart ſir! why how ſhould I know! I thought ſhe had been with you.

Young Manly. This is moſt unintelligible—William, are you ſure I am awake now? Don't laugh, you raſcal—Speak, fool, are you certain I am awake I ſay—I believe I had better convince myſelf by beating the fellow handſomely, what ſay you, ſir?

William. Why, ſir, only—that if it be the ſame thing to your honour, I would as lieve you would be ſo good as try ſome other experiment.

Young Manly. Heavens! what a confuſion of horrors breaks in upon my mind—My Julia fled, and I not the partner of her flight!—Oh! I dare not ſpeak my apprehenſions even to myſelf!—If they are true, I am undone—Wretch that I am, were that all, it would be a trifle; but, Julia, my life, my ſoul, my love, I have ruined thee. I feel it all come ruſhing o'er my mind: yet ſtill it has the wildneſs of a dream—I recollect ſomething of a fair creature weeping and entreating me to let her go—Was it poſſible, that in any ſtate I could let her ſue in vain?

William. I hope, ſir, you'll forgive me for being ſo bold, but I am afraid Miſs and you have had ſome difference.

Young Manly. What's that to you, ſir?—Contemptible villian that I am, I bluſh that my own ſervant ſhould gueſs at my conduct—Yet ſhe has eſcaped Lord Dartford—How know I what ſhe has eſcaped, or what endured? Thoſe heavenly charms of hers may have expoſed her to worſe than robbery! Yet ſurely her melodious tongue would ſubdue a tyger!—Did it ſoften thee, thou more obdurate far than any other of thy kindred ſavages in the foreſt?—And yet 'tis hard—'Twas to her own dear health I ſacrificed my reaſon—Oh! Julia,—if I had lov'd thee leſs, I had not deſerved to have loſt thee—Perhaps William might get ſome intelligence—I cannot let him know how I have acted—Selfiſh wretch, doſt thou ſtart at ſhame?—May he not bring word were ſhe has taken refuge—Poſſibly I can ſerve her—Not for myſelf—I renounce all hope—Yet if I can but ſerve her—William.

William. Sir.

Young Manly. I have behaved like a ſcoundrel, William—worſe than a brute. I went to meet Miſs Wingrove, and you find how I qualified myſelf to be her protector.—Where

Where ſhe is, I know not—Go, inquire, good William—and be ſpeedy—Go to her father's—every where—and bring me word before I'm quite diſtracted—Stay, I'll go too—we'll divide, and meet at the poſt-houſe an hour hence.

William. Sir, you're ſo much flurried, you had better ſtay here till I come back.

Young Manly. Don't talk, ſir—And do you hear?—Take care you don't get drunk, ſir—I know your failing, raſcal; but when matters of importance are in agitation, none—no, none but a ſcoundrel like myſelf would degrade his nature by baſely unfitting it for all the functions which render it either uſeful or reſpectable. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Larron's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Larron *and* Julia.

Mrs. Larron.

SO, my pretty young madam, I have found you out, have I. But I gueſſed how it was from the firſt, huſſey.

Julia. Is there any thing I can ſay that will convince you?

Mrs. Larron. Why no, to be ſure there an't—Don't you think as all you ſays muſt go for nothing, after all that fine maſquerading ſtory trumped up between my huſband and you? He ſaid you was juſt com'd out of a nunnery. What ſort of a nunnery was it, I wonder?

Julia. Good madam, let me prevail on you to liſten to my unhappy ſtory.

Mrs. Larron. Well, child, you may go on, I hears you.

Julia.

Julia. Your huſband found me this morning, deprived (by a moſt unlooked-for accident) of friends, of home, of every thing.

Mrs. Larron. You muſt be a good un by that—Well, let's hear—go on, child.

Julia. I made him acquainted with my diſtreſs, and he agreed to afford me ſhelter, till I could form ſome plan adapted to my melancholy ſituation.

Mrs. Larron. And ſo you'd have me believe, as you and my huſband know'd nothing of one another before this morning?—Hey?

Julia. I can ſolemnly aſſure you, that this morning was the firſt of our acquaintance.

Mrs. Larron. Well, have a care that you doesn't equivikit now—If I finds you equivikiting, you ſhall dearly repent it, I promiſe you—And ſo you ſays as you wants work—Why, If I thought you would behave yourſelf as you ſhould do, may be I'd find you a friend myſelf, that wou'dn't require much of you; and I ſuppoſe you don't care how little you does—But I ſhould like to know how you loſt your laſt friend.

Julia. Let me entreat you, madam, to ſpare me upon that point.

Mrs. Larron. Aye, you none of you likes to tell—I ſuppoſe it wa'n't for no good as he turn'd you off. (Julia *turns aſide and weeps.*)—What a poor little wimpering thing it is—I wonders where ſhe can have been, as I have never ſeen her afore—If I can get her off to old 'Squire Manly, who is a little like my huſband for goodneſs, it will be putting her out of Larron's way, and be ſomething into my pocket—Well, well, adone crying, do—I ſuppoſe you're not ſo dilliket as to object to a middle-aged gentleman.

Julia. Has he any family, madam?

Mrs. Larron. Oh, yes—he's a ſon and a daughter, and a wife into the bargain—but you know that's no hobſticle to the likes of you.

Julia. Quite the contrary, madam; I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Larron. Well, that's as much as ever I hard. But that's none of my buſineſs.

Julia.

Julia. Is the gentleman an embroiderer, madam, or what?

Mrs. Larron. Embroiderer?—No—the gentleman's a gentleman.

Julia. Then, madam, I ſhould prefer going into a family where I might be uſeful, rather than to become an idle dependent on any one.

Mrs. Larron. What the deuce is in the wind now, I wonders? Well, the gentleman is an embroiderer; ſo let's have no more of your hums and haws, but get up to your own room, and be ſure you doesn't ſtir till I calls you. (*Exit* Julia.)—If I can tell what to make of her, ſhe's ſo full of her fine words, and things—As I lives, there's the old 'Squire going by; I'll bring him back—Mr. Manly, Mr. Manly—It's a pity he's ſo old; for he has faults enow to make him agreeable to any woman.——

Enter Old Mr. Manly.

So you forgets your old acquaintance, ſir; I warn't worth thinking on; you goes by the door, without ever axing how one does.

Old Manly. What, do you think I ever can forget my durable bloſſom of five-and-forty?

Mrs. Larron. Forty! Lord, ſir, why you reckons every body's years by your own lady's—I ſhan't be the age you mention theſe five years.

Old Manly. You mean you hav'n't been the age I mention theſe five years—The regiſter can add nothing to the evidence of your face—which proclaims fifty as ſtrongly as if it were in black and white in the pariſh books.

Mrs. Larron. Ah! you're a merry man. No wonder madam is ſo jealous of you.

Old Manly. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Larron, I never thought of roving till ſhe put it in my head, by her doubts of my conſtancy.

Mrs. Larron. Why, ſir, contradiction's as natural to gentlemen as to ladies, for any thing as I ſees—Now there is up ſtairs——

Old Manly. What, what is there up ſtairs?

Mrs. Larron. As pretty a young creter as ever you ſet eyes on.

Old Manly. Let me go and look at her directly.

Mrs. Larron. Nay, but ſtay—She's as full of freaks as ſhe can hold. I hardly knows how to deal with her—She ſays ſhe wants to work at embroidering—But that's all a pretence—Howſoever, I muſt tell her at firſt you wants to employ her that way.—I'll bring her down in a minute. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Hang her—I wiſh ſhe had not call'd me in. I begin to be too old for theſe follies, I have half a mind to be off—But when a man has continued a bad practice for a length of time, it almoſt coſts him as much ſhame to make good a reformation, as it did at firſt to venture on the tranſgreſſion—But I hear a lighter foot on the ſtaircaſe than Dame Larron's; and ſo for the preſent, good-bye, morality—We'll call upon you another time.

Enter Miſs Julia Wingrove *and* Mrs. Larron.

Old Manly. By all that's lovely, an angel! *(ſtarts)* Miſs Wingrove.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Old Manly. Madam, you muſt think it very odd—very ſtrange, I ſay, and very odd—to ſee me here upon ſuch an occaſion—Appearances, I confeſs, make againſt me.—Yet upon a proper explanation, madam, I don't fear being able to ſet all to rights.

Julia. Sir, to ſee you here, was what indeed I did not expect—By ſome means, I find the place of my concealment is diſcovered—But, ſir, though I cannot deem it otherwiſe than amiable in you, to attempt ſome apology for the conduct of your ſon, yet I muſt tell you in the anguiſh of my heart, that I would ſooner become the wife of the man I once moſt abhorred, than unite myſelf to him, or even liſten to the ſmalleſt palliation of his perfidy—And now, ſir, excuſe my abrupt departure. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Why, Mrs. Larron, are we awake here?—Is there nothing of enchantment in all this? Egad, I hope it's no trick of your's, miſtreſs.

Mrs. Larron. Trick?—Deuce take me if I knows of any; I hav'nt been able to find what you and ſhe meant, for my part.

Old Manly. As to what ſhe meant, that does not appear ſo difficult to unravel—How ſhe came here is what puzzles me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Larron. Why, my huſband brought her—He found her like a ſtray'd ſheep, and ſo ſeiz'd her for his own.

Old Manly. Your huſband muſt be a courageous ſort of a man, I think, to ſteal a young lady of her pretenſions—And you're a pretty gentlewoman, to come and draw a man in to make a fool of himſelf—Here did I expect to find a pretty little good-humoured, good-natur'd, inſignificant ſort of a good-for-nothing play-thing; when, inſtead of that, I am expoſed to encounter the reproachful glances of Miſs Julia Wingrove.

Mrs. Larron. Miſs Wingrove! My ſtars! Why is ſhe the runaway lady that all the country's up in arms about? *(Aſide.)*—I am glad to hear this—Well, ſir, I'm a little in a hurry, and ſo I knows you'll excuſe me.

Old Manly, Oh, with all my ſoul—I can find excuſes enow for going away. The only difficulty is, how to diſcover an apology for coming in. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Larron. Well, ſure ſome luck'll come of this at laſt. Who'd have thought ſhe'd been ſuch a proud man's daughter, ſo as ſhe be-humbled herſelf to me—I hope ſhe ha'n't giv'n me the ſlip, though.—If ſhe is fairly out of the houſe, I dares not follow her. But I warrant ſhe's gone back to the room—She's too genteel to have ſenſe enough to take care of herſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Manly's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. *and* Miſs Manly.

Mrs. Manly. Surely, Emma, it was very indiſcreet to give Mr. Welford permiſſion to wait on you, at a time when your brother and he are at variance.

Miſs Manly. Well, madam, let him be refuſed admittance. I find every caprice of Henry's is to be complied with, however it may interfere with any proſpects of mine. But I dare ſay he will have the goodneſs to repay your tenderneſs with his uſual gratitude; for, if I miſtake not, there is ſome new adventure in agitation.

Mrs. Manly. Don't ſpeak with ſo much aſperity of your brother, Emma: if I ſeem to feel a particular intereſt about

him, it is not that I entertain a greater affection for Henry than I do for you. But where a young man's imprudencies are conſtantly expoſing him to danger, there the anxiety of common humanity is added to the apprehenſion of motherly affection; ſo that it is only the ſame regard more powerfully awakened, and pity taking part with duty.—But what makes you imagine that he is at preſent engaged in ſome new adventure?

Miſs Manly. Indeed, my dear madam, I am ſorry I ſpoke ſo harſhly, but my reaſon for apprehending that he has ſome wild ſcheme on foot, is, that yeſterday evening his ſervant told my maid, that his maſter would ſoon be a happy man. William ſtaid out all night; and this morning they went abroad with a ſort of myſtery together, when William told my woman, that his young maſter had, according to cuſtom, been cutting out vexation for himſelf.

Mrs. Manly. Never, ſure, had any woman ſo much to diſturb her peace as I have! What, with Harry's imprudence, and Mr. Manly's neglect of me, it is a miracle how I ſupport it.

Miſs Manly. Dear madam, your own apprehenſions create all your affliction in that quarter. Indeed, I have heard my father ſay as much.

Mrs. Manly. What, could not he be ſatisfied with diſregarding me himſelf, but he muſt endeavour to prejudice your mind againſt me?

Miſs Manly. Oh, you miſtake my father's meaning entirely, madam. He was only lamenting your want of confidence in him, and ſaying, that had he never been cauſeleſſly ſuſpected, he ſhould never have given you cauſe of ſuſpicion.

Mrs. Manly. So then, he owns he has wronged me? He confeſſes his infidelity, and makes no ſcruple of avowing it to you, too. This is beyond even what I ever ſuppoſed. I did, indeed, think there was a little inconſtancy in his nature. I confeſs I had ſome ſlight ſuſpicions of that ſort. Now I find I am juſtified in all my conjectures.—Oh, Mr. Manly, you have much to anſwer for on my account.

Miſs Manly. I hope not, my dear mother—I am ſure he always ſpeaks of you with great tenderneſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Manly. Does he, my dear Emma? Well, and what does he ſay?

Miſs Manly. I have heard him ſay, madam, that could you but confide in him, you would be one of the happieſt couples in the world.

Mrs. Manly. And did he, indeed, my dear girl, ſay this? Don't you flatter me now, my child?

Miſs Manly. Be aſſur'd, madam, that he ſaid every ſyllable I have related to you.

Mrs. Manly. How could I ever make him uneaſy!—

Enter Old Manly.

Old Manly. Mrs. Manly, my dear—Emma my child, have you heard———

Miſs Manly. Oh, yes, ſir, that Miſs Wingrove has left her father's, and my mother is alarm'd left my brother—

Old Manly. No, no, my dear, I can eaſe you of your apprehenſions reſpecting Henry: Miſs Wingrove is not with him, I can aſſure you.

Mrs. Manly. How do you know that, my dear Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why I ſaw her about an hour ago.

Mrs. Manly. You ſaw Miſs Wingrove! You ſurprize me! Where?

Old Manly. At Mr. Larron's.

Mrs. Manly. And pray, Mr. Manly, what buſineſs carried you there?

Old Manly. No 'twas not at Mr. Larron's neither—yes, now I recollect, it was there too.

Mrs. Manly. 'Tis very ſtrange, Mr. Manly, that you ſhould be at ſuch a loſs to know where it was you ſaw her.

Old Manly. Why, I remember now very well it was at Mrs. Larron's. I happened to be there, and ſhe came in—Pſha!—how I blunder—I mean ſhe went in there and———

Mrs. Manly. You followed her—yes, I begin to gueſs how it was.

Old Manly. This is ever the way! Perpetually croſs examin'd, and contradicted.

Mrs. Manly. It is you that contradict yourſelf, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why, will you give me leave to tell my own ſtory my own way?

Mrs. Manly. Another time, ſir, it will be better policy to determine what way you chooſe to tell your ſtories before you begin to relate them: you will be leſs perplexed —leſs puzzled with the variety of your inventions—But pray let us hear the ſequel.

Old Manly. Nay you may gueſs the remainder; if you will not liſten to the beginning of my ſtory, I'll be curs'd if you ſhall hear the concluſion of it. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Manly. Oh! Emma, child, what a life is mine, juſt to be relieved from one apprehenſion by being plung'd into another—Who could have believ'd your father would ſo forget himſelf as to ſeduce————

Miſs Manly. Dear madam, 'tis impoſſible your fears ſhou'd be true—If you will give me leave I'll follow my father—I dare ſay he will acquaint me with the whole affair.

Mrs. Manly. Go, my dear Emma, go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Inn.*

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. No tidings to be gain'd of my Julia—Where can ſhe be? Wandering perhaps—perhaps—ch! I dare not truſt myſelf with the ſuggeſtions of my own thoughts!—How ſhall I avoid them?—oh! Manly! thou wert to have met a trembling angel kindly ready to have thrown herſelf into thy arms for ever—and————

Enter William.

Will, what news? does ſhe live? where is ſhe? is ſhe married?

William. Sir, I hope at laſt to bring ſome comfort.

Young Manly. Honeſt William! —well, your news, my good friend.

William. About half an hour ago I began to be quite out of hope, but thinks I, I'll not return to maſter till I've got ſome account to carry him, come on't what will.

Young Manly. That's a good fellow—well.

William.

William. And ſo I went from barbers to barbers, and from bakers to bakers, and from inn to inn, and from alehouſe to alehouſe.

Young Manly. Are you ſure you hav'n't been drinking, Will? If you have, you know it's what I've ſworn never to forgive.

William. Lord, ſir, drinking;—No, ſir, no more than in a reaſonable way—not to diſguiſe myſelf, an like your honour.

Young Manly. Tell me of my Julia, you blockhead.

William. Why your honour's ſo touchy you ſee; if you'd ha' been pleas'd to have hear'd me——

Young Manly. Well, well, that's a good Will—go on—go on.

William. Well, pray ſir, be pacified—Well, and ſo, ſir, as I was ſitting at the Fox and Gridiron, in Weſt-lane, who ſhould come in promiſ-cuouſly, but Larron the ſmuggler, as conceited as you pleaſe—ſo I never much cared for having any talk with the fellow, being as he's a foreigner and a great rogue. However, thinks I, all your French folk have woundy long tongues, and if he knows any thing, fifty to one but he pops it out.

Young Manly. Pſha! Curſe your tedious introductions.

William. So ſays I—Mr. Larron, have you heard what a ſtir there is in our village—ſuch a to do.——

Young Manly. Piſh—go on—I ſay—go on.

William. There—there's a young lady loſt, ſays I—"*Wee,*" ſays he, and there be one young ladie found too.

Young Manly. What's that!—go on, good William.

William. What, ſays I, have you had the luck to find her then? ſays I. "*Wee,*" ſays he again, ſpluttering out a French oath, and ſhe have the luck to find me as well—oh ho, ſays I, you'd make me believe that ſhe ran away for your ſake, wou'd you?—Make a believe! ſays he, ſhe not be the firſt young ladi that run away for my ſake—Young ladies have droll fancies then, ſays I.—But mayhap ſhe may'nt be the ſame that all the rout is about—ſhe that I mean is a raw-boned gawky girl, pretty round ſhoulder'd—(juſt to ſift him, you ſee, ſir) Round ſhoulder! ſays he; round ſhoulder!—More blue!—She von model—ſhe von Venus—ſo then I knew we were right,

for I've heard your honour ſay Miſs was as like Venus as two peaſe.

Young Manly. Will, you have conducted the whole affair like a complete orator, and profound politician.

William. Very like, ſir;—but had'nt we better go after Miſs, for fear of her father's getting her back again?

Young Manly. Certainly—yet now that my fears for her ſafety are ſomewhat abated, the recollection of my offence places itſelf between us as an inſurmountable obſtacle to our ever meeting again.

William. Lord! ſir, why to my thinking you had better go and aſk her pardon, and then there'll be an end on't.

Young Manly. Never—I can never think of aſking her to pardon me.

William. Why, dear ſir, how hard hearted you are.

Young Manly. *(Speaking to himſelf without regarding the preſence of his Servant.)* I have given her ſuch cauſe of reſentment, that it wou'd be an affront to her juſtice, as well as her delicacy, even to ſupplicate forgiveneſs.

William. Aye, aye, ſee what good'll come of theſe megrims.

Young Manly. Any common penitent may look with a rational confidence for pardon, but he who has ſinned againſt the ſanctity of beauty, and the religion of a ſworn and plighted affection, cannot, ought not, to expect forgiveneſs.——

William. Nay ſure, ſir, do liſten to a ——

Young Manly. But come—Tho' I muſt now for ever forego the dear hope of calling Julia mine, yet if ſhe will but ſuffer me to poſſeſs the ſoothing reflection of having reſcued her from the perſecutions of her family, I will bear my loſs without a murmur, and reſign my future days to patient ſuffering and unavailing regret—Follow me, ſirrah. [*Exit.*

William. Certainly, ſir—how difficult it is to make two people think alike in this world—I cannot bring myſelf to be of my maſter's mind for the ſoul of me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Mr. Welford.

Wel. What an unlucky fellow thou art, Welford—Here have I by my Emma's order been wandering this hour in purſuit of Manly—One wou'd think that he knew my intentions, and had hid himſelf to avoid me—Ha! who can this be who's looks betray ſo much agitation and diſtreſs? The grief muſt be of magnitude indeed that thus preſents itſelf to the licentious comment of every unfeeling paſſenger—What can be the cauſe that has reduced lovelineſs like this to ſo cruel an affliction? [*Retires.*

Enter Julia.

Julia. Whither ſhall I fly?—What refuge is there left me—injur'd—inſulted—purſued—perſecuted every way—what more could vice itſelf endure? and what indeed have I not ſuſtained of its torments, ſaving only the pang of conſciouſneſs? Yet that's ſomething—Whither ſhall I now direct my trembling feet? Where, where hope to meet a friend?

Wel. That friend is made, madam, if he's happy enough to be accepted—Pardon me for thus intruding on your griefs, and only rejoice me by ſaying in what way I can be acceſſary to your ſervice.

Julia. May I believe you, ſir?—I have of late been ſo much the ſport of cruelty, that I dare hardly think any one ſincere that approaches me with the voice of kindneſs—Yet your countenance indicates compaſſion.

Wel. It would be falſe to my nature, madam, if it indicated any thing leſs on the preſent occaſion. But madam, you talked of being purſued—if ſo—Permit me for the preſent to conduct you to my houſe—I have ſome female ralations there, with whom a temporary reſidence can reflect no diſgrace to your reputation—May I, madam, be favour'd by your compliance?

Julia. My tears muſt thank you, ſir—I have no words to do it.

Wel. This way if you pleaſe, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Larron's *Houſe.*

Enter Mr. Larron *and* Young Manly.

Larron. Sir, vat you vant? Pardie vat you make noiſe in my houſe—de houſe in England you call de chateau, de caſtel—vat you mean, you beſiege my caſtel, ſir?—Vat you vant, hey?

Young Manly. Want!—muſt I repeat it to you a hundred times, you blockhead? I want Miſs Wingrove—where is ſhe? Miſs Wingrove, ſir, Miſs Wingrove; is the fellow dumb? Produce Miſs Wingrove—Produce the young lady you brought home this morning—let me ſee her inſtantly.

Larron. De young ladi, qui m'acompagnoit ce matin, vat right have you to make queſtion of me, ſir? I know noting of de young ladi—I no lock de ladi up, Monſieur—You ſay ſhe Miſs Wingrove. If Miſs Wingrove ſhoſe rader to come to my houſe den go to her fader's ce n'eſt pas ma faute; if ſhe take into her head to go away again, ce n'eſt pas ma faute neider.

Young Manly. I would adviſe you, ſir, not to be altogether ſo indifferent upon this occaſion—You may not perhaps be aware that I poſſeſs a moſt excellent remedy for a certain complaint, called in your country *ſang froid*—and if your ſymptoms ſhould continue ſo very alarming, I fancy I ſhall feel myſelf under the neceſſity of applying it.

[*Shewing his cane.*

Larron. Monſieur! you not take a me right my deficience of de langue Angloiſe muſt, s'il vous plait, be mon excuſe—Veritablement, I not know vere de young ladi be, more den yourſelf, ſir. Vous plait il you pleaſe make demande of my vife.

Enter Mrs. Larron.

Monſieur, elle aura peutetre ſo much complaiſance for you to inform of de cauſe of de ladi's departure, but pour moi, ſhe vil not have de condeſcenſion de m'inſtruire pas une ſeul ſyllabe.

Young Manly. Well, Mrs. Larron, you hear I am referred to you, will you favour me with ſome account of Miſs Wingrove?

Mrs. Larron. Dear heart a day—Here's a racket and a fuſs indeed! I wiſhes ſhe'd been fur enough before ſhe ſet her foot within my doors, I knows.

Young Manly. Nay but, Mrs. Larron, I muſt know immediately where ſhe is.

Mrs. Larron. Muſt you, ſir?—Why then you muſt know more than I can tell you—Your father came to viſit her.

Young Manly. My father!

Mrs. Larron. Yes, ſir—and ſo ſhe went away—that's all I knows.

Young Manly. Did ſhe go with him?

Mrs. Larron. Why yes, ſir—I ſuppoſe ſo—Lord! you axes one ſo many queſtions.

Young Manly. My dear Mrs. Larron, why wou'dn't you make me happy ſooner, by ſaying ſo at once.

Mrs. Larron. Lord one ſhould have a fine life on't indeed, if one was to do nothing but make every body happy.

Young Manly. Your œconomy in that reſpect, madam, is at leaſt good natured to your viſitors; and as I have no inclination to diſturb ſo laudable a cruelty, I will wiſh you a good morning. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Larron. And a good riddance of you then, if you goes to that. This comes all along with you, Larron; I'm ſure I may ſay it's a judgement upon you for thinking to ſerve me ſo.

Larron. It be von judgement done upon ma follie to keep in de houſe von termagante like yourſelf—De young ladi like ver vell to come to my houſe—She beg, ſhe pray to come—I bring her to you—I leave her vid you—Vat ſhe do den? Ma foi, ſhe run away directment.

Mrs. Larron. Was it ſo indeed? And ſo I was in madam's way, was I? Oh this is pretty uſage indeed! to me who have been the making of you.

Larron. You not hold your tongue, begar, I tourne you out of doors, toute de ſuite.

Mrs. Larron. You turn me out of doors, Larron? I dares you to do it—You knows as I knows enough to hang you if I pleaſes—You forgets who broke open———

Larron. Vat you keep quarrel, quarrel for? You know I not like de quarrel—You and I be good friend—A ça—Give me your hand—pardie—I vill ſet all right—I vil make you my vife.

Mrs. Larron. Will you? But I am grown a little too wiſe for that now; I ſees your aim well enough, you only wants to get clear of my evidence, and to have the law of your ſide, for uſing me ill—No, no, Lewis, I am not ſuch a fool as you thinks me.

Larron. Vill any ting pleaſe you? You juſte now complain——

Mrs. Larron. Aye, now d'ye ſee, I will keep my freedom as ſecurity for your good behaviour—You are in my power now, and ſo I will keep you——I knows you have no love for me, but I will make you fear me.

Larron. Eh bien, my dear, we underſtand von anoder now—you now be ma maitreſſe en toute choſes, et pour toujours.

Mrs. Larron. What's that you are jabbering?

Larron. I ſay, my dear, dat you are ſo convince me of your great diſcretion, dat you now be my miſtreſs in all tings, and for ever.

Mrs. Larron. Oh! why that's very well—come in to dinner, then, like a good creter as you are; and never, my dear Lewis, never, never forget, that it is in my power to hang you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Miſs Herbert's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Herbert *and* Lord Dartford.

Miſs Herbert.

I AM happy to ſee your lordſhip—I hope you bring good tidings of Miſs Wingrove.

Lord Dartford. Indeed, my dear madam, you flatter yourſelf and me. I was ſent here, in purſuit of good tidings, or of any tidings—for after the moſt prodigal expence of bodily fatigue, we are juſt as much in the dark as ever.

Miſs Herbert. What, no intelligence?

Lord Dartford. None—none—I have juſt left her fantaſtic father, and her imperious brother, almoſt as anxiouſly on the hunt for this modern relation, as if they were perſecuting an old parchment, to bring forth a lurking morſel of ancient kindred in the reign of king Lud, or queen Boadicea. It is very unaccountable.

Miſs Herbert. Unaccountable indeed!

Lord Dartford. I mean every way unaccountable—the motives that could have led to her eſcape, as well as the ſucceſs with which ſhe has accompliſhed it. Women are not apt to miſunderſtand their happineſs in theſe matters—I cannot lay that to their charge, poſitively.

Miſs Herbert. (Aſide.) Coxcomb!—a thought occurs to me, by which if I ſucceed I ſhall be better enabled to reconcile matters with my haughty lover, and reſcue Julia from her embarraſſments, ſhould ſhe be diſcovered—I'll make him believe I have a fancy for him myſelf.—*(To* Lord Dartford.) Indeed, my lord, as your lordſhip very juſtly obſerves, women are but ſeldom guilty of ſuch extravagant inattention to their own intereſts—giddy girl—what would ſhe have aſpired to?—ſuch rank—ſuch accompliſhments!

Lord

Lord Dartford. Yes—and ſuch a rooted—ſuch a diſintereſted, ſuch an inviolable attachment!

Miſs Herbert. To be ſure, my lord.—Obdurate Julia! Where were your eyes? Where was your ſenſibility? Where had you miſlaid your underſtanding?

Lord Dartford. Very true! Where indeed? I that lived but for her.

Miſs Herbert. That an affection ſo ardent—a conſtancy ſo noble, ſhould receive ſo ill a return—unkind Miſs Wingrove. [*Sighs heavily.*

Lord Dartford. Eh? What's this? I begin to perceive ſomething here; and the beſt on it is, ſhe has a better fortune than the other—I wiſh I had not talked ſo much of my conſtancy. I muſt wheel about though.—(*To* Miſs Herbert.) And yet, Miſs Herbert, I cannot help thinking that, latterly, Miſs Wingrove hardly appeared to me to preſerve that————

Miſs Herbert. No, indeed, my lord—I have partly thought ſo too.

Lord Dartford. That kind of ſuavity, as it were,—that inexpreſſible ſomething.

Miſs Herbert. That plaintive delicacy—that deprecating eye—thoſe imploring ſmiles—that perſuaſion which carried with it the authority of conqueſt, and that gentle command which turned enforced captivity into voluntary ſubmiſſion.—(*Aſide.*) Dear girl, I cannot help doing her juſtice in the very heat of this feigned hoſtility.

Lord Dartford. And then her ſpirits—have ſome how or other——

Miſs Herbert. Yes, her ſpirits too, have loſt that elegant dejection, that penſive apathy—that graceful mope—if one may ſo expreſs it, that uſed to ſhed the ſoft benignant influence of an autumn evening over every thing around her. How blind have I been! Now that your lordſhip ſuggeſts it, I ſee it all—(*Aſide.*) I am obliged to help him out in his very abuſe, for he knows too little of love's rhetoric, even to hate with eloquence.

Lord Dartford. Now there is a perſon, in whoſe radiant eyes, and ſparkling decorums, the majeſty of imperial Cupid ſits in ſtate, and diſpenſes innocuous glories with the careleſs profuſion of a city feaſt, or the dazzling ſplendour of a country gala,—There is a perſon——

Miſs

Miſs Herbert. Your lordſhip means Miſs Manly?—Yes, indeed, ſhe is a fine young woman enough———

Lord Dartford. Miſs Manly! Miſs Manly, madam, is as a ſcintillating link to the gorgeous orb of day, compared to the ineffable divinity of my proſtrate adoration.

Miſs Herbert. Whom can your lordſhip mean?

Lord Dartford. Mean! whom ſhould I mean—whom muſt I mean, whom can I mean, but the celeſtial Phœnix of hear ſex, the divine Miſs Herbert?

Miſs Herbert. Me, my lord!—Good heaven—I am ſo confuſed all on a ſudden—Did your lordſhip ſay me?

Lord Dartford. Yes, yes, your adorable, everlaſting ſelf.

Miſs Herbert. If your lordſhip really entertains—If your lordſhip has indeed, done me the honour to have conceived a paſſion——

Lord Dartford. A paſſion!—a flame—a conflagration—a voleano!

Miſs Herbert. Nay now, my lord, I can no longer doubt the plain ſincerity of your profeſſions—but as it is a fixed rule with me, rather to follow than to lead, in events of this awful importance, I ſhould wiſh to avoid any farther communication with a perſon of your lordſhip's dangerous eloquence, till the proper ſanction of my relations has been previouſly obtained; my aunt would be too happy to receive any propoſals of your lordſhip's; till then permit me to take my leave.—*(Aſide.)* Succeſsful even beyond my hopes. [*Exit.*

Lord Dartford. Hah, hah. Now this I call being in luck—juſt as one had loſt ſcent in one quarter, to have a nobler game ſtarted in another.—Now gad take me, 'tis very odd, but what a blunderbuſs I am at a ſpeech—I mean in the love way—for on other ſubjects I can deliver myſelf with a becoming intelligibility enough; but we higher order of beings that have ſenſe enough never to be more than merely artificial lovers, as we never underſtand the real orthodox gibberiſh of the paſſion, ſo when we once get to talk upon it, we never know when to ſtop—Now that ſcintillating link—gorgeous orb—conflagration, and voleano, were not all to my liking; but what could I do? I muſt ſay ſomething—but above all, what had I to do with an alluſion to a city feaſt? What was a city feaſt

feaſt to do among the delicacies of a lover's commons?—Well, I muſt read for it—at leaſt till I am married, and then indeed, it will be full time to diſcard both the paſſion and the language of it in amicable indifference together.—Well, I will loſe no time in preparing my propoſals. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Mr. Manly's.

Enter Miſs Manly.

Miſs Manly. Could I have ſuſpected Welford of infidelity! Happy, happy Miſs Wingrove. So vaniſh all my hopes!

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. Emma, what means this agitation? Whence theſe tears? Is my mother well? Where is my father; ſpeak, dear Emma.

Enter Mrs. Manly.

Mrs. Manly. Oh, Harry! what uneaſineſs has your abſence occaſioned!—why will you pay ſo little attention to your family?

Young Manly. Dear madam, I deſerve more reprehenſion than I ever meet with, yet let me entreat your preſent forbearance. My heart ſince laſt I ſaw you has been torn by ſuch a variety of anguiſh, that I have not been maſter of my conduct—But why is Emma thus uneaſy?

Mrs. Manly. Dear girl, I believe her uneaſineſs reſults from mine—could you have thought it Harry? I ſcarce know how to tell you, but your father has ſeduced Miſs Wingrove from her friends; where he has placed her I know not—but———

Young Manly. Thank heaven, then, I have been truly informed, and ſhe is with my father.

Mrs. Manly. Thank heaven, Henry! Do you thank heaven that your father wrongs me? Your behaviour ſhocks me, Harry—It is even worſe than his.

Young Manly. Dear mother, don't indulge ſuch ſuſpicions; my father ſteal Miſs Wingrove from her friends!—No,

No, no, indeed he did not: that ſhe is with him, truly rejoices me.

Enter Old Manly.

Young Manly. Dear ſir, where is Miſs Wingrove? Where is my lovely Julia? Will ſhe permit me to behold her face again? Yet how dare I hope it?

Old Manly. Ought I to permit you to behold my face again, ſir; how dare you hope that? Inſtead of aſking impertinent queſtions about what does not concern you, have the goodneſs to account for your own conduct, ſir—you leave your family—fill them with apprehenſions for your ſafety, and at your return, inſtead of meeting us with proper ſubmiſſion, you begin by hectoring your poor innocent father, and bullying him with a long ſtring of ſaucy inquiries—"Where is Miſs Wingrove?—Where is my Julia?" *(mimicking him.)* What have you to do with Miſs Wingrove? Who made her your Julia?

Mrs. Manly. Who indeed? She is differently diſpoſed of.

Young Manly. Dear ſir, how could I poſſibly imagine that what I ſaid would give the ſlighteſt ground of offence? the Larrons aſſured me ſhe went away with you.

Mrs. Manly. There, Mr. Manly, there! I am jealous without a cauſe! I have no foundation for my ſuſpicions!

Miſs Manly. Dear madam, dear ſir! hear me one moment; I can too certainly aſſure you where Miſs Wingrove is.

Mrs. Manly. Where Emma, where?
Young Manly. Dear, dear Emma, tell me inſtantly.
Old Manly. Aye, let us hear, child—let us hear it.
} [*All at once.*

Miſs Manly. The report we heard, madam, was too well founded; Miſs Wingrove is indeed with Mr. Welford.

Young Manly. With Welford!

Mrs. Manly. Ridiculous, child; mere jealous apprehenſion.

Young Manly. Madam!

Mrs. Manly. Aſk your father whoſe ſuſpicions are the wildeſt, hers or mine—he can ſet you rght at once if he chooſes

chooſes it—but I'll ſtay no longer to endure ſuch treatment.

Old Manly. Don't, my dear, don't.

Mrs. Manly. Your indifference, Mr. Manly, is even more injurious than your infidelity. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Before I go to appeaſe your mother, who is as abſurd as you are profligate, let me caution you, young man, how you practiſe ſuch another frolic in a hurry—the wicked ſtory that you have ſo ingeniouſly trumped up about my being at ſuch a place as Larrons'—this excellent joke, I ſay, ſir, which owes all its genius to its being a falſehood, and its wit to the certain miſchief it was ſure to produce in your family, won't be paſſed over unpuniſhed, I aſſure you—have you no duty?—no regard for truth?—But it was ever thus with you, you prodigal—The beſt example I have ever been able to ſet you, either for truth or modeſty, never produced the ſlighteſt effect upon your vile, impenetrable nature, and the mildeſt language, you raſcal, was always thrown away upon you.

[*Retires.*

Young Manly. Dear Emma, unravel, if you can, this knot of perplexities; my father anſwers me with anger, my mother with tears, and you, my dear ſiſter, ſtart an idea, which is one of the laſt that would have entered my imagination; yet, being once preſented, love will not ſuffer it to repoſe in idleneſs—Tell me, my Emma—Can Julia be with Welford? Can ſhe—can he!—can both be ſo inconſtant?

Miſs Manly. Oh, Harry, why did I mention it!—This may be the ſource of freſh affliction—Think if it is ſo—that I endure enough, and do not increaſe my miſery—You know my fears.

Young Manly. Lay them aſide, dear Emma! be aſſured I ſhall act with moderation—I know I ſhall—O Julia!—But you muſt tell me all you know reſpecting her, and the villain—I will not name him—that has ſtolen her from me. Come to my ſtudy, Emma; nay, dry your eyes—you ſhall ſee what an example of patience I will exhibit—I ſhall quarrel with no one but myſelf, for in myſelf alone is the foundation of all the miſeries I am expoſed to.

[*Exeunt* Young Manly *and* Emma.

Enter

Enter Servant *to* Old Manly.

Servant. Miſs Herbert, ſir, deſires to know if ſhe can have the pleaſure of half a minute's converſation with you.

Old Manly. Shew her in. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Miſs Herbert.

Old Manly. This is indeed a kindneſs, my dear Miſs Herbert; your viſits are valuable in proportion to their rarity, like winter ſuns—or—or—no—like—

Miſs Herbert. Never mind, my dear Mr. Manly, what they are like, we will ſettle the impromptu upon more mature deliberation another time.

Old Manly. Egad, and ſo we will, for nothing requires ſo much time as an off-hand ſpeech.

Miſs Herbert. Now, ſir, to the object of my viſit—Report ſays, that you have ſeen Miſs Wingrove, and I am anxious to hear how the charming creature endures her misfortunes.

Old Manly. Very true, madam; but where ſhould I ſee Miſs Wingrove?

Miſs Herbert. Why, report does ſay, ſir, that you met her at a place where it would have been equally for her happineſs, and your reputation, that you had never met at all—at Mrs. Larron's.

Old Manly. It's a falſehood—a confounded falſehood—I go to Mrs. Larron's!—but, dear Miſs Herbert, how can a young lady of your candour and good ſenſe give credit to ſuch a thing, particularly when you had ſuch good reaſon for diſbelieving it, as its being the general report?

Miſs Herbert. Why, indeed, Mr. Manly, as you ſay, what ſhould you do at ſuch places? You know you are ſubſiding into the calm evening of life, when the tempeſtuous paſſions gently ſink into a ſoft undiſturbed repoſe—I dare ſay now you feel this ſweet chearful twilight of your days to be attended with more ſubſtantial comfort, and much more real happineſs, than the gaudier ſcenes of your meridian life, when every thing was brilliant, and nothing ſolid; every thing gay, but nothing rational.

Old Manly. Twilight! Gadſo!—None of your twilights neither, Miſs—This is the way—there is no ſuch thing

thing as purchaſing impunity in this world, for one offence, but by pleading guilty to a worſe—Well, Miſs; and ſuppoſe I was at Miſtreſs Larron's?

Miſs Herbert. *(Aſide.)* O ho! I thought I ſhould bring him to confeſſion; he will acknowledge any vice, but age —So, ſir, you were there, then, after all.

Old Manly. Gads life, ma'am, don't aſk ſo many queſtions; I underſtand you well enough, Miſs—You would inſinuate that I am a helpleſs old fellow—that you can ſee no great uſe in my living, and that the ſooner I am hang'd out of the way, the better; but give me leave to tell you, madam—

Enter Admiral Cleveland.

Admiral. Hey day! What ſtorm's a brewing now? Why, neighbour Manly, this is a rough gale upon ſo fair a coaſt—what quarrelling with my niece?

Miſs Herbert. Dear uncle, I'm quite rejoiced to ſee you; you never came ſo ſeaſonably to the reſcue of a poor little diſabled frigate in your life—Mr. Manly here———

Old Manly. Your neice is an impertinent, forward, malicious young woman, Mr. Cleveland, and I deſire never to ſee her face again—I'll never, never forgive her—No, if I were to live till I was ſixty.

Miſs Herbert. What a formidable reſentment! Why the period of it has expired theſe five years.

Admiral. *(Aſide.)* Leave him to me; I'll teaze the old fellow—I came on purpoſe.

Miſs Herbert. I will.

Admiral. But how did the bruſh happen? What is the cauſe of it?

Miſs Herbert. Why, ſir, I ſpoke, I am afraid, ſomewhat too juſtly of your friend's age, and appeared to entertain too favourable an opinion of his morality—offences which a lively, determined rover, in his climacteric, can never reconcile to his forgiveneſs.

Admiral. Oh, is that all?

Miſs Herbert. So good Mr. gallant, gay Lothario of ſixty-five, a good morning to you. [*Exit* Miſs Herbert.

Old Manly. A ſaucy minx.

Admiral. Come, Manly, you have too many of the ſubſtantial afflictions of life to contend with at preſent to be ruffled

ruffled by little breezes of this ſort—But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty, as ſuch, to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

Old Manly. Why that was very kind, my old neighbour; very kind indeed—Be ſeated, I beſeech you—Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you ſay, Admiral, I am a wretched, miſerable, unhappy man, oppreſs'd with ſorrows, laden with affliction—overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis ſomething, my worthy neighbour, to have a truſty friend, to take a kind intereſt in one's misfortunes—to ſhare, as it were, the ſad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage—O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

Admiral. I think ſo indeed, and hope to prove as much—I have no other object but to comfort you—None, none.—You are indeed very unhappy.

Old Manly. Very, very!

Admiral. Why there's your wife, now.

Old Manly. Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh!——

[*A long ſigh.*

Admiral. Nay, be comforted, my friend—be comforted—Why ſhe is, of herſelf, a ſufficient load of miſery for any one poor pair of mortal ſhoulders.—Always fretful—her ſuſpicions never aſleep—and her tongue always awake—conſtantly making her obſervations, like a veſſel ſent out upon diſcovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmleſs piece of ſmuggled amuſement.

Old Manly. Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour; quite dreadful indeed.

Admiral. Take comfort, my friend—What did I come here for? take comfort, I ſay—— There is your ſon too—

Old Manly. Yes, my ſon too, an abandon'd profligate.

Admiral. Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes—the early little irregularities that grow out of the honeſt paſſions of our nature, are ſometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them; and, when remedied, they generally leave the perſon wiſer and better than they found him—wiſer, for his experience; and better, for the indulgence which they give him towards the infirmities of others—but a canting, whining, preaching profligate—a ſermon-maker at twenty—a fellow that

that becomes a ſaint before he's a man—a beardleſs hypocrite —a ſcoundrel that cannot be content with common homely ſinning, but muſt give it a reliſh by joining a prayer with it in his mouth—of ſuch a fellow there can be no hopes—no hopes indeed.

Old Manly. None, none.—Oh miſerable that I am, where will my affliction end? Where ſhall I find conſolation?

Admiral. Conſolation!—In me, to be ſure!—What elſe was the purpoſe of my viſit?——I forbear to ſay any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

Old Manly. Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child—what has happened to her? She was my favourite.—Miſerable man? O miſerable man!

Admiral. Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you. It is my duty to do ſo—why, ſhe, you know, was deſperately in love with Charles Welford. He has truned her off, I find—diſcharged her the ſervice, and has fallen in with ſomebody elſe; ſo that I ſuppoſe by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambuſh of a willow or retirement of a fiſh-pond.

Old Manly. Now the ſum of my calamities is complete. *(Weeps.)*—Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man—miſerable huſband—wretched father!

Admiral. Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too—Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days—(Old Manly *dries his eyes, and looks reſentfully)* when you retained enough of bodily ſtrength and force of mind to cope with them—but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching faſt towards decay, when the lights of the underſtanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible.——Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

Old Manly. (In a rage.) (Both riſing.) I believe not, indeed; you fuſty, muſty, old, foul-mouthed, weather-beaten coxcomb—timbers approaching faſt to decay! Whoſe timbers do you mean, old jury-maſt? Look at your own crazy hulk—do—and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticiſms upon your juniors and your betters.

Admiral. Nay, my good friend——

Old

Old Manly. Damn your friendſhip, and your goodneſs too. I don't like friendſhip that only wants me to hate myſelf—and goodneſs that only goes to prove every thing bad about me. So, good Mr. Yellow Admiral, ſheer off—do—and till you can ſtuff your old veſſel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me ſee you in my latitude again.

Admiral. Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes———

Old Manly. Oh curſe your pity; and as for my misfortunes, I know of none equal to your conſolation.

Admiral. You ſhall hear more of this, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Not for the preſent, if you pleaſe—if you want my life, take it—take any thing—only take yourſelf off.

Admiral. Very well, ſir. You ſhall hear from me at a proper time—*(Aſide.)* I have made the old fool nobly miſerable; that's ſome comfort however. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. (Solus.) What an aſs was I, to liſten ſo long to the hollow croakings of this melancholy ſea monſter—a ruſty old weather-cock; always pointing one way, and that to the quarter of misfortune—I miſerable!—What ſhould make me ſo?—Is not my wife kind and faithful, and only a little troubleſome now and then for my good?—Is not my ſon generous and gay—and—like his father as a ſon ſhou'd be—and a'n't I ſtout in body, and ſound in mind, and is not every thing as I would have it?—a diſmal old—now has he given me a ſample of the view with which advice is always beſtowed, and I him a proof of the effect with which it is always taken—he came to me to increaſe my diſtreſſes by conſolation, and I have made uſe of his counſel as a new argument for pleaſing myſelf.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. Miſs Herbert's.

Enter Miſs Herbert *and* Mrs. Rachel.

Miſs Herbert. Well, my dear aunt, have you been more ſucceſsful in your inquiries after the unfortunate Miſs Wingrove than I have been?

Mrs. Rachel. I don't know how to ſay I have been more ſucceſsful—but from your account, I have collected more particulars—I underſtand ſhe was accidentally encountered by Mr. Welford, who kindly offered her the aſylum of his houſe, which ſhe accepted—but learning, by converſation with his relations, that her reception there had produced a quarrel between him and his miſtreſs, the generous girl ſcorned to conſult her own comfort at the expence of her protector, and having contrived to change her own clothes for thoſe of a younger brother of Mr. Welford's, ſhe accompliſhed her eſcape.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Wingrove, madam.

Miſs Herbert. Admit him. Oh, he ſhall receive no mercy at my hands whilſt he continues the perſecutor of his ſiſter—Will you give me leave, madam, to receive him alone?

Mrs. Rachel. Certainly, my dear. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Mr. Wingrove. Will Miſs Herbert permit a penitent to approach her?

Miſs Herbert. Oh! by all means—a real penitent—but are you quite ſure that you come under that deſcription, or is yours like the common repentance of the world, which conſiſts rather in a prejudice againſt puniſhment, than a ſincere contrition for the offence?

Mr. Wingrove. Dear, charming Harriet! how can you queſtion it?—I am aſhamed of the violence of my behaviour at our laſt interview; yet you muſt acknowledge that you drew me into that ſuſpicion by your ambiguous deportment.

ment. Surely my Harriet could not find entertainment in the uneaſineſs of the man who adores her?

Miſs Herbert. (Aſide.) Bleſs me, if he continues in this ſtrain of humility, I ſhall never be able to puniſh him as he deſerves—yet I muſt.

Mr. Wingrove. What's that, my Harriet? You cannot doubt the ſincerity and devotion of my love.

Miſs Herbert. Apropos—Was it you that fell in love with me, or your father?

Mr. Wingrove. My father! Harriet?

Miſs Herbert. Aye, you or your father; which of you is it that I have had the good fortune to inſpire with ſo favourable an opinion of me? I am inclined to think it is to the elder gentleman I owe the obligation.

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, now, madam, I don't underſtand you.

Miſs Herbert. In plain Engliſh, then, had you your inſtructions from your father to undergo the labour of wooing, or did you come of your own accord?

Mr. Wingrove. Can my Harriet entertain ſo humiliating an opinion of me as to ſuppoſe I would be actuated in ſo dear a concern as that, by any influence but the impulſe of my own affection?

Miſs Herbert. Take care, Mr. Wingrove—take care—there is nothing ſo tempting, I admit you, as thoſe pretty words that fall gracefully in to cloſe the proceſſion of an ambiguous ſentence; but let me aſk you plainly, ſir, whether, if your father ſhould now, even now, lay his commands upon you to relinquiſh the paſſion with which you affect to regard me, you would not inſtantly obey him, and leave me forſaken and forlorn, to transfer your obedient ardours to any new lady of his choice?

Mr. Wingrove. 'Tis true, I feel the moſt ſincere reſpect for my father; yet had he thought proper to interpoſe his influence in a caſe where nature claims a paramount authority, I had renounced a ſubmiſſion which I ſhould have held to have been unjuſtly exacted.

Miſs Herbert. Are you ſure of it?

Mr. Wingrove. Quite ſure.

Miſs Herbert. Dear Mr. Wingrove—*(Taking his hand.)*

Mr. Wingrove. (Kiſſing it.) My lovely, my adorable Harriet!—Sure of it! am I ſure of my exiſtence? Am I

ſure of your being the moſt lovely of your own ſex—or I the happieſt of mine?—*(Kiſſes her hand.)* Am I ſure that we ſhall never exchange another harſh word, or another unkind look? Am I ſure———

Miſs Herbert. Nay, now, ſir, you are fairly caught.

Mr. Wingrove. Hey-day! What frolic is in the wind now?

Miſs Herbert. If all this be true, Mr. Wingrove, tell me, ſir, what it is that conſtitutes the offence of your ſiſter? Why ſhe is driven out a diſgraced wanderer to encounter all the unknown hazards of a mercileſs world, when one of her perſecutors not only acknowledges that he ſhares in all her guilt—if guilt it be—but glories in the ſympathy he feels in her diſobedience, becauſe he conſiders it as a juſt tribute to the object of his affections, and a proof of his independence?

Mr. Wingrove. My ſiſter, ma'am, is a woman—and—and———

Miſs Herbert. My ſiſter, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—that is, my ſiſter is an interdicted being—diſinherited by nature of her common bounties—a creature, with regard to whom, engagements loſe their faith, and contracts their obligations. In your fictitious characters as lovers, you endeavour to make us believe that we are exalted above human weakneſſes; but, in your real characters, as men, you more honeſtly demonſtrate to us, that you place us even below your own level, and deny us the equal truth and juſtice that belongs alike to all intelligent beings. This language, ſir, is new, at leaſt in the vocabulary of love; I wiſh I could ſay the ſentiments it conveys were equally ſo in the hearts of your moſt imperious ſex.

Mr. Wingrove. Before I was interrupted, madam, by this torrent of modeſt rhetoric on the merits of your moſt unimperious ſex; for ſo, in particular, I am bound to think them; I meant merely to have ſaid, that I can aggrandize the woman with whom it may be my fate to be united; whereas, if my ſiſter joined herſelf with an inferior, ſhe would have become neceſſarily degraded to the rank of her huſband. But I find, madam, theſe inſults are calculated merely to gratify your pride, by proving to what extremity of meanneſs your power can reduce me. I bluſh

at

at the ſervilities to which it has already expoſed me, and now throw off the yoke for ever. [*Going.*

Miſs Herbert. Stay, ſir; before you go, let me beg you to favour this letter with a peruſal. Read it at your leiſure; and now—" a long farewell to all my greatneſs."

Mr. Wingrove. Damnation! laugh'd at too—Farewell, madam, and I ſwear——

Miſs Herbert. Nay, ſir, don't ſwear; or if thou wilt ſwear—ſwear by thy gracious ſelf!

Mr. Wingrove. (In a fury of paſſion.) Madam, I go—for ever. [*Exit.*

Miſs Herbert. To have convinced me of that, your *congé*, my rebellious captive, ſhould have been taken with ſomewhat leſs diſturbance. I am glad I had recollection enough to give him Lord Dartford's letter of propoſals before he went. He was in a terrible rage, to be ſure—ſo much the better—while a woman retains power enough over a man to make him loſe his temper, he is not yet in that ſtate of healthy indifference that intitles him to bid defiance to a relapſe of affection. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* Admiral's *Garden.*

Enter Julia, *(in Boy's Clothes, looking back.)*

Julia.

YONDER is my brother, and his ſervant, as I live; perhaps in purſuit of me! I dare not meet them—Yet ſure they cou'd not know me—I hardly know myſelf—Their eyes ſeem directed this way—I'll ſhut the gate till they have paſs'd—Ha! who comes here? perhaps the

owner of this place. From my long reſidence with my aunt, I am almoſt a ſtranger in my native village—Bleſs me, he has a ſtern countenance! I had beſt conceal myſelf till he quits the garden. [*Retires.*

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. Why what a pack of idle fellows I keep about me!—When I'm laid up with the gout theſe raſcals do nothing—See what a fine Jeſſamine here is almoſt ſpoilt for want of tying up—let's try what I can do.—(*Goes to tie it,* Julia *ſhifts her place.)* What's that ſhakes the leaves ſo—Hey, is not that a man?—Oh! ho! there's the way my nectarines fall ſo ſhort. (*Goes and brings* Julia *forward.)* Here! here! no reſiſtance—Come out, and let us ſee what we can make of you.—Well, young graceleſs, and what do you do here? Come, let's hear what account you can give of yourſelf.

Julia. I do aſſure you, ſir, I came in by accident.

Admiral. By accident? Well, that's a good beginning enough: what, do you ſhut your eyes as you go along, that you can't tell the highway from an encloſure?

Julia. I mean, ſir, I juſt ſtepp'd in, to avoid a perſon I wiſh'd not to ſee me.

Admiral. Very like, ſir; but pray, ſir, will you have the goodneſs to tell us who you may happen to be, ſir?

Julia. Pray, ſir, excuſe me.

Admiral. Indeed, ſir, I ſhall do no ſuch thing—Come, ſir, who's your father?

Julia. I cannot tell you, indeed, ſir.

Admiral. Indeed, ſir—Well, after all, it might puzzle a wiſer head than your's to do that; but poſſibly you may have better luck with regard to your mother—who is ſhe?

Julia. My mother, ſir, is dead.

Admiral. Dead, is ſhe? But had ſhe no name when ſhe was alive? Egad you ſhuffle ſo, that I fancy you've been longer at the trade than I at firſt imagined. You're a gay ſpark for the profeſſion too—If Rachel had been a young woman, I ſhould have ſuſpected ſomething elſe; but perhaps the coat may have been ſtolen too; theſe gentry now-a-days think nothing they can get too good for them, and the finger is only an accomplice to the felonious pride

pride of the back; "win gold and wear it"—hey, is that your maxim, my young poacher?—Gadſo, now I remember, I have ſeen Sam. Welford in thoſe very clothes—I ſhall ſecure you, my lad; you ſhall anſwer all this.

Julia. I beſeech you, ſir, not to expoſe me.

Admiral. Not expoſe you—What! do you think I ſhall connive at felony? Here, Tom, Simon, Ralph—attempt to move, and you're a dead man.—Here, will nobody help me to ſecure this villain!

Enter Mrs. Rachel *and* Servants.

Admiral. Here, ſeize that fellow, and tie his hands behind him—Keep off, Rachel, I dare ſay he has got piſtols in his pockets—Lead him directly to a magiſtrate, I'll follow.

Julia. Dear madam, I implore you to plead for me to that gentleman—your looks ſpeak benevolence—I entreat you, madam, to have pity on me!

Admiral. There's a young artful dog now, beginning to coax and flatter Rachel about her good looks; aye, that's the way with theſe handſomer ſprigs of the fraternity, they are ſure to attack the women; but 'tis ſuch a ſnivelling puppy—why hang it, my lad, you muſt expect theſe rubs in the way of your buſineſs, it's only a misfortune in trade—Come, man, behave yourſelf a little more like a raſcal of ſpirit.

Mrs. Rachel. Brother, I entreat you to ſend your ſervants in.

Admiral. Send 'em in, Rachel, why how's this? Do you want him to make his eſcape? Has he ſoftened you with his whimpering? You know if he takes to his heels, I can't follow him.

Mrs. Rachel. I have particular reaſons for my requeſt.

Admiral. Well, be it ſo then—wait in the houſe till I call you. (*Exit* Servants.)—Don't you think to get off tho'—if you attempt to ſtir———

Julia. You may rely upon it, ſir, I will not move.—Oh, madam, may I hope that you will befriend me in this dreadful exigency!

Admiral, No, no, my lad, you are dipping into the wrong pocket there; Rachel is not, like moſt of her ſex,

to be won over by wheedling; you do but fling away your ſkill.—But why was I to diſmiſs thoſe fellows, Rachel?

Mrs. Rachel. Brother, If what I've already ſaid has ſurpriz'd you, I ſhall increaſe your aſtoniſhment ſtill farther, by deſiring to have a ſhort converſation with this ſtranger, while you walk aſide.

Admiral. What, leave you alone with a pickpocket, a houſebreaker? I tell you, he has piſtols in his pockets, or a ſwaſhing cutlaſs in his coat-lining! Rachel, Rachel, you are a poor ignorant woman, you can't tell what inſtruments theſe fellows may have about them.

Mrs. Rachel. You are miſtaken, brother; this is no robber, I am perſuaded.

Admiral. O Rachel, Rachel, is it come to this after all! —I did think for your ſake, that there might be ſuch a thing as a woman without folly or frailty; but you are determined that I ſhall not die with too favourable an opinion of your ſex—for ſhame, Rachel, for ſhame—'tis too bad—too bad indeed.

Mrs. Rachel. A few minutes will convince you, brother, that if I merited your good opinion before, I ſhall not be likely to forfeit it on the preſent occaſion.

Admiral. May be ſo, may be ſo, Rachel; it has an odd look however; have a care of yourſelf, old girl; if you ſhould do a fooliſh thing, it won't be taken as if one of your prudes had been guilty of a little treſpaſs, who prepare people for their fall, by the fuſs they make about their virtue. You'll have a hot birth on't, my old laſs, you will—but, however, mind I give you fair warning.

[*Retires.*

Julia. Dear madam, vouchſafe to hear my wretched ſtory.

Mrs. Rachel. As I know not what impreſſion my brother's ſtrange conjectures may have made on your opinion, ſuffer me to gain a little credit, by ſparing you the trouble of informing me that you are Miſs Wingrove.

Julia. Madam!

Mrs. Rachel. Dear young lady, be not alarm'd at this diſcovery, for never was there more ſincere commiſeration than what your ſufferings have produced in me.

Julia. O, madam, how has my wretched ſituation been made

made known to you? and by what means may I obtain your friendſhip?

Mrs. Rachel. I have but one condition to propoſe, and that is an unreſerved communication of the circumſtances that have involved you in this diſtreſs—that made, for I cannot admit an idea of criminality in you, I can aſſure you not only of my own protection, but my brother's; who is as warm in his attachments, as he is raſh and haſty in forming concluſions from firſt appearances; but my brother returns; I would not meet him till I can inform him of the whole. This way, dear Miſs Wingrove.

[*Retire to an alcove.*

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. What isn't this *tête-à-tête* over yet! what, they retire at the ſight of me—Oh! guilt! guilt! I'll obſerve you tho'—Why ſhe ſeems to be courting him! I'll be ſunk if it isn't ſo—Aye, Rachel, now you have flung aſide propriety, decency, I fancy, will ſoon follow. Women, I find, never love to do ſilly things by halves; when once they ſlip cable on a voyage of folly, let them bring them to that can. Particularly your reaſoning ſort of elderly gentlewomen—for when they have fairly paſſed the equinox of life, they know they ſail with a trade wind, and the devil can't ſtop them till they are ſnug in harbour with a yoke-fellow, after a tedious paſſage of difficult virginity. By all that's ſcandalous ſhe takes his hand—Oh ſit down, ſit down, my gentle ſwain—Why he's weeping ſtill—ſink me if ever I ſaw ſuch a watery-eye'd puppy.—Not but there was ſomething in his diſtreſs that moved me—If circumſtances had not been ſo ſtrong againſt him, I ſhould no more have taken him for a thief than for a ſailor—What, muſt he have your ſmelling bottle too—why ſhe has left him in the arbour, and comes this way—ſhe looks as if ſhe ſaw me too—can ſhe face me? will ſhe brazen out her folly? (Rachel *advances.)* Well, Mrs. Rachel Cleveland——

Mrs. Rachel. Well, brother, I come to clear up all your doubts and difficulties.

Admiral. Oh don't take ſo much trouble, madam; it is ſufficiently clear already, I give you my word.

Mrs. Rachel. Nay, then I perceive you are under your

old miſtake, ſo I ſhall explain all at once. This way, my dear. (*To* Julia.)

Admiral. My dear! by heaven that's too much—what, no ſhame, Rachel!

Mrs. Rachel. Now learn your error, brother, and give me leave to recommend to your protection (Julia *advances*, Rachel *takes her hand, the* Admiral *going out in a rage*) Miſs Julia Wingrove.

Admiral. What's that, Rachel? who did you ſay?

Mrs. Rachel. This young lady, brother, whoſe misfortunes you have heard in part, is Miſs Julia Wingrove; I am convinced ſhe deſerves your friendſhip, and it is evident ſhe is much in need of it.

Admiral. And ſhe ſhall have it, coſt what it will.—Young lady!—why what a fool have I made of myſelf—Can you excuſe an old fellow, madam, who frequently lets his haſty temper run away with his ſlow wits?

Julia. Your preſent kindneſs, ſir, infinitely overpays the fears occaſioned by your miſconception.

Admiral. You muſt ſeal my pardon, miſs, by a ſalute, or I ſhan't think we are fairly reconciled. Rachel, I don't apologize to you, as I know your forgiveneſs is always cloſe in tow of my repentance; but as for you, lady fair, ſince you have been forced upon my coaſt, they muſt fight through fire and water for you that drive you out to ſea again.

Julia. Do not, I beſeech you, ſir, let your generous compaſſion for me lead you into danger; the bare idea of ſuch a conſequence would compel me to forego the comfort of your hoſpitable protection.

Admiral. Oh don't let your little fearful heart begin conjuring up vexations, it'll do me a great deal of good—make my blood circulate—I have been too long out of action—a vaſt while too long—I am mere ſtill water—ſpoiling for want of motion—a little hurricane or two will ſhake me clear again. I want a bit of a ſtorm for the quiet of my old days, and a little wholeſome danger will promote the ſafety of my health, ſo away with your fears, my little light fing——'Sblood I was getting on the old tack again.

Julia. But, dear ſir——

Admiral. Do, Rachel, tell her what an obſtinate old fellow

fellow I am, and that it is only waſting her ammunition to oppoſe me.

Mrs. Rachel. There is ſo much generoſity, brother, in the ſubſtance of what you ſay, that I have no inclination to diſpute about the expreſſion of it. Miſs Wingrove, if you pleaſe, you ſhall lay aſide this dreſs.

Julia. Gladly, madam.

Admiral. Come, young lady, let me be your conductor, and they that can make prize of Britiſh beauty when under the convoy of a Britiſh Admiral, muſt have more weight of metal about them than the whole bulk of your lubberly relations, ſaving your preſence, in a body—ſo cheerly, my little angel—bear up—" Bleſt iſle with beauty, &c." *(Singing.)* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Lord Dartford's *Houſe.*

Lord Dartford *and* Jenkins.

Lord Dartford. So this triumph of my attractions, as I had ſo naturally believed, was a ſham after all—Death, how dared this ſaucy baggage venture to ſet her pert wits on ſo hazardous a deception—but my turn may come, and if ſhe ſhould marry this bouncer Wingrove, and grow diſguſted with him, which of courſe muſt be the caſe, it will be in vain that ſhe turns her eyes to me, I aſſure her—But what's to be done in this affair?

Jenkins. Can't your lordſhip diſown having ſent any propoſal to Miſs Herbert?

Lord Dartford. How can I do that; you delivered the letter, didn't you?

Jenkins. Yes, my lord; but he muſt be a very indifferent ſervant whoſe memory cannot fail him a little for the advantage of his maſter.

Lord Dartford. Well, we muſt conſign that difficulty to the ecclairciſſement of time and better fortune—but in the interim this refuſal of Miſs Herbert's makes it of importance to recover this wandering nymph as ſoon as poſſible. Did Thomas, do you ſay, trace a young gentleman, reſembling Miſs Wingrove, to Admiral Cleveland's?

Jenkins. He did, my Lord, and was almoſt certain it was herſelf.

Lord Dartford. If it ſhould prove ſo, and ſhe obtains ſhelter there, I think it might be eaſy to watch for her in the garden, and ſteal her thence; but firſt the Admiral muſt be watched out though—remember that;—there may be danger elſe.

Jenkins. That's one of the caſes, my lord, in which my memory never fails me.

Lord Dartford. Well then, let's about it inſtantly—If I could meet with the lady, there is no harſh treatment to her that the old Baronet will not interpret into reſpect for him; and as for the ſwaggerer, his ſon, let him know of my attempt upon his miſtreſs, when I am married to his ſiſter, with all my heart—Decency will prevent him from killing me then; and as for his opinion, as that is innocent of any effect upon the body, we muſt endeavour to endure it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Miſs Herbert's.

Miſs Herbert. I don't know how it is, but I feel a ſort of uneaſineſs about me, as if ſomething had happened to vex me. What can it be?—forgetful creature that I am—Miſs Wingrove's diſtreſſes, to be ſure. Yet that is not a novelty at the preſent moment; and then the perſevering abſurdity of her lofty brother—ha! ha!—Sits the wind in that quarter?—Well, I can't help it. I am afraid he is not quite indifferent to me; yet I muſt tame him out of this unreaſonable hautineſs before marriage, that he may be entitled to the juſt pride of a huſband when he becomes one.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Bleſs me, how came you here?—Always ſtealing upon one.

Mr. Wingrove. I am ſo truly aſham'd, madam—I cannot——

Miſs Herbert. Come, ſir, there is an eloquent humility in your manner that ſpeaks for you. I have once before to-day conſtrued your meaning; and I begin to flatter myſelf

myſelf I ſhall not be a leſs faithful interpreter now, when I ſuppoſe that you are indeed a penitent for the treatment to which you have expos'd your ſiſter.

Mr. Wingrove. Indeed, indeed, I am ſo.

Miſs Herbert. I am rejoic'd to hear it.—You have read the letter I gave you?

Mr. Wingrove. I have, madam.

Miſs Herbert. Well, in all this wide world of caprice and uncertainty there is but one thing infallible.

Mr. Wingrove. What is that?

Miſs Herbert. That!—Why that a man of rank never violates his plighted honour, and that birth involves in it every human virtue.

Mr. Wingrove. Perfidious ſcoundrel—I'll tear him piece-meal.

Miſs Herbert. Tear your own prejudices from your heart, Mr. Wingrove.

Mr. Wingrove. They are gone, madam; and I have no other proof that they ever had an exiſtence in my boſom, but the mortified ſenſibility which they have left behind them.

Miſs Herbert. Come, ſir, keep up your ſpirits; you will do charmingly, I am convinc'd.

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, I am not now a convert to your opinion, my Harriet.

Miſs Herbert. What! a relapſe?

Mr. Wingrove. No, I only mean to ſay, this is not the firſt time of my life in which I have thought as you do. Reaſon has had many ineffectual ſtruggles with prejudice in my mind upon this ſubject before. But, henceforth, I diſclaim all reverence for ſuch idle ſuperſtitions—I deſpiſe birth, and all the vanities which attend it.

Miſs Herbert. Now, Mr. Wingrove, I do not think ſo well of your caſe as I did. I am, myſelf, no peeviſh, moroſe caviller at birth. It is always graceful, and often uſeful, when it operates as a motive to a kind and honourable emulation with the illuſtrious dead; but when thoſe who poſſeſs the advantage, endeavour to make it a ſubſtitute for every other excellence, then indeed I think the offender is entitled to no gentler ſentiment than my contempt, or my pity.

Mr. Wingrove. My Harriet ſhall, from this time, regulate my opinions in every thing—and now may I hope—

Miſs Herbert. Not now! not now—Go home, and be upon the watch to avail yourſelf of the firſt opportunity to reconcile every thing. Let this be the firſt probation of your recovery; and if, when next we meet, I ſhould find matters in a way that promiſes general happineſs, perhaps I may not be ſo cruel to myſelf as to deny you the civility of partaking in it.

Mr. Wingrove. Charming Harriet. [*Exeunt ſeparately.*

SCENE IV. *The* Admiral's *Garden.*

Enter Mrs. Rachel, Welford, *and* Young Manly.

Mrs. Rachel. Excuſe me, Mr. Manly, Miſs Wingrove's feelings have been lately too much agitated for me to ſuffer her to be expoſed to new conflicts.

Young Manly. Madam, I came here to ſatisfy my anxious doubts about Miſs Wingrove's ſafety; being once aſſured of that, I reſign myſelf to the deſpair I have ſo juſtly merited. [*Walks off.*

Wel. Nay, but, madam, don't let your generous compaſſion for the fair ſufferer entirely prevail over the penitent miſery of the offender—let them but meet, and leave the reſt to chance.

Mrs. Rachel. Well, ſir, if I can prevail, Mr. Manly ſhall ſee Miſs Wingrove—but let him underſtand I will not have her urged upon any point, and the length of the interview muſt be entirely left to her own pleaſure and diſcretion.

Wel. It ſhall, madam—I engage for his obedience in every thing. (*Exit* Rachel.)—Come, Manly, throw away your deſpair. Mrs. Cleveland is gone to bring in your Julia.

Young Manly. Call her back, I beſeech you; I dare not meet my injured love—Call her back, I entreat you; though I feel this kindneſs from you, Welford, with double force, after my late behaviour to you—how could I ſuſpect you?

Wel.

Wel. No more of that—here ſhe comes without my trouble, and with her—ſhall I ſend them back?

Enter Mrs. Rachel *and* Julia.

[*As ſoon as they ſee each other,* Manly *kneels, and* Julia *reclines on* Mrs. Rachel.

Young Manly. Oh! Julia.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Young Manly. Oh! my lov'd Julia, I dare not approach you; yet let me ſurvey that form, where every virtue claims its own impreſſion. Let me ſee anger aggravated by ſweetneſs, and juſtice in her moſt awful form, inveſted in all the terrors of offended beauty. Look on me but whilſt I deſcribe the agonies I have endured for your ſufferings, and the pangs I have undergone for my inexpiable guilt. I do not expect to be forgiven—only ſay you will endeavour not to hate me; and I go, my Julia—if you will have it ſo, for ever.

Julia. Mr. Manly, I cannot very eaſily hate—nay, ſir, I even forgive you—but if your hopes, which I can hardly ſuppoſe, ſhould exceed this prudent limit, they deceive you.

Wel. Come, Miſs Wingrove, let me hope you will conſider this matter. I will not preſs it now—but

Julia. My obligatious to you, ſir, have been important indeed; but this is not a topic even for the claims of gratitude. Mr. Manly, I am ſure, will not oppoſe the only plan of comfort that is left me—a quiet, peaceful ſeclusion.

Young Manly. No, my Julia, no—never will I diſturb your repoſe.

Julia. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cleveland; but indeed I am not well.

Mrs. Rachel. Be ſeated, my dear.—I entreat you to take your leave for the preſent, gentlemen.

Young Manly. Raſcal, that I am.

[*Exeunt* Manly *and* Welford.

Mrs. Rachel. Keep up your ſpirits. I'll ſtep into the houſe and fetch ſomething for your relief, my dear.

[*Exit.*

Julia. I am ſorry, madam——

Enter Lord Dartford *and* Jenkins, *with* Servants *behind.*

Lord Dartford. There ſhe is—and alone, by all that's lucky. Loſe no time. You are ſure the admiral is not at home?

Jenkins. Quite ſure, my lord.

Lord Dartford. Very well; loſe no time; advance.

[*They ſeize* Julia.

Julia. What means this rudeneſs—Help! help! Oh help me, or I am loſt.

Re-enter Manly, Welford, *and* Rachel.

Young Manly. My Julia's voice!

[Jenkins *runs away.*

Lord Dartford. Take care, Mr. Manly—We are well armed—take care I ſay.

Young Manly. Daſtardly villain—a piſtol.

[*Strikes it out of his hand.*

[*The* Dartford *party eſcape.*

How is my Julia?—Thank heaven that has afforded me an opportunity of being ſerviceable to her in any thing.

Wel. How fare you, madam?

Julia. Much beholden, gentlemen, to you both; but weary of this life of alarms and reſcues.

Enter Admiral's Servant.

Servant. Your father, Sir William, madam, is within, inquiring for you.

Julia. I will intrude upon you ſo much farther as to lead me to my father inſtantly.

Young Manly. To your father!—Muſt it be ſo, Julia.

Julia. Do not oppoſe my requeſt, Mr. Manly; I am reſolved to throw myſelf upon his mercy.—My misfortunes may have ſoftened him. Will you be kind enough, madam, to accompany me? I ſhall need your friendly offices.

Mrs. Rachel. Miſs Wingrove may command me in any thing.

Young Manly. Come then, my Julia, and let me deliver you up to that father from whoſe capricious cruelty I ſo lately thought to have given you a happy and a laſting freedom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *The* Admiral's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir William, Miſs Julia, Mrs. Rachel, Young Manly, *and* Mr. Welford.

Sir William. I am overjoyed at your ſafety, Julia; but yet your leaving me———

Mrs. Rachel. Nay, Sir William, if the ſtep your daughter took was imprudent, who forced her to it? Who was it that compelled her to ſeek an uncertain refuge among ſtrangers?

Sir William. 'Sdeath, madam, what had my conduct to do with her diſobedience? 'Tis true, Lord Dartford's propoſals to Miſs Herbert render him unworthy my alliance; but is not this man a plebeian—a fellow of yeſterday?

Wel. Here, ſir, you muſt allow me the liberty of obſerving, that Mr. Manly's recent ſervices to your daughter, which you have juſt heard, merit a more liberal return.

Sir William. That's very true, indeed—very true—I am ſorry, indeed. I beg you ten thouſand pardons, upon my word, ſir.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Mr. Wingrove. Where, where is ſhe? [*Runs to* Julia.

Sir William. 'Gad, I muſt retrieve my dignity in time, or William will be in a tremendous fury—I ſay, ſir, for any thing I know you may be a very good ſort of a perſon, but you will excuſe me if I decline diſgracing my family by a connection with one of your condition.

Mr. Wingrove. What's that?

Sir William. I ſay, young gentleman, you have done my family a ſervice—I acknowledge it—I am grateful for it—but———

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, ſir, now let me interpoſe. I have long been ſenſible of Mr. Manly's merits, and have placed myſelf in the way of the accompliſhment of his wiſhes from cauſes, which at this moment I feel no delight in contemplating.

Sir

Sir William. Why, what's all this? Why, William, is it you?—Are you ſure it is you?

Mr. Wingrove. If identity depends upon the mind, ſir, I glory in ſaying it is not—but, permit me to tell you, ſir, we have been too long unjuſt to the merit of Mr. Manly, and to the preference of the unhappy Julia—beſides, ſir, after what has happened, it will be neceſſary, even to the pride of your houſe, that an immediate union ſhould take place between Julia and Mr. Manly.

Sir William. Well, if the neceſſity of the caſe forbids the poſſibility of a choice, I deſire it to be underſtood—I give my free conſent.

Young Manly. Do you hear this, my Julia? Pardon me, but can I be blamed if I am aſtoniſhed into audacious hope?

Julia. Do not, Mr. Manly, renew a ſolicitation that may tend to plunge me into the guilt of diſobedience a ſecond time.

Enter Old Manly, Miſs Manly, *and* Miſs Herbert.

Old Manly. Mrs. Cleveland, you will excuſe an impatient ſet of people who have too much affection for that inconſiderate fellow there; but hearing ſomething of a ſkirmiſh here, in which he had borne a part, we could not reſiſt a kind of curioſity to know the particulars. I would have come by myſelf, but though my wife was too much frightened to be able to ſtir abroad, my daughter was too much alarmed to be able to ſtay at home, and ſo here we are together.

Mr. Wingrove. You are heartily welcome, ſir, and I hope we ſhall all be better friends before we part.

Wel. (To Miſs Manly.)—Dare I hope, now, that my Emma has diſmiſſed her doubts?

Miſs Manly. Name them not, dear Mr. Welford, I beſeech you.

Enter Admiral Cleveland.

Admiral. Why, Hollo, Rachel! What's all this? There was I gone to attend the examination of that ſmuggling dog Larron, and the woman he lives with, for receiving ſtolen goods, when in comes a hue-and-cry after me, with a Canterbury tale of your being run away with—I confeſs I did

I did not give much credit to that part of the ſtory, becauſe, thinks I, an old maid, whatever may be the value of her lading, is a ſort of neutral veſſel, that all nations, to do them juſtice, hold very ſacred from attack.—I am glad to ſee you all at my houſe.—Well, Sir William, may an old ſeaman, who boaſts no longer ſtore of arms than the ſhort allowance which nature gave him, preſume to ſtrike hands with a man whoſe anceſtry bore command while Noah was a midſhipman, eh!

Sir William. I don't very well underſtand the intention of your ſpeech, Admiral; but your kindneſs to my daughter ſpoke a language that could not be miſinterpreted. I hope you'll excuſe our breaking in upon you in this manner.

Enter O'Donnel.

Who ſent for you, ſir?

O'Donnel. An pleaſe your honour they have ſecured the ſmart little gentleman below, that made ſuch a dirdum about Miſs—and we want to know what your honour means to do wid him? Wheder your honour wou'd give him de libety to be ſet in de ſtocks, or wou'd like better that he ſhou'd take a pritty little walk in de horſe pond, your honour.

Sir William. Who is it the fellow means?

Young Manly. Lord Dartford, I ſuppoſe.

Mr. Wingrove. Oh, let him go—(*Exit* O'Donnel) you cannot puniſh him—he is above your ridicule—for he is below your contempt.

Old Manly. But, I ſay, Admiral———

Admiral. Well, my friend.

Old Manly. I was only going to ſay, that as this lord cannot but feel himſelf at this juncture in a ſort of an aukward kind of a taking, it would be good natured in you, and I am ſure very agreeable to the company, to go to him and give him a little of your comfort—he's only vex'd now at his diſappointment—but go to him, worthy Admiral—do—and conſole him in perfect miſery.

Admiral. Nay, my worthy friend, no more of that, I beſeech you, it was only a ſmall ſplice of forecaſtle merriment—the laſt faculty an old ſeaman parts with is a little ſort of a ſneaking fondneſs for a joke—and as it is often the

the only comfort that ſticks to him after a life of ſervice, it would be hard to deprive him of that.

Old Manly. So, when you are no longer fit for duty, you kindly turn the hulk into a tender, and make it a crazy receptacle for forced jokes, and preſſed witticiſms. Well, I forgive you.

Admiral. (*To* Old Manly.) Thank you, thank you—and now, Manly, I give you joy.

Old Manly. Eh!—what—joy!—I entreat you, my good friend—joy from you———

Admiral. Nay, I am ſerious now—I heartily congratulate you on the approaching happineſs, I hope, of this wicked, honeſt fellow of a ſon of your's—the conduct of this lord has brought him into the wind of my favour again—well, they may ſay what they will about the degeneracy of the times, and the falling off of our morals, and all that; but, to my thinking, we improve in every thing except in fighting, and in that—though we may equal—damn me, if we can better, the good old model of our forefathers. I remember in my younger years, there were ſome few ſcattered remnants of ſuch chaps as his lordſhip—ſome remains of your old ſchool of beaux, who had been the inſects of the former century, and which I had hoped were all extinct by this time; who, like him, were ſhewy and dangerous, fitter for manœvering than action, and more gaudy in their tackle, than ſound in their bottom—whereas, for ought I ſee, the ſtriplings of theſe days, like this pickle Manly, have all the gaiety of their predeceſſors, with not a quarter of their foppery; and with leſs vice in their hearts, have more nature in their follies.

[Julia *advances.*

Julia. I can deny nothing, madam, to the kind eloquence of ſuch an advocate; the more ſo, when, all powerful as it is, it receives ſome ſmall aſſiſtance, I fear, from the perſuaſions of my own heart—and now, Manly, may a poor, perſecuted fugitive hope at laſt for a happy aſylum from the ſeverities of her fortunes? Shall I truſt myſelf again to the precarious direction of ſo fickle a guide—yes, I will truſt, moſt confidently truſt thee, for where there is generoſity as the foundation of virtue in a man's nature, the memory of a woman's ſorrows will ſecure her againſt a repetition of the cauſe of them, nor with ſuch a

mind,

mind, can her affection fondly beſtowed ever be quite hopeleſs of a return.

Young Manly. Deareſt Julia, I will not injure either my gratitude or my love, by any attempt to convey them through the feeble vehicle of words—let my life ſpeak the ſincerity of my repentance, and the homage of my devoted affection: and as for that vice in particular which has protracted my happineſs, and, but for the generous kindneſs of your brother, might have intercepted it for ever, I renounce it to the end of my life—I abjure it—no never ſhall I offend by intemperance again. Unleſs———

Julia. Unleſs, Manly!

Mr. Wingrove. Unleſs, Mr. Manly!

Young Manly. Unleſs one favouring ſmile from this company ſhould hurry us all into an unexpected exceſs—and intemperance of *Honeſt Gratitude.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE

RIGHT HON. LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGOYNE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

MANY a ſhop hangs forth, in Wit's behalf,
Fugitive Pieces—neatly bound in calf:
With better hopes inſpir'd, our Author ſues,
Refuge in this Aſylum of the Muſe:
One little corner of this ample ſpace,
Where Fugitives by hundreds ſhall have place.
For inſtance, now—each claſs in order due,
Fugitive Critics—I begin with you.
To you, who migrate from that cruel ſchool
Which tries an author, but to prove him fool;
Who quit the path by partial rigour trod;
More pleas'd to weave the bays than lift the rod;
To you, our judges in the laſt reſort,
Wide fly our doors—behold your ſov'reign court;
O'er Tragic rights, o'er Comic laws preſide,
Temper your monitor and taſte your guide.
To thoſe who bear not from mere tril of tongue,
Words of ſoft nothing, by ſoft nothing ſung,
(Sings.)—*But one dull chime in* Solo, Duo, Trio,
Ah! Mio Bel, *to—Ah, Bel Idol Mio,*
Who by no ſorcery of faſhion bound,
Liſten for ſenſe ere you applaud the ſound;
We offer ſhelter in well-hearing ſeats,
And our beſt promiſe of united treats.
Next for friend John, *this country's ſtrength and pride,*
Plain, frugal, competent, and ſatisfied.
Who flying alehouſe, ribaldry and ſtrife,
Takes Sue in arm, for John ne'er flies his wife——

And

And dedicates to an inviting play,
The extra gainings of a lucky day.
To yonder harbour may they preſs in crowds,
Our faithful overſeers in the clouds!
Sometimes, 'tis true, for Muſic *eager grown,*
Wheugh *goes an overture in notes their own;*
And ſometimes ſterling joke appearing ſcarce,
They roar for hornpipe to eke out a farce;
But ſtill true nature, be it laugh or tear,
Finds with electric touch its center there.
The pregnant ſenſe of right diſdains control,
And the rough hand reports the honeſt ſoul.
Now for that ſpeaking look of gay ſixeeen,
A look ſo arch what breadth of fan can ſcreen?
Tho' timid, curious—innocent—but ſly——
It aſks, in ſpeech call'd Whiſper of the Eye——
Siſter—dear me—what—what are we to fly?
Man—*Monſter man—in ſpecious colours hid——*
I mean not all *the race, no, Heaven forbid!*
I mean the wretch who ſighs but to betray,
Take flight before temptation checks your way.
Hard is the trial 'gainſt a traitor's art,
A heedleſs moment, and a tender heart——
Take flight from theſe—of the mere breeze beware,
Start like the frighted dove that gains the air,
Nor truſts her wing to flutter o'er the ſnare.
Welcome, ſweet Fugitives; there (to the Boxes) *fearleſs ſit,*
Where Beauty's girdle binds the realm of wit:
And virtue breath'd from your bright forms below,
Shall waft its eſſence to our topmoſt row.
Such are the Fugitives whom we invite,
To aid the humble brother of to-night.
He *in your juſtice may ſecurely truſt,*
But my *hopes tell me, you'll be more than juſt,*
And ſpare one precious moment of applauſe,
E'en to the Fugitive who pleads his cauſe.

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